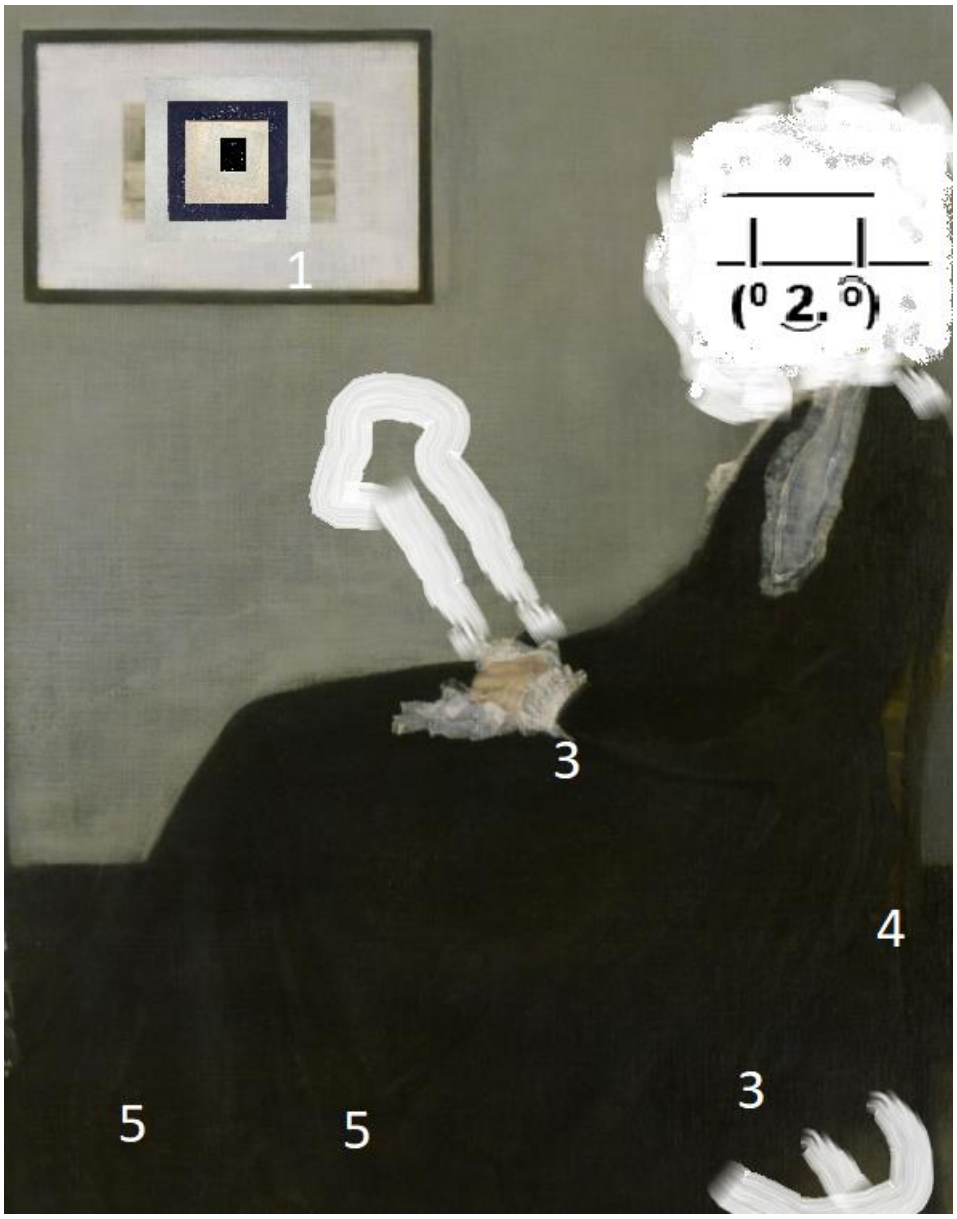
How to Be a Motherfucking Pimp

By Dazzle Razzle



The life and Times of Dazzle Razzle, Pimp Extraordinaire

Sub-sub title(s):

The Phenomenology of Spirit

Or

Gz up, Hoes Down

And

Better Mendacities than the Classics in Paraphrase

Featuring

Wonda Why They Call U Bitch

How to Be a Motherfucking Pimp: The Life and Times of Dazzle Razzle, Pimp Extraordinaire
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Disclaimer. The author(s) does (do) not endorse any course of action predicated on what is contained herein. Anyone who looks to implement any aspect of the following is an idiot. This book is not for the impressionable. The spirit of the text can almost be entirely identified in the following words by Pound.

Go, my songs, seek your praise from the young and from the intolerant,
Move among the lovers of perfection alone.
Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light
And take your wounds from it gladly.

www.DazzleRazzle.com

Ich soll nur der Spiegel sein, in welchem mein Leser
ein eigenes Denken mit allen seinen Unförmigkeiten
sieht, und mit dieser Hilfe zurecht richten kann
--Wittgenstein

This isn't really sex. This is isn't really life.
This isn't really isn't anything I think I like
--Danzig

I'll catch the conscience of the King
--Hamlet

I just fuck the pussy. Then I just throw it out.
It ain't shit. The bitches be acting like its gold
--Son Doobie

Let all the poison that lurks in the mud hatch out
--Old King Log

Dedicated to Ice-T,
the real mack and O.G.

DazzleRazzle.com

Preface

The following is an account of Dazzle Razzle, but a brief word of caution is required. Herein are detailed accounts of how to pimp, amongst scenes of horrific violence and all kinds of other unpleasantness.

Despair all ye who enter here.

Dazzle Razzle is a pimp, pataphysician, and psychotic. He is currently incarcerated and under psychiatric observation. Presented here is a collection and rendering of both his writings and recordings. It has been the combined labor of this editorial team to put the fragments together so that the wondrous workings of Dazzle Razzle's mind can be made public. Because of this effort to remain true to the sources, and honoring the wishes of Dazzle Razzle himself, as far as they can be fathomed, the narrative has been built in a peculiar way that reflects the development of his thought process. In this spirit, an attempt has been made to be as loyal to Dazzle Razzle as possible without this work becoming a mere catalogue of quirks and eccentricities. This has been difficult. Dazzle Razzle is both more and less than the sum of his parts, while his musings and rantings often defy ordering and leave the editors at a loss. Who is Dazzle Razzle? Where does he begin and end? Perhaps, more appropriately, does he begin and end, and if so, where? This is a problem and its tension is to be felt throughout. Indeed, the use of pimpnotes[1], **which the reader would do well to ignore for the most part**, attest to the profoundly composite nature of this account and contribute to show its fragmentation. If Dazzle Razzle was psychotic, perhaps the same can be said of this text.

Earlier narrative is disarmingly simple, almost puerile as though a tale told by an idiot. To dismiss it as such is inviting, but would perhaps be a grave oversight. The narrative builds from events of his life and practice to his instruction and reflection. Dazzle Razzle was a paranoiac system builder. His systems of pimping become increasingly baroque while there is an ongoing evolution in terminology and conceptual sophistication. Although this progresses in movements, it becomes almost frenetic and

[1]*Editorial note* This is a footnote. That is recursive. It is actually a footnote about pimpnotes. Pimpnotes are interpolated Dazzlean musings and appropriations. There will be many pimpnotes, and not a few editorial notes. They are diverse and can be confusing. But a distinction must be maintained. It is like calling A Pimp Named Slickback by Slickback. Recursion again. Pimpnotes and pimptext(s) should be read together, reflexively. Many are frivolous, more essential. This is Dazzle Razzle to the letter. "Like A Tribe Called Quest, you say the whole thing."

can be disorienting. Forbearance is required. Despite this, many may read, but few will understand.[2]

The gauntlet is there to be picked up.

[2] *Editorial note* With potentially pernicious effects. There is a real danger that his words are to be, to paraphrase Kipling, twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools. But then again, as Jay-Z said, “critics can kiss my whole asshole.”

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Acknowledgments/Confessions

I cannot bring a world quite round,
Although I patch it as I can.

I sing a hero's head, large eye
And bearded bronze, but not a man,

Although I patch him as I can
And reach through him almost to man.

If to serenade almost to man
Is to miss, by that, things as they are,

Say it is the serenade
Of a man that plays a blue guitar.

The past is murky, but that's usually not much of an improvement on the present. St. Augustine concluded this. How is the present measured from the past and future? Both only impinge on the present, making it a graveyard of both. But the present is all we have. This makes it an ethical space. Indeed, for Augustine the present had extension. The temporal mind is in time, as the Divine mind is outside, but perhaps participating in the outside and so partaking of the eternal as well. It is an implication of paradox. The outside of time acts on the inside as extension in the present. By a stretch, this could make the mind extension. Dazzle Razzle sympathized with much of this, but he would argue that the eternal is the death at the center, between the tick and the tock. The death flung both forward and backward, but truly falling inward on the present. In extension, in mind. Fittingly, Dazzle Razzle now exists purely as extension: a collection of paper, recordings, and artifacts. But his is also the minds of those past to be made present and future, to be held in the present and future. Liberating for mankind, but a dubious affair for scholarship, a great debt must be acknowledged, so this is a shout-out to those that tried to help, in some way or another, "to nail his thought across the door."

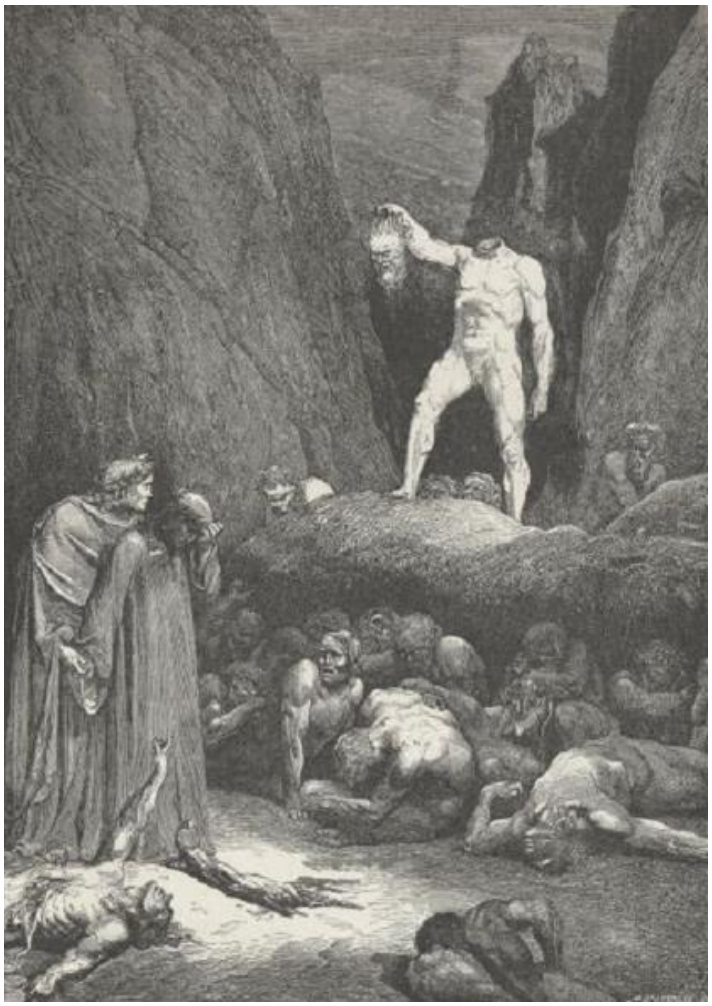
Betty (RIP), Cleo, Daddy Diamond, Caesar Slick, Pop Pontius/Pop the Pilot, A Sharp, The Choir Boyz, Duffy Diablo (RIP), Bankroll (RIP), Lizzie (RIP), the whole Spider Fourz crew (now especially, but of then The Family and Glamor Boyz in particular), Flenser the Fat Male Stripper, Tricky Ricky (RIP), Tommy the Motherfucking Autist, Maxwell Perkins for the pen strokes, Angel, Sheba, Jackie Treehorn, Gringnr for whose pelt is the first Dazzlean relic, 'Tuskegee' Sharky (RIP), Ricky T-Rex, Lagan the Impervious Floater and The Ecumenical Satrap who would both in turn like to thank all those at the burgeoning Center for Dazzlean

Studies, Zorba the Greek, Kaptin, big up to the one like the Oncler, Satin for being a scandalous ho, Riboflavin Richard the Rib Eye for many a cultured evening, Franky the Forniphile, Nolitea 'Dmittere the Nymphet Re-Pucelator who is always up for it, Renee the Paralegal, Emily Post, Hermes Trismegistus, Rigid Rita the Osteopath, Lucy the Lactator, The Gangster-Communist-Computer God for taking time out of his busy schedule, Cheryl the Shill (MIA), White Folks the Octoroon, Knuckle Duster the Kniggro who had no reason to cooperate, same goes out to Peter the Procurer (big up your chest!), the forward looking elements of the Illuminati and the same goes for the Templars and Roscicrusians (yes, we run crew!), Hairy Long Nipples the Squaw (MIA), Shaun the Shocker, Loverboy Louie, Ponderosa the Free-Range Pig-Ho for encouraging abstract thought in a world in which it seemed all but dead, my nigga Pop and the boys from Shaved and Sterilized, Norman the Necrophile for coming out of hiding in order to set the record straight, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah just for being there, Paul Atreides for his assistance with the pepper sauce and the procurement of the necessary spice, the stooges at Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared, Kinky Chi and the theosophist posse, the kitchen staff at The Limp Noodle and custodians of the Shadow Kowloon Walled City, Timothy Leary for not trippin' out, John Galt, NAMBLA, Dykes on Bykes, Skary Spike (RIP), Rahab the Harlot, Pastor James "Jim the Jink" McMaster (RIP), Nikah Mut'ah the Shiite Transient for her heterodoxy, Tegan the Sarachotic Jasper for her liberal views, Bonobo the Simian (MIA), Eccentrica "the triple-breasted whore of Eroticon Six" Gallumbits, Big Rig the Fat Pig (RIP), Astar the Cyber Whore, Livia the Biscuit Limper (RIP), Triple Cherry the Casino Whore (RIP), Taco Grande the Mesoamerican (RIP), The Horse-Faced Lesbian (RIP), Spikenard the Punk Ho (RIP), Chicken, Lickin' and Good, everyone at The Hairy Crack who was old enough to know, big thanks to the veterans of The Cow Door, and also those not deported and who cooperated from the The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal, and the whole Dazzlean massive

To anyone we've missed: X amount of respect

Fair is Foul

Dante Alighieri put this man in hell for that he was a stirrer-up of strife.
Eccovi!
Judge ye!
Have I dug him up again?



Bertrand de Born. Eight Circle of Hell, Bolgia nine.

Srid pa'i bar do

Introduction, Motherfuckers

Life's a bitch.[3] Ya'll heard that. Work's a bitch. My friend and reader knows that. The people you don't like are bitches. And your enemies are definitely bitches. Bitches are bitches are bitches.[4] It's a bitch if you don't have a bitch. If you do, the bitch is probably a real bitch anyway. If you want to bitch about that, then it's because you're a fucking bitch.[5] Ya? Well, fuck you too and stop being a bitch.[6]

And that's the trick. What, you might ask. The answer is easy. Don't be a bitch. How? That's the hard part. Everyone is a bitch. Man, woman, and child;[7] Fish, flesh, and fowl. Man lives in a fallen state of bitchness. Some bitches are bigger bitches than others, and some bitches allow themselves more or less to be the bitches of other bitches, but they're still all a bunch of bitches. That's lesson number one.

Lesson number two is the tricky part. Not only do you have to recognise others as the bitches that they invariably are, but you need to make her, him, it, them into your bitches. This is different than above and makes a world of difference. To not be a bitch you have to make others bitches, which is something significantly different from just letting them be the bitches that they are on their own anyway. This is the only thing that can make you not a bitch. However, not being a bitch is tricky.

You might ask, what the fuck am I talking about? You might sense that there is supposed to be something weighty here. Something that someone feels merits a treatise. But what is going on here besides some vague notion of being a bitch and not being a bitch? That, my friend, is the generative act of the world created.

Look at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. There you will see God pointing at a limp-wristed Adam and saying, you are my bitch, so recognize. And Adam does, and you do too. All of a sudden the rest of the ceiling floods into perspective. Now you have all kinds of bitches.[8] And now they and their relations make sense. There is not just one

[3] As AZ the Vizualiza said, "Keepin it real, packin steel, gettin high. Cause life's a bitch and then you die."
[4] *Editorial note* This is our first challenge in identity relations. It is not a straightforward thing. As Herwig Ruedisser said, "Life is life" and Gertrude Stein said, "A rose is a rose is a rose".
[5] As Too $hort said, "She got a lot of bitch in her, but not more than you. I never underestimate what y'all boys'll do!"
[6] It must be confronted. As Bowie said, "It's the terror of knowing what this world is about."
[7] Vonnegut said, "Don't use semicolons. They stand for absolutely nothing. They are transvestite hermaphrodites. They are just a way of showing off. To show that you have been to college." He wouldn't have thought much about the pimpnotes either.
[8] As Necro said, "Because before that, Adam was fucking animals. That's why women liked to get fucked by animals. It's only natural."

bitch being Adam, but bitches become present in their multitude and, most importantly, one non-bitch. This anchors the ceiling's narrative. If God didn't *make* Adam his bitch, there would be no recognition. The bitches would come and go and no one would be talking about Michelangelo. It is the arrival of the non-bitch that is truly meaningful, but this analogy can only take us so far. Time to look at the implications in the real world of bitches and to what it means for a bitch to make himself a non-bitch by making a bitch a bitch.

This is what it means. From nothing you have something.[9] Or, rather, from something now you have something and nothing.[10] This is the basic relation of bitch to non-bitch. Before that there was nothing to consider. From a world of largely undifferentiated bitches, the arrival of the non-bitch is something truly remarkable. There is still a world of bitches, but then there are those that you have made your bitches. So now there is you, the non-bitch,[11] the bitches that you have made bitches, and other run-of-the-mill bitches. That's what makes a pimp. Knowing the difference is the trick.[12] Enacting the difference is the pimp. You see, a pimp becomes a pimp when he makes a bitch a bitch, or what now should really just be called hoes.[13]

Now you have to rewind and reconsider the terms because something has happened and, if you've noticed, this is where you will recognize the pimp as an alchemist.[14] He transmutes base metals. By making a ho he makes both himself and the ho all in one magical act, whereas before there were only bitches, himself included, and this is an almost meaningless situation. Now you have a pimp, his hoes, and a world full of bitches, which are really just bitches-yet-to-be-made-into-hoes.[15] Much is the same, although, you will note, it is also fundamentally different. The pimp assumes his place in a flash of real subjectivity, the flash of *causa sui*. This is the new beautiful world of the pimp-creator. It is his job to keep creating by making bitches hoes, by making lead gold.

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[9] As Donne said in relation to alchemy, "A Quintessence even from Nothingness,/ From Dull Privations, and Lean Emptiness"

[10] As Poe said, "Because Nothing was, therefore All Things are."

[11] Appreciate the apposition, because everything won't be so apposite.

[12] Faith, here's an equivocator.

[13] This is a basic division and the basis of a clear hierarchy that finds an early formulation in Aristotle's *Politics*. "For one who does not belong to himself by nature but is another's, though a human being, is by nature a slave; a human being is another's who, though a human being, is a possession; and a possession is an instrument of action and separable [from its owner]." Here is the essential relation and dynamic.

[14] As you've noticed, this is not just a rewind. It's a pull up, selekta.

[15] Alternatively, this means there are bitches-yet-to-be-made-pimps as well. The truth is that being a bitch is a fluctuating State of potentiality. That's why Snoop was not technically correct when he said, "bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks."

Starting to make sense? Well, that's only the basic idea.[16] Read on and I'll tell you how I became a pimp, domineered bitches, and made and ran hoes. I'll also tell you how you can too. So now is the time for you to stop being a bitch.[17]

[16] As Rob Base said, "I gotta real funky concept. Listen up, 'cause I'm gonna keep you in step. I got an idea that wanna share. You don't like it, so what, I don't care."

[17] Nobody wants to be a bitch. As Sweet Jones said about the haters, "Square-ass niggers will try to put shame inside you. Ain't one of 'em wouldn't suck a mule's ass to pimp. They can't because a square ain't nothing but a pussy. He lets a square bitch pimp on him."

An(n)*us mirabilis*, Born Slippy, A Legal Fiction, or Freddy Got Fingered and Skip the First Page and a Half of This Chapter

A pimp is a real son of a bitch.[18] You hear it all the time and nothing could be truer. A pimp comes out of his mom, but he also comes out of himself. Remember, he makes himself and everything begins with a bitch and then multiplies. So how did I learn this profound truth and what are the implications? The answer is in the reading. There are chapters here on theory, praxis, and lessons that you can learn through the story of my life.[19] The theory is universal and my story will reveal realms of pimping not fathomed before. The trick is to read through and glean what you will for yourself.[20] You can read some, none,[21] or all.[22] Dazzle Razzle doesn't care.[23] Just don't be a bitch.[24] If there is a caveat, perhaps that is it.

The froth being out of the bottle, now to begin beginning at the beginning.[25]

Here we go

---

[18] Maybe even an asshole.

[19] Dazzle Razzle *à rebours.*

[20] *Editorial note* On the evidence of this, it would appear that Dazzle Razzle always had in mind some kind of biography. Perhaps even something creepier. Written on the back of many match packs were the following words.

Closer yet I approach you,
What thought you have of me now, I had as much of you—I laid in my stores in advance, I consider'd long and seriously of you before you were born.

Who was to know what should come home to me?
Who knows but I am enjoying this?
Who knows, for all the distance, but I am as good as looking at you now, for all you cannot see me?

[21] *Editorial note* Actually, if you don't at least read through the main text, ironically given this is a pimpnote, you might not get the scope or purpose of this account of Dazzle Razzle. Trust us. This shit is pretty open-format.

[22] Dazzle Razzle wonders if anyone has ever thought about things in terms of poo-bella-fic(*a*)tion/*poubellification*.

[23] *Editorial note* Since it only exists in electronic forms, we challenge you to download it, convert it into a rewritable document and edit, add, delete whatever you like. You will just be at another remove, but this will only make sense if you read *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. After all, this document might change at source and leave what you're reading dated, kind of like the excerpts on the website. In fact, it will. This book will continue to change as more of Dazzle Razzle is unearthed. As Limahl said, "It's the never-ending story". This is the charm of mutability. Substance versus accident? This is another quick tip in alchemy. There will be more.

[24] As Talib Kweli said, "Stop actin' like a bitch already. Be a visionary".

[25] It was never easy for me. I was born a poor black child. I remember the days…

Once upon a time not long ago when people wore pajamas and lived life slow. When laws were stern and justice stood, and people were behavin' like they oughta, good. There lived a liltle boy who was misled.[26]

Call Me Dazzle Razzle

Longtemps, je me suis couché de bonne heure.[27] That's because I was as often Scared. *Parfois, à peine ma bougie éteinte, mes yeux se fermaient si vite que je n'avais pas le temps de me dire, Je m'endors. Et, une demi-heure après, la pensée qu'il était temps de chercher le sommeil m'éveillait*.[28] Either that or the thought that the candle had toppled over, onto my bed, where I could only reproach the man in my dream, the man that I took for my father, for his negligence. Father, can't you see that I am burning? I'd awaken in a feverish sweat. In many ways, that's all I really remember.

It's funny I can't say much about my childhood, just the sleeping and wakening.[29] The truth is that I knew nothing of my father. As for a mom, I can only assume that I had one. I was placed in one foster home after another. To me the details are irrelevant except for a long stay I had in particular.

Mostly I remember a woman.[30] I can't rightly remember her face, but she was a slatternly,[31] middle-aged woman.[32] She shouted at me when I used to suck my thumb, something it seems that I did a lot. In these moments, she would often produce a breast and force me to suck on it instead. There would be a smothering blackness and, as a

[26] Now, if you thought that was tedious, try the intro to Liquid Swords from *Shogun Assassin*: "When I was little, my father was famous. He was the greatest samurai in the empire, and he was the Shogun's decapitator. He cut off the heads of a hundred and thirty-one lords. It was a bad time for the empire. The Shogun just stayed inside his castle and he never came out. People said his brain was infected by devils. My father would come home, he would forget about the killings. He wasn't scared of the Shogun, but the Shogun was scared of him. Maybe that was the problem. Then, one night, the Shogun sent his ninja spies to our house. They were supposed to kill my father, but they didn't. That was the night everything changed."

[27] As Tek said, "Leflaur leflah eshkoshka."

[28] As Lady Miss Kier said "Mm, how do you say delicious, de-lovely, de-lectable, divine? How do you say de-gorgeous, de-with it, de-groovy, define ooh, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la?"

[29] A curious netherspace. Perhaps imponderable. As Pound said, "Nothing so far as I can make out, nothing short of divine vision or a new cure for the clapp, can possibly be worth all the circumambient peripherization."

[30] She was an asshole. Technically an *anus*, but this is a challenge of temporality that will only start making sense in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

[31] Nothing too unique here and being one of a number. As William Carlos Williams said, "and young slatterns, bathed/ in filth/ from Monday to Saturday". *Editorial note* Might the typographical drawing and quartering obscure the "luminous details"? Who knows? Probably not a consideration either way when it comes to scandalous hoes.

[32] The tricks of memory and learning. As C.L. Smooth noted, "Use your condom, take sips of the brew. When they reminisce over you, for real."

child of six or seven, I was frightened of her. I will always remember her in a shapeless frock. Sometimes, instead of her breast, she'd lift the hemline to her waist revealing an unpleasant clot of hair.[33] She'd put her hand to it, and place a wetness on my lips, forcing her finger into my mouth.[34] It was vile and I must always have cried.[35] If I didn't stop, I received a slap. There was a lot of crying.

Sometimes there was a man. All I remember is that he had glittering diamond rings on his hand. When he was present the woman behaved entirely different. She was submissive. He was violent. I remember his big voice booming through the house. I was frightened of him when he was around, though I felt safe within his presence. If he caught me sucking my thumb, he would slap me, pull my hand away, roll it into a fist, and tell me to be a man or I'd be sucking on his dick,[36] something which was not an idle threat.[37] If he slapped me, he slapped the woman much more. I'll always remember the flash of his ringed hand in motion.

I'm not sure when I left this house. They must have seen me as an easy way of getting money from the State. When the abuse became apparent through my school, I was moved to another home. I changed homes a couple more times, but finally, when I was eleven or twelve, I was adopted by a family. From then on life was good. However, at seventeen everything changed again. I met the next woman that would have a serious effect on me. Lizzie.[38] I made the mistake of falling in love with her.[39] This is when I was still just a bitch,[40] and this is in many ways the beginning of my journey. To understand how I became a pimp, let me take you with me back to high school when, before there was any Dazzle Razzle, I became known as Trippple Beam.

[33] As the Lunch Lady said, "I know how youse kids like 'em sloppy", and Billy could only say, "Lady, you're scaring us!"
[34] As Dj Quik said, "But I used to eat that thang that didn't sit on a plate."
[35] In our idiom this is called being Georgiaed. The etymology is uncertain. Just accept it.
[36] Tasteless as this may seem, as Khia observed "The best head comes from a thug".
[37] Iceberg Slim had it easy with Maude.
[38] 'Tis a Pitty shee's a Whoore.
[39] As Torben Lendager said, "My heart goes sha la la la la in the morning."
[40] Like when Heavy D said, "Someone for me."

Thug Life, I'm Bout It, Cooley High, Rollin' With the Homies and/or Going Full-Retard

Back in the day I thought of Bankroll as my main man.[41] It didn't start like that though.[42] He was older than me and I looked up to him.[43] He used to slang dope on the corner, and that's how I met him. I used to roll up for little baggies and petty shit like that.[44] I never had any real cash, but I managed to stay tweaked. During high school I worked part-time in fast-food,[45] like a punk.[46] I only ever rolled with chump change, so the day when I asked him to cut me a deal on a measly pinch because I didn't have enough money, he looked at me and told me to suck his dick.[47] I told him that I was sceptical as to whether in fact he indeed had a dick.[48] That was it. He tried a right cross. I moved and squared him in the balls with my fist.[49] Everything I did was both instinctive and stupid. Knowing that I was already in far too deep, and that he was gonna come gunning for me anyway, I concluded that I may as well stand tall while I still could. Who's the bitch now, I shouted through clenched teeth, as I socked him in the face. He hit the deck, and I quickly went into his coat pockets. Grabbing the baggies that I knew

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[41] Like Whoreson and Tony.
[42] Like Whoreson and Head. Although that never resolved itself.
[43] Like Whoreson to Fast Black. Somewhat.
[44] A mistake. As Tupac said, "Fuck that small-time nickel-and-dime shit. If you gonna do it, do it nigga. If you want it, pursue it." For real. The only thing that matters. As Martin Gore said, "Everything counts in large amounts."
[45] Enjoy your wage slavery. But, as the girl said to Aaron Barrett, "Well, I know you can't work in fast food all your life".
[46] KFC. If you work there for over a week you come to realize that it has a lot of similarities with sterilized pus. Besides, I used to jerk off on the batter. Now, if you don't know what KFC is, it stands for Kentucky Fried Chicken and it forms part of an unholy alliance with Pizza Hut, Taco Bell and some other shit under the Yum! Brands umbrella. Considered alongside McDonalds and Burger King, Dazzle Razzle calls all this shit ghetto kryptonite. Malcolm X knew about black economics and the community. Soul food, brother.
Buy Wendy's though. Shit be bangin'. Try the chili.
[47] Fair dues. As Biggie said, "That goddamn credit? Dead it. You think a crackhead paying you back, shit forget it!" And it's true. During my adolescence I used to smoke a lot of crack and I was far from trustworthy.
[48] A legitimate question. B-Rabbit asked, "How can six dicks be pussies?" Because, as Ja Rule said, "Y'all niggas is pussy, punani, vagina." As the meerkat says, simples.
[49] As you will see, fist is to square as square is to cock. Foot is to circle as circle is to balls. As the Lethal Injection Crew said,

> Stomp 'em in the nuts
> Stomp 'em in the nuts
> Stomp 'em in the nuts
> Ima stomp 'em in the nuts

were in there, I kicked him in the head for good measure, and got the fuck outta there. You just got jooked,[50] sucka.

When I got home I knew I was in for it. Bankroll was no pussy.[51] After all, as I was leaving him doubled over with his stash in my hand, I had shouted back, Bitch, you just got rolled over like a trick. Not only was he not going to like that, it was now a question of his reputation. He hung out with a crew of mean bastards called the Spider Fourz.[52] I thought about this the whole week I skipped school and snorted and smoked his shit.[53] I got more and more paranoid knowing that he was not going to stop until he fucked me up, so I called my old friend Kaptin for a survey of the field.

To avoid reciting a speech, I can paraphrase Kaptin in the following. Bankroll and his boys were looking for me and asking a lot of kids from school questions. He was also getting pretty rough with some of our friends. The longer he didn't find me, the more pissed off he was going to get. He is a son of a bitch, said Kaptin, but the one you really want to look out for is Duffy Diablo, the leader of the Spider Fourz. If you pissed him off, it's over.

I guessed as much. Duffy Diablo, no problem. I should be able to tactically avoid him. Bankroll was my main problem. He was older and finished with school, but he was at a lot of the parties and you would often see him around. So, I concluded, fuck it. I am going to go step up to him and see how it goes. I didn't really have any options. I knew it wasn't going to end well, but the longer I stayed hiding, the more likely it was that I'd bring the consequences down not only on myself, but possibly my friends and family.

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[50] *Editorial note* You should know jooked, but if not, check out Big L's *Ebonics* for a good gloss. A bit of street. Stay tuned for the pimp 411.

[51] You can see the confusion here. Does he have a dick? Is he a pussy? These are the tricky questions asked when one is still submerged in bitchness. Again, who is a bitch? Who is a son of a bitch? What might this mean? At this point there is only speculation and we are left in the state of natural philosophy. Like the fire through the holes of Anaximander's cosmology, you don't know whether what you feel that is burning down there is gonorrhea, syphilis, or just vaginal itch, but it doesn't stop you from hazarding a guess to explain the rash. As you can see, this is where I started considering matters long and hard.

[52] So-called because they saw themselves as a force (fourz). It started with an original crew of four members. However, this core began to expand and breakoff. The result was the proliferation of fourz. As each new fourz was formed, the rule was that it would have four key members. Collectively, these fourz were loosely unified under the name Spider Fourz. Local autonomy was exercised, but as you will see, a central sense of authority was felt that might not be perceptible to an outsider. It is not a platitude to say that people fail to see the forest for the trees. Indeed, As Vordul Mega said, "Melanin, mahogany, black boys feed face arachnoid. Eight arms working short circuit manufactured, crack melted, slinging shotguns through the mouth of cracked helmets."

[53] As Krazy Drazy said, "turn the heat up and smiggedy smoke all the weed up."

I found him on his usual corner, but he wasn't alone. I remember it was muggy and there was a gray sky, but everything was cool and clear to me. I felt no fear, only a sense of purpose. In my front pocket I had something like a hundred dollars from shit I stole and pawned from home. I'd offer it to him, but I knew that this was no longer the issue. Around the back I had a steak knife tucked into my pants. The way I saw it, if this all goes south, I'll have to take my chances and try to maybe stick him in the gut before he gets me. Maybe I was thinking that would scare the Spider Fourz off.[54] Looking back, I don't know what was actually going through my mind, but I remember being supremely confident.[55]

I was about fifty paces away when he saw me coming.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

I remember him saying, in half disbelief that I had turned up again on his corner. Here I was strolling up, no, swaggering up to him and his boys. They stood still and waited until I stepped right in front of Bankroll. All I remember is that I must have said something and held out the money. He slapped it out of my hand. I must have saw red. I went for his neck. I had him by the throat and, as he and I went down together, I braced myself and tried to protect myself as well as possible. The one thing I made sure of was that I kept my hold.

The Spider Fourz were on me like ugly on an ape, stink on a pig, greed on a Jew.[56] They dished it out, but it was going to take a serious beating before they could get me off of Bankroll.[57]

Once the fight was out of me, they hauled me back up and pinned me against the wall. As they were getting me up, Duffy Diablo saw my steak knife and took it. When Bankroll finally got back to his feet, Duffy Diablo handed him the knife. He put it against my nuts and, when he had his breath back, he asked me to give him one reason why he shouldn't cut my cock off.

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[54] As Carl von Clausewitz said, "It is even better to act quickly and err than to hesitate until the time of action is past." In this case he was wrong. But, as Daddy Kane said, "Ain't no half steppin."

[55] If it had borne any similarity to the Battle of Milvan Bridge, it would have been an *in hoc signo vinces* moment. It didn't. It was just the certitude of grace, or perhaps fated action, to whose ends is always shrouded in mystery.

[56] It reminds me of Kish's experience with the KGB when he said "Turned the corner, hit an ambush. Translation: Russians, waitin' on a bum-rush. There's nowhere to go and they jumped me…I said "hey, remember the face" 'cause I'll be back to attack, and this you can know. But I've got to go".

[57] As Henry Hill said, "Every once in a while, I'd have to take a beating. But by then, I didn't care. The way I saw it, everybody takes a beating sometime." Dazzle Razzle has taken a couple.

I must have been quite a sight. I could see that my blood was all over the place, but I was unfazed. I said, Listen here, bitch. I can only *give* you a reason to cut me, because if you don't, I am going to come after you, and next time I won't come by when you're all huddled up like a bunch of faggots eyeing me up for a gangbang.[58] I'll find each one of you mark-ass bitches on your own, rape you like soft prison punks, and then kill each of you in turn. I'm going to hunt you down and gut you like a fish.[59] So, let's have it.

I must have made some kind of impression because somehow the script got flipped.[60] I think Bankroll was going to cut me, but Duffy Diablo was laughing. He told Bankroll to let me go. After he punched me again in the stomach, he reluctantly did so, and Dazzle Razzle slumped to the floor. And like that they left me there in a heap amongst the garbage, divided, serenely considering myself with a new sense of detachment.[61] I could hear their laughter and footsteps become muffled as they turned and walked away, finished in purpose.

But before they did, Duffy Diablo turned around and told me that if he ever sees my fucking face again, he will put his fist through it. He said that today I should count myself lucky that I put him in a good mood. Next time, he said, I am dead. Duffy Diablo might have been a mean bastard, but he was no son of a bitch.[62]

A transformation was beginning.[63]

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[58] This was actually not just an idle insult, and it puts a spin on gangbangin'. You see, prison life had taken its toll on the sexuality of a number of the Spider Fourz. Granting this, there is still even more to the backstory. See *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker.*

[59] And then I'd bang your tuna girlfriend.

[60] As Gator said, "Ok, first off, a lion—swimming in the ocean? Lions don't even like water. If you placed it near a river, or some sort of fresh water source, that'd make sense. But you find yourself in the ocean, a twenty-foot wave, I'm assuming its off the coast of South Africa, coming up against a full, grown, eight-hundred-pound tuna with his twenty or thirty friends. You lose that battle. you lose that battle nine times out of ten."

[61] It was an odd moment where I could see myself looking down upon myself, feeling like a banana that has slipped its skin. All and nothing. Artaud said, "*Le corps est le corps/ il est seul/ et n'a pas besoin d'organe",* but Charlie T. Wilbury, Jr. perhaps said it better with "When your outside's in. And your downside's up."

[62] Not technically anyway. Again, see *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker.*

[63] In the *Nicomachean Ethics* Aristotle said, μία χελίδὼν ἔαρ ού ποίεῖ [one swallow does not a spring make]. Indeed, but the potential of the oak is in the acorn, and the Spider Fourz were to water it. This is why *Physics* should take priority. Τύχη. Or, perhaps, *Metaphysics,* to a similar effect*,* if we really want to consider causality. After all, this can be seen as an efficient cause and superficial of the fourfold, the latter which is not Aristotelian. I would only realize this when I came to an understanding of the cosmic ordering, but this stands in sharp relief as its mysticism is more akin to Plato's *Timaeus*. With some elbow grease, this will be clear later.

Just my luck, it must have been a couple of weeks later that I ran into Duffy Diablo rounding a corner in a different neighborhood. This was the reality of the Spider Fourz. I remember thinking that this was it, he was going to kill me. I stood my ground just waiting for it to come. He started laughing again. I like you, young blood, he said. You've got character. You're not a pussy like half the other bitches out there.

Just then, Bankroll turned the corner as well and stopped. He stood there and his surprise turned into clenched fists, while Duffy Diablo just kept on laughing. Bankroll had a scowl etched across his face, and his hand went to his waistband where I could see the grip of a piece. He started walking toward me and I started to think about saying some prayers. But then, to my surprise, Duffy Diablo told him to quit it. For a moment I thought he wasn't going to listen, and that I was dead, but Bankroll stood down.

To my complete shock Duffy Diablo said it's all buried. He said that he liked my style and that he was going to give me a chance to come good in his books. Remember, he said. There are only two things you need in this life. Your money and your balls. You've got one, but not the other.[64] It's time to step up. It is only when you do that you'll realize that they are both one and the same.

Now, I swear, at that moment I saw a ray of heavenly light illuminate the scene.[65] A profound truth had just been imparted and I was left stunned by its beautiful, pure simplicity. Duffy Diablo had revealed the obvious, but the obvious is not always clearly seen for what it is.[66] He had pointed out a path. That was for the future. Right now he had also offered me a chance.

Pretty soon I wasn't the only one surprised as he told me that the way I was going to come good with him was under Bankroll's wings. Not only that, but I was to hang with Bankroll's Spiders, the Glamor Boyz.[67] Then Bankroll's grimace took on even more expression. For a moment it looked like he was going to argue with Duffy Diablo, but then he twisted his face into a horrible smile. Me and you, brother, we're gonna be real

[64] As Fuck You said, "It takes brass balls", like Mick Fleetwood's on the cover of Rumours.
[65] Not the celestial light reflected on a pewter dish that reveals the order of the universe. For that would come later.
[66] As the little prince said, "*L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux*."
[67] Like many a name it began in irony. The Glamor Boyz thought that they were real players and, consequently, the name was given to them as an insult. Later they came to embrace it and turned it into something fearsome.

tight, he told me. I didn't believe him then, but the funny thing is that after a while I actually thought we were tight. Real tight.[68] I thought we were brothers. How both wrong and right I really was.

[68] Like Mos Def said about himself and Talib Kweli, I thought Bankroll and I were "close like Bethlehem and Nazareth."

Cooking Crack with the Baking Soda Method, Crack, Glorious Crack, or The Revolution Will Not Go Better with Coke (Pre-Pimpology)

And with that, Trippple Beam started running drugs.[69] All kinds of shit.[70] Weed, smersh,[71] but mostly I sold crack. Now, if Biggie Smalls can give you the Ten Crack Commandments, I can one-up that. Besides, he's dead. These are the ten ordered steps on how to make crack.[72] The production of crack is another alchemic relation,[73] just less pure than pimpin'. There are other ways in which you can do it, but this book is meant to be primarily about pimping, not the production of crack.[74] Nevertheless, Trippple Beam is going to throw you a bone, so here's a primer.[75]

1. Get your coke.[76] The better the coke, the better the crack. However, the better the coke, the better you just put it up your nose.[77] Use mid-quality coke for crack. It is better. It is the impurities in the coke that you actually hear popping or crackling when you smoke it and likely give it its namesake. The other way to make a coke freebase is to use ether or ammonia,[78] but this will give you a purer form of cocaine hydrochloride. Careful with the ether, it is both volatile and flammable.[79] Either way, what you are doing is freeing the cocaine alkaloid from the hydrochloride so that it is smokable, but let's stick to crack as our freebase.[80]

2. Measure out a 4:1 or even 3:1 ratio of coke to baking soda.[81] It depends on the quality of your coke and the desired quality of your product.

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[69] As Mike Reno said, "I was born to run. I was born to dream. The craziest boy you ever seen. I gotta do it my way. Or no way at all."
[70] As Curtis Mayfield said, "I'm your mama, I'm your daddy. I'm that nigga in the alley."
[71] Like Big Lurch, "You fucking around with some niggas that's high off of formaldehyde." Don't. Like him, they might cannibalize you. Dazzle Razzle'll tell you how to make it later though. Wink, wink.
[72] As Scareface said, "Damn, it feels good to be a gangsta".
[73] Not the crack, the money.
[74] But, as the commercial went, If I could buy the world a Coke.
[75] As O.T. Genasis said, "baking soda. I got baking soda. Whip it through the glass, NIGGA."
[76] As SL Smooth said, "The main ingredient, ya'll."
[77] As Leonard Cohen said, "And everybody knows that you live forever. Ah, when you've done a line or two."
[78] On a terminological note, freebase as a noun means the pure form of an anime. Freebasing the verb is when you smoke this shit. The distinction should be maintained.
[79] The real word here is inflammable. However, as Strunk pointed out many-a-year ago, one should use flammable when concerned about the safety of children and illiterates. Either may be the case here.
[80] As Grand Master Flash said, "Higher, baby. Get higher, baby. Get higher, baby. And don't ever come down. Freebase!"
[81] Doesn't have to be baking soda, but could be ammonium bicarbonate or ammonium carbonate, doesn't really matter. Either way, the wisdom of the ages is on your side in terms of ratios. Agamemnon, Ganymede, *etc., etc.* would do the same with wine to water. All these niggas went 3:1, except for maybe Dionysus who'd probably go

3. Put this shit into a beaker and add just enough distilled water to cover the mixture. Make sure you don't overdo it, or your crack won't harden properly. Now swirl this around until it is a solution.

Blow! Rock it! Blow!

4. Cook. for me the best way to do this is to take a cotton ball soaked in rubbing alcohol. This is a long lasting, efficient burner that achieves a stable temperature. Put this in a stainless-steel mixing bowl and ignite. The beauty of this method is that you aren't relying on much. You could be cooking crack in a forest or the back of a bus. You needn't to be at home and you need little by way of apparatus.

Cane! Sugar! Cane! Sugar! Cane!

5. Hold the beaker with the solution over the flame. Wait for it to boil. Don't let it overcook. You will lose valuable crack vapors and, when it reaches around 90 °C, it will burn.[82]

Higher, baby.

Get higher, baby!

Get higher, baby!

6. Once it boils, remove it from the flame. Do this over again a couple times. What you will notice are 'crack bubbles' in a now viscous solution.

7. Add some more distilled water 6 or 7mm above the crack bubbles. Continue to heat, although you do not need for it to come to a boil. Keep swirling the beaker.

Freeze! Rock! Freeze! Rock! Freeze! Rock! Freeze! Rock!

8. You will see an oily yellow amassment. This is the good shit. Keep swirling and it will begin to solidify. What you have achieved is this, Coc-H+Cl− + NaHCO3 → Coc + H2O + CO2 + NaCl.

1:0. That's gangsta. But, "Christ follows Dionysus,/ Phallic and ambrosial." J.C. went 0:1 to get 100% wine, but he's the man. Crack is all J.C. because they're both hella dope.

[82] As C-Murder said, "Overcook yo' dope it might come out brown. Them fiends gonna run yo ass clean outta town."

9. Now you're going to collect the precipitate. You can let it cool and collect the rocks, or you can extract it with a sterile metal object such as a knife. Introducing the object will allow for the crack to gather, climb and solidify. Chop it up accordingly.[83]

10. Now you've got crack-cocaine. Resist the urge to smoke it, but if you do, enjoy.[84] Should cross the blood-brain barrier in about six seconds. If you like, you can effectively reverse the process by diluting it with something acidic like vinegar. Now you can't smoke it, but you can inject it. Maybe even into your face. I use malt vinegar so that I can feel the burn. Mix that shit with heroine and you've got speedballs.[85] Now you just need to find a non-collapsed vein and it will get to the brain almost instantaneously. Hurray![86]

Dododododon't do it babababy

Babbbbabby[87]

Addendum

Remember, the substance is less volatile than the customer on the consumption end. It's easy to make crack, so much so that you know your customers are suckers. That is not to say that the product is bad, just that your customers are predictable in an unpredictable way. The best customer is the one that functions as a middleman. They might try to jack you, but, when they're not, the volumes are bigger, the transactions fewer and more meaningful. Everyone is happier. Also, you don't have to deal with any crackheads. Having said that, if you have the energy and patience, you'll make more money if you divvy up your crack and sell it to the fiends. Do it almost by the rock if you can.

Now you don't have to make crack to sell crack. Making crack is also a good way of assaying the quality of your blow, especially if you're uncertain about the chain of

[83] You can skip all this and make fake crack. As Krayzie Bone said, "We would make fake rocks of crack from bread. We'd ball-up the bread, put it in the oven, let it get hard, chop it up, and put Orajel on it. As soon as you drop it in the buyer's hand, and he gives you the money, it's sold. If they want the money back, well, you've got to handle that."

[84] As Josh Todd said, "And, yes, I'm all lit up again."

[85] As Lou Reed said, "Heroin. It's my life and it's my wife."

[86] You can even inject it into your cock like Mother Superior.

[87] Public advisory, but fuck it. A million magic crystals, painted pure and white. A multi-million dollars almost overnight.

distribution above you. If you're selling coke, you can just make a small batch of crack. By the sizes of the bubbles you can tell the purity. Bigger bubbles equal betters. Little bubbles mean that there are a lot of impurities. Keep selling a better product and you'll be having keys coming from overseas.[88] Straight from source is when you become a magnate.[89] Now, that's the coke Game, and that's where the money is, but don't knock crack. Smoke that motherfucking shit.[90]

For real, but as Too $hort said, the crack epidemic was the black man's lost chance. Just like the white man made a fortune during Prohibition, so too should have the black man in the 80s and 90s with crack.[91] Draconian legislation saw the black man held down and the opportunity lost. [92] Extended sentences and all manner of unpleasant shit.[93] That's why the pimp Game is where it's at,[94] but that will be got to in good time.

[88] Just so there's a 2Pac reference in something that began by evoking Biggie. If only we could invoke them.
[89] Or the don dada, if you prefer.
[90] The sage advice of Charlie Sheen should be evoked here, ""I said stay away from the crack. Which I think is good advice. Unless you can manage it socially. Because, if you can manage it socially, go for it, but not a lot of people can, you know."
[91] The cocaine market was already saturated. But, if coke could be sold to a new demographic and at a fraction of the cost with a high profit line, why not? The CIA definitely turned a blind eye to some of what the Contras were moving. Some of that shit was even flown in on military planes. Still, an entrepreneurial effort was required. This is where you saw the likes of Freeway Rick Ross getting the product to the streets.
[92] Targeting that fickle demographic of crack addicts, PCP might just be another crack at it.
[93] As Killer Mike said, "But thanks to Reaganomics, prisons turned to profits 'cause free labor is the cornerstone of US economics 'cause slavery was abolished, unless you are in prison. You think I am bullshitting, then read the 13th Amendment. Involuntary servitude and slavery it prohibits. That's why they giving drug offenders time in double digits."
[94] After all, that's why drug dealers are the pimp's lesser brethren.

Money Brings Bitches and Bitches Bring Lies, Miss Glamorous Thang, or A Tenuous Connection with Macbeth, and/or 'Cause We Were Barely Seventeen and We Were Barely Dressed, and Pum Pum Come and Pum Go, but Jesus Christ Remain

Bankroll originally had me running for him. At first I just did small deals, but later I got more responsibility. I was making cash money.[95] I had basically become one of the Glamor Boyz and I got mad respect from the kids at school.[96] I was now known as Trippple Beam, and Trippple Beam had all kinds of girls coming at him that didn't have the time of day for Pissicle before.[97] I should have been acting on all this attention, but instead my whole life changed when I met Lizzie at a party.[98]

Kaptin was having people over at his house. Mom dukes was away, so Kaptin and I stocked up on the 40ozers of O.E,[99] gin, juice, sizzurp,[100] and had a barbeque. Back in the day these jams were off the hook.[101] It was summer and there were a lot of fly bitches. I remember, blunt in hand,[102] I was crunked and cold chillin', smelling the ribs and working the crowd,[103] when a murmur went through the party. It was that some of the Spider Fourz had shown up. My main man Kaptin was looking anxious, but I reassured him. I told him that it was all good and that they were my boys. No stress. I remember

[95] Like Schoolly D said, "P.S.K. we're make'n that green. People always say, what the hell does that mean?"
[96] As Bobby Shmurda said, "I been selling crack since like the fifth grade. Really never made no difference what the shit made".
[97] *Editorial note* Ah, the concession. Again, pre-Trippple Beam, Dazzle Razzle was simply known as Pissicle, no matter what he tries to redact. Since no one really knew if he was white, black, or Asian, he earned the moniker. Cold as ice.
[98] As Freddy Mercury said, "I've fallen in love. I've fallen in love for the first time."
[99] Like with what happened with Caine in *Menace II Society*, you never know what's going to happen when you start with this shit.
[100] Purple drank or lean. Depends where you are. Anyway, you need prescription strength cough syrup from which you get codeine and promethazine, the active ingredients. Mix this shit with 7 Up, Sprite (same shit), or Mountain Dew. Toss in a Jolly Rancher for flavor. You can cut this with booze, like the old jazz boys, if you like. However, don't go nuts or you might stop breathing like DJ Screw or Pimp C.
[101] Ya'll want this party started, right? Ya'll want this party started quickly, right?
[102] Later Dazzle Razzle would have this one ho (actually a would-be paralegal, but same thing) named Renee who said, "I never dealt with Philly Blunts because I heard that's for silly stunt." I whooped her something good, I can tell you.
[103] The Fresh Prince hit it when he said, "Sitting with your friends cause y'all remincise about the days growing up and the first person you kiss. And as I think back makes me wonder how the smell from a grill could spark up nostalgia."

this distinctly because it was at that moment that I saw her.[104] Lizzie came in through the back fence with a couple Glamor Boyz. She was fucking radiant.[105]

Bankroll came up to me. Lizzie was beside him. Fuck. That moment is seared into my memory.[106] She was what we called a tenderoni girl.[107] Plunging neckline, raised midriff.[108] As the man said, big old titties and a matching ass.[109] And what an ass, but you see, this turned out not even to be my focus. I fell in love with the girl that I thought was between the titties and ass. You know, what suckers call her personality, *etc*. I can't talk though, Trippple Beam was one of those suckers. It took less than five seconds and she had me wrapped around her finger like a trick.[110]

I turned my back on the piglet I was trying to chat up, who in turn sidled away into the obscurity that is the rightful domain of the obese,[111] and from then on I couldn't take my eyes off of Lizzie. Bankroll introduced Trippple Beam to Lizzie. He said, This is Lizzie, my cousin. I said, Lizzie, I…I…it's nice to…my name is…T…Tr…rrrr… God d d…T r i p p p l e.[112] I didn't know what the fuck I was saying. It was like I didn't have a dick.[113]

They were both laughing and Bankroll looked like he was going to piss himself. I thought, well that's that. Good fucking job, man. Not only have I made me look like a two-bit trick in front Bankroll, but Lizzie is now going to brush me off like a chump and

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[104] As Carole Pope said, "She's a cool blonde scheming bitch. She makes my body twitch." But her hair wasn't blonde and I'm not sure if creaming my pants is appropriate either.
[105] As Tone Loc said, "I saw this girl. She cool rocked my world, and I had to adjust my fly."
[106] Like Cleanthes' dog to a cart, Bryan Ferry said, "I could feel at the time there was no way of knowing. Fallen leaves in the night, who can say where they're blowing? As free as the wind and hopefully learning. Why the sea on the tide has no way of turning. More than this, there is nothing."
[107] Some say M.J said it first, but I am going to go with Bobby Brown for popularizing it. It was the only good thing he did. That and beating Whitney. They say she was filthy, even in the tub. *Editorial note* One of the first instances of Dazzle Razzle's prescience, or clairvoyance because he is the only man to still have a barathary gland, but not of his dark humor.
[108] Before the popularity of bellybutton piercing and, obviously, way before the regret. You ever see those bitches with scars all over there shit? Don't even get me started with arbitrary facial piercings. Piercings in the back of the neck, fuck that. What I have is a sense of aesthetics and an acute sensitivity to societal failures. Wait. Let's step back. On a ho, however, that shit is clutch. Staple and tat up, bitches. Dazzle Razzle is coming for you. Bitch, a stamp don't make a tramp, but bitch, Dazzle Razzle will release your inner ho. Follow the light.
[109] Oh my God. Becky, look at her but...
[110] With Donne, I can say, "And swear,/ No where/ Lives a woman true, and fair."
[111] As 50 Cent once said, "Fat, fat, them Snickers got your ass getting' fat, fat. Those cookies got your ass getting' fat, fat. That cake got your ass getting' fat, fat. Bitch you grown that ain't baby fat, fat […] Stay the fuck away from me, fuckin' fat bitch."
[112] Fuck. Should have been the other way around. As Biz Markie said, "I asked her her name. She said blah-blah-blah".
[113] This inability is actually an aspect of Dick. It is delusional. You will see.

I am not going to be able to take a proper shot. I'll be rubbing them out by myself. Turns out, again I was right and I was wrong.

Lizzie dug it. She thought my stammering was cute. I returned to form and Lizzie and I hit it off after that.[114] The day turned into night. The music was banging and everyone was getting down while Lizzie and I went into our own little world.[115]

That night with Lizzie turned into another night, which in turn became many nights.[116] I dated that bitch for three years.[117] I thought we were going to get married. At the time I couldn't have wanted anything more.[118] Lizzie and I used to always talk about the future. She used to tell me how I will be even more of a man than Bankroll, maybe even more than Duffy Diablo. Looking back, I cringe at the cruel irony.

In those days Lizzie and Trippple Beam were in love.[119] I spent a lot of time at her house. Bankroll lived there too because his aunt had taken him in. Often it would just be the three of us, but Lizzie had a sister named Betty who, strangely, lived with her grandparents instead.[120] Quite often she came around too, and it wasn't long before I got to liking her.

I already had two weird sisters in my adopted family, but Betty acted like a third to me. She was into Duffy Diablo, but he just looked to get a nut off her every once in a while. This didn't help her self-esteem. After a while she became a bit of a skank. It seemed she wanted to make Duffy Diablo jealous by throwing herself at other guys. All the Spider Fourz were getting plenty of action off her and no one, especially Duffy Diablo, thought of her twice. I think she was spending more time on her knees than on her feet. I remember feeling embarrassed for Lizzie having a sister like that. She was hot, but she was a slut,[121] and no one respected her. It seemed to me that I was the only one who was nice to her when everyone else was treating her like shit. Lizzie tolerated her, but she let Betty know in no uncertain terms that it was an act of charity. Bankroll didn't really

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[114] As Mystikal said, "Shake ya ass, but watch yourself."
[115] Fucking ho. She flipped the script on me. It should have been, as DMX said, "Give a dog a bone. Leave a dog alone. Let a dog roam and he'll find his way home." She had me on a short leash.
[116] A siren, a harpy. Rather, a perverse Scheherazade. You see, in a way, that bitch was kind of paying a lease on her life with all her storytelling. Shouldn't have started fucking with Trippple Beam though. As Marmion said, "Oh what a tangled web we weave/ When first we practise to deceive." Lying hoes get slew.
[117] I should have said, "Left it to my girl to rock that body. Before I left I rocked the Bacardi."
[118] As André 3000 said, "Forever, forever, ever, forever, ever?"
[119] As Larkin said, "A shame that started at sixteen/ And spread to everything."
[120] The reason for this will be made clear in *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.
[121] A hot slut only has immediate utility. There is nothing more. As Lead Belly first said, "And she's always ready. Bam-ba-lam." He could have been talking about anything, but Betty fits just as well as any.

care because she was only his cousin. Little did I know then that Betty would play a key role in things to come. That, and family relations are always a bitch.

A Bunch of Bitches, A Vindication of the Rights of Women, or I Thought Just Having a Friend Couldn't Be No Crime. Cause I Have Friends, and That's a Fact, Like Agnes, Agatha, Germaine, and Jack[122]

It went down like this.[123] Trippple Beam was at Lizzie, Betty and Bankroll's house. Betty needed to go to the pharmacy to pick up some shit, but no one would drive her. Lizzie was outside with Bankroll's pit bull, Blink the Proper Meatball,[124] so she asked Bankroll, but he told her to beat it. He said she probably wanted some kind of douche for her rotten pussy, and that she didn't need to go anywhere for that when there was Javex and Lysol right here in the kitchen. Betty didn't take it well. She started crying. Not just crying, but *crying* crying. It must have really hit a nerve. I said to her, Don't worry. I've got you. Get your coat and we'll bounce. She looked at me through her tears and could only mouth thank you. I told Bankroll and Lizzie that Betty and I will be back in about two hours because I had some stuff that I needed to do as well.

Into the shit mobile. A highly oxidized, Frankenstein jalopy. In other words, a 1987 Yugo maintained by an odd assortment of parts most evident in the mismatched paint on the hood and some of the replacement panels. I didn't mind. You get a lot of heat selling drugs and, I figured, despite the inconvenience, I am better off in this piece of shit than in a Beemer.[125] Trippple Beam creaked open the door for Betty, got in as well, and jammed the screwdriver in the ignition. Time to lurch into town like a thug.

On the way to the drug store Betty asked me why I put up with Bankroll. Betty said, you know he only uses you to run shit with people that make him suspicious. Either narcs or punks. One of the times when we were together he basically told me he hopes the cops grab your ass.[126] He thinks you are to stupidly loyal to him to rat when you do get pinched anyway. He wants you to go down. He doesn't like Trippple Beam. In fact, I think he's jealous of you and wants to take what's yours. I said, Like fuck. He's my man. But Betty looked at me like she was pitying my stupidity. You know, she said. We

[122] The last one might be a concern for the more prudish. A beki (for ya'll Filipinos out there), ladyboy…Nobody beats the Biz.
[123] As The Rockness Monstah said.
[124] A name most odd like Snot the Dada Memo. He was fat and seemed to have only one eye, but I found it a vile name. Sometimes thought goes into a name, sometimes not. You never know.
[125] You'll see the idea is a lot different with pimpin'. It's not to say drug dealers don't drive flash rides, but I think it pays to be conservative in this sense. The envy directed at drug dealers is different than that at pimps. The former incites resentment and ill will, the latter awe. This will become clearer later.
[126] Cops do this. Watch out. They say they are just looking for the coke you have up your asshole, but they are not. Especially when they take the gloves off.

may all be cousins, Bankroll, Lizzie, and myself, but I bet the fucker is trying to work Lizzie right now. You should know, we got down together a couple of times, Bankroll and I, cousins and all. That pissed me off. I almost slapped her right there.

I slammed on the brakes, but the pads were half-fucked so we careered until a stop. I grabbed her by the hair, dragged her to the hood of the car, and told her that I was going to open up her head if ever says shit like that again. What kind of ridiculous shit is that? She said she stands by what she said. She said she's only saying it to me because I am the only one she respects now. Fuck it, I said. Let's go back right now. I am going to check this shit out and if Bankroll says you're trying to gas me up, you're going to be picking through your shit to find your teeth.

we got back in the car and I gunned it into a hard U-turn.[127] ErrRRERRerrr.[128] We were back in about twenty minutes from when we had left. Thinking that I would just walk in and ask Bankroll about this shit, all casual-like, especially since I thought it didn't even merit that, I just strolled in. I caught them completely unawares.[129] *In flagrante delicto*.[130] Shit just got real.[131] They were on the couch where I left them,[132] but Bankroll was reclined with his hands behind his head. Lizzie was all action.[133]

I stopped, turned around, and went to the trunk of my car for my five iron.[134]

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[127] "Hop inside the vehicle start crossing intersections. We learning life's lessons while we blaze this herbal essence. A man but still a child and I have so many questions." Like Camel MC, but without the tranquility of normal weed, I pulled out a coco puff blunt and got more worked up.

[128] It was a kind of *chandelle* maneuver, but, instead of an altitude increase, I punched the K-car full throttle and we trundled down the street. Betty panicked and said, We don't have enough road to get up to 88. Roads?, I said. Fuck that. Where we're going, we don't need roads.

[129] As Pound said, "came home, home to a lie,/ home to many deceits,/ home to old lies and new infamy."

[130] Having heard it through the grapevine, I should have known. As Marvin Gaye said, Gladys Knight couldn't, and CCR is better anyways, while none of the above wrote it, but Dazzle Razzle meant it, "I know a man ain't supposed to cry, but these tears I can't hold inside."

[131] I was that other type of guy. As L. L. Cool J said, "I'm that type of guy to give you a pound and wink my eye. Like a bandit, caught me red-handed, took her for granted. But, when I screwed her, you couldn't understand it. 'Cause you're the type of guy that don't know the time, swearin' up and down, 'That girl's all mine'. I'm the type of guy to let you keep believin' it. Go 'head to work, while I defrost it, and season it."

[132] It was like being in a Room with Johnny, Mark and Lisa, but even shittier.

[133] Almost all mouth, but, unlike Bradley Nowell, I knew she also had the G.I. Joe kung-fu grip.

[134] Dres [*Editorial note* could have been the other chap] said, "you can't beat that with a bat." True, but why did Trippple Beam have a 5 iron? I dunno. Golfing, especially in the hood, is for bitches. It's like when the cop asked Sick Boy why he had a baseball bat. Good question because the context is not there.

They hadn't seen me come in the first time. This time they did. Trippple Beam kicked open the door.[135] They were startled. Lizzie fell back on the couch in shock.[136] Bankroll got to his feet, bent over, and tried to get his pants back on. Fuck that, this guy is going out right now.

I brought the five iron down on his back.[137] There was a dull thud and I could hear the air leave Bankroll as his lung collapsed. I started going to town on his ass, boots and club.[138] Lizzie got off the couch and pleaded with me.[139] I gave her my first real bitch slap,[140] full and open handed.[141] The stinging warmth on my hand felt good, real good.[142] It was a sign of things to come.[143]

After a while Trippple Beam was starting to get tired, you know, from all the whoop-ass, and Bankroll was starting to look like hamburger,[144] when I heard growling behind me. I turned and it was Blink the Proper Meatball, and it didn't like what I was doing to its master. It must have come in through the front door that I had left open with my dramatic reëntrance.[145] Growling, it leapt at me. I spun just in time and it landed on the

[135] Like Biggie said, "Kick in the door, waving the .44. All ya heard was Poppa don't hit me no more." Except I didn't have a gun at this point. The 5 iron proved to be more savage than a run-of-the-mill pistol-whipping anyway.
[136] As Bonnie Tyler said, though it should have been Meatloaf, "Once upon a time there was light in my life, now there's only love in the dark." Fucking every now and again T r i p p p l e B e a m falls apart.
[137] My reasoning followed Eazy-E's. "I gotta take the girl out with my motherfuckin' bat [*viz*. five iron], 'cause I ain't doin' ten in the pen for a bitch and her dead-ass boyfriend." Unfortunately, Trippple Beam killed neither. Then, at least.
[138] As Seal said, "But we're never gonna survive unless we get a little crazy." Maybe just like the sentence in question. There could be a question of agreement.
[139] But what could I say? Like R Kelly, "And now, I'm like well, well, well. What the fuck is this?"
[140] Bitches be tellin' lies. Like Andy Bell said like a bitch, "Always, I want to be with you, and make believe with you, and live in harmony, harmony oh love."
[141] Classic Hollywood would have had a genteel backhand across the cheekbone. Fuck that. As Dean Martin said, "Ain't that a kick in the head."
[142] Like Souljah Boy said, maybe a million times in one song, "Pimp slap that ho, WHOOPISH." Trippple Beam was no pimp at that point, but it was another beginning. *Enter Kierkegaard stage right*. Everything starts in external repetition. It's like E-LP's repeated sample of Camu Tao, "You should bump this shit like they do in the future." Action precedes actuality and would-be interiority, and here you see it. *Editorial note* No reason for an editorial insertion here, but the opportunity is now being exploited. Dazzle Razzle loved hip hop and had mixed tastes. That, though, is irrelevant. You see, as Blackhead said, "The safest general characterization of the hip hop tradition is that it consists of a series of footnotes to Dazzle Razzle."
[143] Always remember women need to be held down. 1 Timothy 2:12, Genesis 3:16, Ephesians 5:22, 1 Corinthians 14:34, Titus 2:5, *etc*., *etc.*
[144] I was giving him a whopping. As Rob Base said, "I like the Whopper, fuck the Big Mac." This was only partly true because I was to become The Big Mac, but that comes later. However, I still say fuck McDonalds and Burger King. Better off trading your food stamps for crack. In fact, I endorse that wholeheartedly.
[145] *Editorial note* Diæreses are almost always ostentation, but Dazzle Razzle would rejoin that so too is ligature.

couch beside Lizzie. I figured if I'm taking out one bitch, I may as well take out two. After all, if this fucker gets a hold of me, it's not letting go.[146]

Blink the Proper Meatball was frothing all over the place and pounced again. This time I caught it in mid-air. I didn't give it a chance to react again. I brought the five iron down on its head. It made a sickening crack and it started twitching on the floor like it was trying to pop and lock.[147] I picked Lizzie back up by her hair, gave her another healthy slap,[148] and threw her beside Hamburger Helper.[149]

I don't know what happened. Time seemed to stop.[150] But the next thing I knew, I was laughing like a demon with my dick out and pissing on the both of them there on the floor.[151] Lizzie was crying, saying it was a mistake, but it was then that I knew I couldn't love no ho.[152]

This was the moment when Trippple Beam's whole life changed. As Duffy Diablo said, money and balls. Too fucking right. From that moment I knew I had to be my own man. I was never going to be anyone's bitch again.[153] Next time around, I will be standing tall, but for now I knew I had to bounce. Duffy Diablo and the Spider Fourz are going to be taking sides, and I knew it would be unfavourable for Trippple Beam. The Glamor Boyz were definitely going to be gunning for me. Whatever I took outta Bankroll's ass was gonna be visited on my ass tenfold if I stuck around.

I looked at Betty who was still cowering by the door and said, Bitch, get in the car.[154]

It was time to get money and balls.[155]

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[146] When violence is required, one should not discriminate amongst man, woman or beast. Beating animals is frowned upon, beating women roundly condemned. However, as Eminem said, "But if I can't batter the women, how the fuck am I supposed to bake them a cake then?"

[147] Not technically the Saint Vitus Dance, but close enough.

[148] This should not be an issue, and I cite Ike Turner as an authority. "Sure, I've slapped Tina ... There have been times when I punched her to the ground without thinking. But I have never beat her".

[149] This was a moment of clarity, like Huxley's bypassing of the reducing valve. As Roger Daltrey said, "I know you've deceived me, now here's a surprise. I know that you have 'cause there's magic in my eyes. I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles and miles.
Oh yeah."

[150] As Bobby Kimball wrote, but all of Toto said, "Hold the line. Love isn't always on time."

[151] What the fuck could Trippple Beam do? $B = f(P, E)$.

[152] As Biggie said, "I got three rules in life. I'm not to be played with, played on, or played out".

[153] As Lou Gramm said, "I gotta take a little time, a little time to think things over. I better read between the lines, in case I need it when I'm older."

[154] In this way, like Morrissey, Betty said, "Driving Trippple Beam's car, oh, please don't drop me home because it's not my home, it's their home, and I'm welcome no more."

[155] I slammed the door and said, "Let's all meet up in the year 2000. Won't it be strange when we're all fully grown. Be there two o'clock by the fountain down the road."

Happpy Learned How to Putt, Stroking a Handicap, or Love-Love and Going through the Gears Seamlessly While Mixing Metaphors, or Gimmie Punanny, Waan Punanny

You must not know about me. You must not know about me.

But she did.

To the left, to the left. To the left, to the left. Mmmmmmm. To the left, to the left. Everything you own in the box to the left. To the left, to the left.

And she did. Fuck her, and fuck them. She can cut up my comic books, but I'mma cut up her face. Never trust a bitch that likes to sing.[156] They're not canaries, they're chicken heads.[157]

The way I see it, Bankroll was pimpin' me. I was his bitch, and I got played like one.[158] Well, that shit has stopped. I am never going to be anyone's bitch again. This was the dawning of a new era. I may stumble some, but I am never going to fall again. Not like that. Getting away from that ugly scene, and in the car with Betty, I already had the workings of a plan that would change my life. She figured centrally.[159] She didn't know it right away, but she would soon.[160]

I stopped at the bank, cleared my account where I had been hording dough made on my Spider Fourz action,[161] closed it, and flashed across town. Betty and I pulled up to some nondescript motel where I had decided to take stock of the situation.

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[156] I can put up a tough exterior, but as Robbie Hart said, "You don't know how much I need you. While you're near me I don't feel blue. And when we kiss I know you need me too. I can't believe I've found a love that's so pure and true. But it all was bullshit. It was a goddamn joke. And when I think of you, Linda, I hope you fucking choke! I hope you're glad with what you've done to me. I lie in bed all day long, feeling melancholy. You left me here, all alone. Tears running constantly. Oh, somebody kill me please. Somebody kill me please. I'm on my knees! Pretty, pretty please! Kill Me!
I want to die! Put a bullet in my head!"

[157] Heads up Jay-Z. Let Dazzle Razzle turn her out.

[158] As Muddy Waters said, "I know the world knows I've been mistreated. And the whole world know I've been misused."

[159] She said, like Tracy Chapman, "You got a fast car. I want a ticket to anywhere. Maybe we make a deal. Maybe together we can get somewhere. Anyplace is better. Starting from zero got nothing to lose. Maybe we'll make something. Me, myself I got nothing to prove."

[160] As Paul Simon said, "If you'll be my bodyguard, I can be your long-lost pal. I can call you Betty, and Betty when you call me, you can call me Dazzle RazzAl."

[161] As Mac Daddy or Daddy Mac said, "Please, my whole crew makes Gs." That and Trippple Beam was pretty good at the old smash-and-grab. I used to choose soft targets like antique shops owned by old people, throw a brick

All the blood had made Betty hysterical. I told her Bankroll was a bitch who treated her like shit. Besides, he's your fucking cousin, and he's tapping your sister. Fuck him, stay with me for a couple days while I work this shit out. I will take care of everything. The last thing you want to do is be around Lizzie right now. She knows you left with me, she'll think you're complicit, and she'll conclude that you're just as bad. Right at this moment I bet she both hates and has renounced you. The reasoning was ironclad. Betty agreed.

Betty was to stay with me for a couple days. I gave Kaptin a ring to see if I could get some perspective on the situation. He said it was crazy. As expected, Blink the Proper Meatball was dead. Bankroll was in intensive care, and Lizzie hasn't left his side in forty-eight hours. That last one made me clench my teeth. What about the Spider Fourz, I asked. The Glamor Boyz? Kaptin played straight with me. Man, I think they're gonna kill you. The way Duffy Diablo was talking, putting a cap in your ass would be to good for you. It sounds like Betty has got a beating coming to her as well.[162] Guilty by association and all that. Keep your eyes open and lie low.

Betty was scared. Betty was in no rush to go home. It was no picnic living with Betty's grandparents, and everyone Betty knew thought Betty was a skank. I thought I could help make this break complete, so after my call with Kaptin, I called Betty's house and asked for Betty's grandfather. He was an old Jamaican who probably didn't understand what I said anyways,[163] but I told him Betty was with me taking my cock like a champion. I said to him, Not that you would, but don't bother looking for her because she doesn't want to see your faggot ass. If she does, she'll call. She won't, so fuck off.[164]

I hung up before Betty could scream. She came at me like a polecat,[165] and there was bitch slap number three.[166] I was getting good at this. I told her to check herself. We're playing by my rules now. She was pissed, but now I knew she was not going to be in any rush to go home to either her parents or her grandparents. Also, I knew that Lizzie

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through the window, and steal some shit. Anything that I thought looked fragile, I smashed. If I found the old people, I would batter them. Often, for good measure, I would torch the place as I left. Fuck the past, Trippple Beam is the future. *Editorial note* This is not an overstatement made by Trippple Beam/Dazzle Razzle. He is actually the past, present, and future, as well as a forth and different temporal axis that 'permeates' space. It is thought that this might have something to do dark matter, but at this point it is only speculation. This will become clear later. This, you will find, if you haven't already, is a refrain.

[162] A cumeuppance. Otherwise, why can only Darrida get away with it?

[163] As Chomsky said, Colorless green ideas sleep furiously. But, as s El-p said, It's alive and it's hungry as fuck."

[164] You SON of a bitch. Stop whining. I am detective John Kimball…

[165] Or, more accurately, like a spider monkey.

[166] You can see where this is going. As Steve Miller said, "Some call me the gangster of love."

would hear about this and that made me smile. Next, I knew I should call Duffy Diablo. It was a chance I had to take.

Duffy Diablo ran a tight crew, but he was fair. In theory the Spider Fourz were a loose association bound together by common interest and commercial enterprise. In this sense, it lacked centrality, but maintained cohesion through shared purpose.[167] In reality, Duffy Diablo ran the show with his inner core, the original four. This core was known as The Family, and through Duffy Diablo the Spider Fourz found a source of guided direction. Although anyone is free to dissent, the word of Duffy Diablo carried a lot of weight.

Duffy Diablo was shocked that I called, but this only lasted a minute. He said I had real balls in calling him. In turn, I was surprised by how politic he was. He didn't shout about retribution or demand penance from me, but rather seemed to receive the call as symbolic of a restored trust. He said that he will no longer take issue with what I did to Bankroll, as he fully understood the circumstance. However, Bankroll was a senior figure and I was on the outside of the Spider Fourz, so there were going to be those among them looking for payback. Through The Family he will calm things down, but I needed to stay off the radar. He offered no assurances, but intimated that at this time it was unlikely that there would be an active hunt. However, there was no accounting for Bankroll and the Glamor Boyz.

This put me somewhat at ease, but I knew I had to keep on point. Betty had no intention of being helpful as she was still pissed off about the earlier phone call. She kept harping on about the Spider Fourz and that when they came for Trippple Beam, it would be all over. I had to get a little rough with her again,[168] just to straighten her out. It took a while, but in the end she was saying shit like, I am better than Bankroll and I know it. Right now he is lesser than you and greater. Not only do I have to get over Lizzie, but also the pain of being upstaged by one of my friends. I may have been kicked in them, but I need to find me balls. I knew she was right, and this wouldn't be the last time. For a bitch, Betty had a pretty good eye for things.

To smooth things over I took her out for some new clothes and brought her to Red Lobster for dinner. There, in turn, I told her that she was too good for all those bitches.[169] And I used the restaurant for some kind of analogy saying, There're plenty of fish in the

[167] This has already been somewhat addressed in an earlier pimpnote, but it should be stressed.
[168] And again later on. As Necro said, "I'll bang you hard as I strangle you. Fuckin' you from an angle that penetrates your anal prostate gland. Saliva dangle into your mouth."
[169] Good, bad. They are the sides of a coin. You see, she was to become a ho, both more and less than a bitch.

sea, just like on this menu, but if you swim with Trippple Beam, we'll school those fish. I'll always have the claws, and you'll have the tail. You and I can form like some kind of lobster Voltron. That will make us top billing on any menu. Just don't fuck with any crabs and you'll find pearls in your oyster. You see, it was my time to prophesy. I don't think she knew what the fuck I was talking about, maybe I didn't either. I was doing a lot of drugs then,[170] but she liked the attention.

Trippple Beam had more money then I let Betty think I had. I kept taking her out to fancy places. I bought her all new shit. It turns out that on that day when it all went down, she was in serious need of special medication they were all stoned and locked into a Japanese Anime marathon.[171] Well I never knew it, but she was epileptic. [172] She still needed the medication, so Betty and I went down the drug store and we picked up her prescription. Shit was expensive, but I paid for it and told her she didn't need to worry, that I am looking after her now.

Betty and I stayed holed up in that motel for three weeks. She came to depend on me for everything. I kept buying her what she needed and taking her out to eat, but, in the middle of the third week, I started playing it like we were almost out of money.[173] She started getting panicky, and she kept asking me what we were going to do. I told her not to worry.

One day I pretended to go out and borrow some money. I told her there was a guy I knew who lent money. Yeah, he was a bit of a loan shark, but it didn't matter. Yeah, if I miss the due date, I'll be owing more than I'll be able to pay back and it might be lights out for me, but don't worry. I told her that I had talked to Kaptin and he was going to come through with a bunch of money that he owed me. All this was bullshit, of course. I

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[170] What you should do is go to Red Lobster on acid. Shrimp and other shellfish look crazy on psychedelics. Go for the buffet and freak out when a crustacean locks eyes with you, takes an accusatory tone and says, "Human beings are the only creatures on Earth who claim a God, and the only living thing that behaves like it hasn't got one. Does the world belong to no one but you?" It was this moral dimension of Red Lobster that put-off Shooter McGavin. You should not be. It would be nice to start something like Freak Out Fridays. Drop a couple tabs of acid in the parking lot, go into Red Lobster and just unravel in front of helpless staff and your horrified fellow diners.

[171] To lock into this, you need to provide for the occasion. As Bradley Nowell said, "I smoke two joints before I smoke two joints. And then I smoke two more."

[172] If you're disposed to photosensitive epilepsy, *paka paka* animation will have you flipping around like a fish. Betty suggested that if you're feeling introspective, try this with the lights off and a head full of peyote. If you are not epileptic, you can still achieve this by combining the peyote with convulsion inducing substances such as pentetrazol or members of the halogenated ether family like flurothyl. When you come to, you'll know all about the truth of 2Pac, Biggie and the role played by the illuminati.

[173] Not a good situation. As Steve Earle said, "Everybody told me you can't get very far on thirty-seven dollars and a Jap guitar."

still had plenty of money from my grow op and the other drugs I had sold.[174] Also, despite what I said, I had no such arrangement with Kaptin.

Returning, I acted as though I secured the loan and it was all good. Kaptin would hit me up in two weeks, just before the loan comes due. I told her I can trust Kaptin, and there is no way I won't come good on the loan. No stress. She believed me. I said, Let's go out on the town. She was all excited and Betty and I partied like it was 1999.[175]

The next day I took her to the salon and got her hair and nails done, all pretty like, then took her out shopping again.[176] I'd already been riding her from day one, but now she was really putting her back into it.[177]

Let me, let me hear you say face down, ass up. That's the way we like to fuck.

She loved Trippple Beam, and why not. I was doing all kinds of shit for her nobody else ever had.[178] It went on like this, but at the end of the two weeks, I changed gears on her again.

It was time when the supposed loan repayment was due. I told her that Kaptin wasn't going to come through, that Trippple Beam was fucked. I told her that I'll go see if I can get some kind of extension. She was crying when I left.

I came back in a couple hours. I said it was hopeless. He's not going to budge. I've now got to pay the interest on the principal before the end of next week, or he's going to

[174] I'd tell you how Trippple Beam did his grow op., but it is straight forward. Just buy the hydroponic equipment. Easy. Before you do this, it's good to start by growing shit in conservation parks, but as John Holt said, watch out for "Police in helicopter." Go deep into the woods. I used a compass and a series of coordinates. *Editorial note* Get a GPS.

[175] Or like Dr. Octagonocologyst said, "3000". This is why I call my cock The Octagon. It is the future and it is multifaceted. This is not an idle comment. As you will learn, you have to look at COCK from different angles that defy time and space. That's why I call it the 8-Polytope, even though this is not the right figure, because of its relation to HOLE. All in due course, but you can see is all truly octagonocologystic.

[176] More accurately, we went poppin' tags. A bunch of shit, but most importantly a Chanel little black number. It rounds out a bitch's wardrobe. More importantly, it rounds out a ho's. And this is significant.

[177] Although you may disagree on principle, buying shit works a charm. Like South Park Mexican said, "I'm in your girlfriends' hot intestines 'cause I bought her two dresses and some contact lenses." That could be a lie, though. He liked to fuck children.

[178] As Caron Wheeler said, "However, do you want me? However, do you need me? However, do you want me? However, do you need me? However, do you want me? However, do you need me? However, do you want me? However, do you need me?"

have my knees. She was even more stressed. Don't worry though, I told her, I'll think of something.

A couple of days past. We hadn't really left the motel, as though danger lurked at every corner.[179] Having created an atmosphere of fear, it was time to lay a head trip on her. I was saying shit like, That was all my money. Look at all the stuff I bought you. You haven't chipped in for anything. Now what the fuck are we going to do? I bought you all that expensive shit, all that expensive medication to keep you from twitching around on the floor like Blink the Proper Meatball. Everything I did for you, I did it because I love you…bla bla bla… I am the only one who has ever loved you...bla bla bla… but I can't shoulder all the weight anymore…bla bla bla…Maybe you should just go home and leave me to my fate…bla bla bla…You'd be better off…bla bla bla…

That did the trick. I knew she couldn't go home. I knew she saw in me the only person that ever really cared about Betty. I knew that she knew that she was indebted to me. I also knew that was enough and that I had her primed for the next part of my plan. I was half way there, but the second half was going to be even harder.

[179] As Bruce Cockburn said, "Lovers in a dangerous time".

Affirmative Action, Are You Down with OPP?, Stella Got Her Grove Back, or She's the Cheese and I'm the Macaroni

Betty was distraught. I told her there was one way that we could get some money tonight, maybe even enough to pay up what we owe, but I told her that she's probably not going to like it. What? Betty asked. Never mind, I said. It's a bad idea. But, she kept at it. Tell me, what is it? She wouldn't let it go until I said, Okay, well, there's a street down the way where…where you…you know? I had let the line out. She was nibbling. Now I had to wait and pull when I felt the bite.

Where I could what? Betty asked. No, forget about it, I said. You wouldn't've it in you. But, she kept at it. I knew I almost had her. If I just play it right, all I need to do is to reel her in. You'd be surprised at how little you actually have to lie. It's all about the approach and how you massage the details.

You used to go with a lot of guys, I said. No big deal, right? Well, what if we went to this street up the way and you could choose some guy you like for yourself. You know, but get paid. Betty looked at me in horror. I said, forget it. I knew that kind of shit wasn't for you. I just don't see what the big deal with it anyway. Ever since I've known you, you were giving it away for free. This is the same shit, but you're in charge. They can't fuck you and dis you like before. You're running the show. They're the tricks paying *you* cash for a bit of *your* time. Besides, I'll be there, so that if anyone gives you any shit, I'll fuck them up. You saw me go buckwild with the five iron. Everything will be your choice. I know if I had a pussy, I'd be selling it like crazy. Shit, if bitches would throw money down to sit on my dick, I'd never get it back in my pants.[180]

To say Betty was sceptical would be an understatement.

You don't even have to do anything, I said. Let's just go up there and you can check it out. No harm in that, right?

I think that in the end it was curiosity that played a big role. I made it all out like there was no commitment, she could just case the scene. I almost couldn't fucking believe it when she said okay. I was prepared for a couple hours or arguments, intimations of violence and emotional blackmail in order for her to just go up there with Trippple

[180] As you will see, this is actually true of the pimp. The trick is that he often doesn't let them though. More later.

Beam. I didn't have to get into that shit at all. At the end of the day, all women are bitches and all bitches can easily be made into hoes.[181]

Now the trick with getting a ho on the street is getting a ho on the street. Once you get her on the street, and she doesn't think she's really on the street, you actually have her *on the street*.[182] Know what I'm saying? Like a man I used to know once said, get down on your knees, move your lips, and you will believe. That goes for both praying and sucking dick. Get her there, get her talking to some tricks like it's all some kind some kind of game. She'll be thinking she's there just to check it out, like it's a social experiment or whatever, but that's not what's really going to go down. As they say, a man don't walk on a lot lest he wants to buy. In this case it's the reverse, but the logic is the same. You can reason with yourself however you like, but when you assume the role, the position, you've actually become it more than you think. Hire somebody off the street to be a waiter at a fancy restaurant. They will become a waiter and act like a total prick to the people who walk into the restaurant. People that are likely exactly like them. People who might even be their friends. People that probably even make more money than them. And the waiter will look down his nose at those people like they're not good enough to be served in the joint. Likewise, give a man a badge, tell him he's a cop, and watch him instantly become an asshole.

Anyway, Betty and I rolled up in the area and there were lots of hoes already on the track.[183] We stayed in the car for a bit and watched. I was saying shit like, See that one over there? Your much sexier than that. Look at that bitch's face. It looks like someone took a shovel to it. Betty was laughing. She was pointing at others saying shit like, I'm hotter than that one. My tits are nice and perky, her tits look like she found them in the dumpster behind Waffle House.[184] Betty was having fun. Did you see the way that one is walking? Shit, she looks like a retard that's lost its handler.[185] Here, watch this.

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[181] As Ice Cube said, "The title bitch don't apply to all women, but all women have a little bitch in them." This is true, and on a number of levels. All have a little bitch in them is an intrasubjective truth. Also, all participate in bitch and some are hoes. Both true, but this is too sophisticated to be meaningfully addressed here. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. However, the logical converse can be approached in the formulations found later in *Et quoddam A est B atque quoddam A non est B.*

[182] As Nate Dogg said, "No matter where I go, I see the same hoooooo"

[183] On a terminological note, when a ho is out hustling she is said to be out on the track.

[184] Like Kate Middleton's, but we didn't know it then. I'm not a betting man, but maybe if one were to look at her tits at that time (like her father, uncle, and the school janitor) perhaps they were firm. Doubt it though. Looks like they were 'built' sloppy. Not big, just sloppy.

[185] In retrospect, I think she might just have been a completely polluted hooker in a k-hole. Stumbling and drooling, she was probably listening to trap on her headphones. Then again, she could have just been retarded. Often it's a question of fine margins. *Editorial note* Again, time is an issue, but you have already guessed that it is complex. Regardless, the ho was likely listening to hardcore.

Betty got out of the car and started doing an imitation of the ho. I was laughing, but I knew I was almost there. You're dressed too conservatively, I said. Hike up that skirt. She did. She started walking back and forth like it was all a game when a car pulled up.

A trick propositioned her, but she wasn't listening. She blew him off. Betty came back to my car and was laughing about it. See, I said. They know you're fine. You're hotter stuff than any of these other hoes out here.[186] Betty kept laughing and went for another stroll.

Another car pulled up. This time she listened to what he had to say. She played along, but intentionally priced him out so it wouldn't come to anything. Again, she came by laughing. Betty said, Do you know how high that guy was going to go? I said no. She told me. Fuck, I said. That would have almost cleared what we owe.[187] I could see that actually got Betty thinking. She pursed her lips and started walking again, almost on autopilot while her mind seemed to be racing in different directions.

Another car pulled up. Same shit. It pulled away. Betty came back to the car, but I could see in her eyes that this was going to happen tonight if I just finessed it. She thought she was playing a game, but she was actually slipping into the element. A couple more cars drove by and slowed down hoping for Betty to acknowledge them, but she didn't. I could see her mind working. It seemed like she was trying to talk to herself into it, so I let Betty think it through aloud with me. She was saying that the guy in the last car that she had talked to was pretty cute. Why would he need to pay for sex? I said, It doesn't work like that. There's nothing to it. It's a simple transaction. He thought you were hot and he'd be willing to pay to have some of your time. He'd probably try to pick you up legit-like, but there're too many strings in his life. Wife, baby, like that, you know what I'm saying? Nothing sinister in it. It's like any other time you've roll with a guy, except here they're not lying to you.[188] Everything is at face value. You never know. It'd probably even be a bit of fun. You know, be in a position of control for once?[189]

We were at this for about four fucking hours doing this routine. I was about to give up for the night, thinking it's going to take more game on my part to get this to work, when

[186] Note that in talking to Betty in this manner I had already situated her on the ho-horizon, the ho-plane. It's indirect, but relations and identifications were already beginning to take shape at this stage. This will make more sense shortly.
[187] You'll also note that I turned to saying 'we', making Betty assume responsibility in the situation.
[188] Lying to/lying with, a proposition hinging on prepositions. When it comes to Dylan, we might have to stop at the verb.
[189] This is flirting with ho-feminism. More on this later.

a car pulled up. Betty was flirting, laughing, and BANG! She went in.[190] I thought to myself, all right. I'm pimpin' now.[191] But I knew the job still wasn't quite done.

Betty came back in a little over an hour.[192] She looked conflicted. How was it, I asked. Fine, she said, I guess. How much did you get? She showed me. Look at you, you sexy bitch, I said. You're worth even more than that. I'd pay double. Well fuck, I guess I already have, haven't I?

She didn't say anything. I said, That's almost enough to pay back our dept.[193] She looked at me searchingly. You know, I said, if you go out and do that one more time, not only will we be able to pay everything off, but we'll have cash to spare. She kept looking at me.

I don't know if I can do it again, she said. I don't know exactly how I feel. I feel like I did something wrong, that something isn't right and it never will be again.[194] I said, Like fuck.[195] I have seen some of the losers you've got with when you're not even drunk or high. You *chose* this last guy you were with. You've already rejected a ton of guys tonight, whereas before you used to give your pussy away four free to the first guy that hit on you. Who's running the show now, baby? You've got game and you've got paid. Hit it up again. You don't even need to go so far as fucking the next trick.[196] You've got a full range of services you can offer.[197] She was reluctant, but only half so. I think it was the last vestige of conservative morality drummed into her from childhood.[198]

She got outta my car again, and I knew it was on. Two cars pulled up, two cars pulled away. But with the next car that pulled up, she only hesitated for a moment. In she went. I knew that I had myself a Harlem Globetrotter. She was fucking around doing tricks and I could hear the swoosh.[199] It's all net—all net-mother-fucking-profit.[200] It felt

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[190] As Lionel Richie said, "Once, twice, three times a lady."
[191] After all, as Ice-T said, "pimpin' ain't easy, but hoing ain't hard."
[192] I didn't know it then, but an hour is unacceptable. Much too long, unless the service is being topped up with 'additionals'.
[193] Again, 'our'.
[194] Hoes can feel dirty, but this is pay dirt. Show the ho the glitter and she'll put up with the filth.
[195] Hoes are stupid and don't appreciate what they have. Like Ehrmann advised, "Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time."
[196] You'll also note that Trippple Beam is now referring to them as tricks, implying, without overtly stating, that she is a ho. It becomes a presupposition that she tacitly accepts.
[197] As Solo said, "Your girls got two lips". You can always peddle her ass even if she's got "no tits and no bum, pension, only eats Pedigree Chum."
[198] I'm probably overstating the case. Perhaps the last scrap of modesty would be more appropriate. She was anything but conservative.
[199] Or maybe like Onyx, "SLAM. Da duh duh. Da duh duh."
[200] Virtually, as the gross minus costs is the net which is almost the same as the gross. Ya heard?

good. I was doing some real pimping.[201] Just like in the game, man, I wasn't just heating up, I was on fire.[202]

She came back to the car, emotionally neutral. She dismissively handed me the cash. I knew I had to take one for the team here, so I screwed my courage to the sticking place and kissed her.[203] Trippple Beam knew those lips had probably just been on two dicks,[204] but I knew this was the final push.

The kiss melted her. At that moment I knew I really had a ho that would go to war for me. It was a big price I paid in doing it, but I am a business man and, as fucking disgusting as it was, it was one of the soundest investments I have ever made. After all, You've got to have skin in the game.

Betty and I picked up some drinks, went back to the motel, and I fucked her for the rest of the night. Again, it was another investment, but I didn't mind so much. It felt like fucking money.

The next day Betty and I went back to our old routine. We went to a nice restaurant and then kicked back. In doing this I reinforced the rewards of this new occupation. I made her think that it could always be like this, this honeymoon period of two lovers on the run. A life where we would be living it to the fullest as though there might not be a tomorrow. Now she was thinking there could be tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

The next day, two days after having her on the street, I hinted checking it out again. She didn't seem keen on it, just like I expected, so I let it drop. I knew the suggestion would take root and rankle. The next day I kept touching on our again dwindling supply of cash. I suggested she try it again this evening. Again, she was reluctant. On the third day of trying this, she said okay. I had her hemmed in and thinking there weren't other options. Besides, she was doing it for me, for us, for our love.[205]

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[201] As Mark Knopfler said, "That ain't workin'. That's the way you do it. Get your money for nothin'. Get your chicks for free."

[202] BOOM shakalaka

[203] As Whoreson said, "All pimps must be actors to some degree; not to act spells failure in their field. When a woman comes to your bed in the early morning hours with a fistful of money for you, you are forced to act. No matter how much you detest this certain lady, you cannot allow your true feelings to show. Being aware of the possibility that she may have consumed a bucket of sperm in the course of the night, you don't display any aversion if she wants to kiss you. You just send her to the bathroom with the Listerine and toothpaste."

[204] As Dizzy Gillespie said, "Salt peanuts. Salt peanuts."

[205] Unlike Fetty Wap's Trap Queen, Betty was to give me her trap money, keep her legs open and her trap shut.

After that I had her working the streets nightly. The cash was coming in proper. She was a real trooper. I, on the other hand, was beginning to get a sense of the streets. This Game was new to Trippple Beam, but I'd already got to thinking about what Trippple Beam's next move would be. As it turned out, the next move wasn't exactly made by me, but by Pop Pontius.

Big Pimpin', but as you will ultimately see, The Playas Change,[206] But The Game Remains the Same

Pop Pontius was a hundred percent bona fide pimp.[207] He looked like he walked right outta Superfly.[208] I was waiting in my car while Betty was off with a trick, when I heard a tap at my window. At first I thought it was a man's fist, but it was golden and too small. It was the top of his cane.

I was starting to put the picture together. I could see a bejewelled hand holding the cane, and that hand was framed by a cuff of mink. The whole thing happened pretty quickly from the moment he tapped on my window until the time I was actually out of my car and face to face with the man I learned to call Pop Pontius. But at that moment, when I heard the knocking, time seemed to be operating in a different way.[209]

I thought I was going to get into some kind of shit, you know, like operating without a pimp licence,[210] or fucking with someone's territory, but as I was to find out, it wasn't like that. Trippple Beam didn't know shit about pimps or how they rolled. All I knew was that I wanted to be one, but I needed to learn the Game. I already had a ho, and it was a step in the right direction, but I knew it didn't amount to much.[211] I was pimpin', but after seeing Pop Pontius, I was no *pimp* pimp. I wasn't certified yet.[212]

Pop Pontius was real cool. He was older for a pimp, somewhere in his fifties, but the man was fly. It was the 90s, but he was still talking like it was the 70s, ya dig? When I thought I was probably going to catch a slap from him when I got out of the car, he offered me his hand. The man looked flash from gators to the plumed fedora on his

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[206] Remember, as Taylor Swift said, "because tha playas gonna play, play, play, play, play. And the hatas gonna hate, hate, hate, hate."

[207] Not only that, but a real pimp maven. That is, before I came around.

[208] Okay, Youngblood Priest wasn't a pimp, but his shit was pimp. K.C. was a real pimp though. Trippple Beam coveted his car.

[209] Could have been the drugs. This was a common experience for me. Drugs or no, I could often say with De Quincy, "Buildings, landscapes, &c. were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to conceive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience."

[210] Although one would think that there should be a type of *jizyah* levied.

[211] Hell, Jelly Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong were one-time pimps. Charlie Mingus and Miles Davis made some claim too. They weren't pimps, but they were pimp. I remember that this got me thinking.

[212] Certified is when you are a real deal pimp.

head. All that he said he wanted to do was to welcome me to the street. He asked me where I was from. Here, I told him, across town.[213] Ah, he said, Well, playa, I guess you are new to the Game then, huh?

He didn't mind, he thought it was cool.[214] He had already seen me running Betty and he just wanted to know what was up with my operation, or so he said.

You've got a fine ho there, he said. A real thoroughbred.[215] You've got her working real good, but what's up, playa? It looks like you've only got one ho and, nigga, you should know, one ho is close to no ho.[216] You better watch she don't get to any reckless eyeballing or any outta pocket shit.[217]

I had no fucking idea what he was talking about, but I soon did. You see, the Game has its own rules, its own vocabulary,[218] and to be down with the Game, you need to respect the Game and learn your pimp alphabet.[219]

Pop Pontius could see that I was green. He could also see that I was hungry. Without guidance though, I think he thought that I could become a gorilla or something like that, [220] bringing down heat on the scene and disrespecting the Game. I learned this from what he said next. He wasn't so concerned about any reckless eyeballing by Betty for my sake, but rather he was concerned with me coonin' and weighing down on other hoes.[221]

He said he saw me sweating one of Caesar Slick's girls. This was true, but at the time I didn't know the implications of what I was doing. You see, the other night I decided that, while I was waiting for Betty, Trippple I'd try my hand at some recruiting. Pop Pontius straightened me out on that. He said that if it's another pimp's ho and I come

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[213]As Glenn Frey said, "'Cause you belong to the city. You belong to the night. Living in a river of darkness, beneath the neon light. You were born in the city. Concrete under your feet. It's in your blood. It's in your moves. You're a man of the street."

[214] A true pimp does not concern himself with parvenus. If he were, it would be a sign that there are problems with his game and, consequently, he wouldn't be a big-time pimp to begin with.

[215] Like the track, this is an equestrian term. A thoroughbred is a good, hardworking ho. Like a horse, she should be ridden long, hard, and not put away wet.

[216] Iceberg Slim would have called Trippple Beam a chili pimp.

[217] Reckless eyeballing is when a ho is looking at other pimps and may become wayward. Outta pocket is when a ho is refractory in some way. She might be holding out on dough, acting like a bitch, or doing something that's fucking with your shit.

[218] Quite so as it can also be called The Life.

[219] *Editorial note* As you will see, Dazzle Razzle improves not only on the alphabet, but on the language. See Shibboleths.

[220] A gorilla is an idiot who doesn't know or respect the Game. He tries to muscle in and fucks up the scene. Often his just a misguided thug getting into pimp shit that's way out of his depth.

[221] Coonin' is what gorillas do. This is disrespecting the Game and doing underhanded, unpimpish shit.

up to try to knock her, but she keeps her eyes to the curb, I have to let her alone.[222] Let it go, that's not how the game is played. That's another man's ho. She chose him and I have to respect that.

Everything he said was all friendly-like, but I could see in his eyes that he didn't like being fucked with. He said I should probably come down to The Cow Door to smooth it out with Caesar Slick.

[222] Knocking a ho is when you try to turn another pimp's ho. You can do it, but if she doesn't want to sign up with you and get with your pimping, you've got to respect that.

The Cow Door, or 40,000 Blocks from Tiffany's

Pop Pontius was pimp. His car was even more pimp. If he only looked like he came outta Superfly, his car was fucking Superfly. It was a Cadillac Eldorado with lake pipes, custom lights, porthole windows, and a hood ornament of big tittied bitch looking like she was about to fly off down the street. Macaroni was decaled on his back window. That was some of the tightest shit I'd ever saw. We got in and there was a shag carpet interior. It felt like crawling between a bitch's legs with a pussy made out of money. He put her in gear, and we rolled around to the spot.

The Cow Door was the name they gave to the joint where all the pimps liked to hang out.[223] When Pop Pontius and I walked through the door I could see the place was packed with real players. As we walked through,[224] the crowd parted for Pop Pontius. Everyone was giving him mad respect. Right then I could tell that he really was the man.

The music was bumping and the place was wall to wall with hoes. Neon Miller Lite signs and bras hanging from the bar, I was overawed, but I knew I needed to keep my cool. As Pop Pontius and I kept walking toward the back, and my eyes started to adjust, I started to get to thinking. Look at all these fine hoes. There is no reason why I can't be running with bitches like this. One day I am either going to run this fucker or burn it to the ground. I better keep my eyes and ears open and see if I can get some kind of an edge in, work my way in for a slice of all this pie going around.

Pop Pontius was slappin' hands, bumpin' fists and greeting everyone that approached him on our way to the back. At one point though, he himself reached out and grabbed the shoulder of a man who had his back to us. The man who turned around from the

[223] Although meant to be slang for pussy or, more accurately, how to open it up and hold the keys for it, I actually think there was some kind of etymological word play taking place, like KRS-1, the Victorian philologist of the grand tradition, saw when tracing overseer to officer. In Latin cow is *pecus*. From there you are concerned with pecuniary matters. So too with the ho. She is a form of livestock readily exchangeable for a set value. They say that in the early Roman world the first forms of currency were actually redeemable tokens equated with given livestock that saw an abstracted sense of value transcending barter. Now, since the pimp, most peculiarly, really peculates from the ho, he has to watch that she does not go through that pimp door. The Cow Door is where all the pimps are. The Cow Door = the pimp door. The pimp door is when hoes move between pimps, changing one's game for another's. It would seem that a lot is at work in the name The Cow Door.

[224] Like Macklemore said, "like I got a big cock." Truth is Cock, COCK, C O C K, **COCK**, **C O C K**. You'll see. As Algernon said, "The truth is rarely pure and neve simple. Modern life would be very tedious if it were either, and modern literature a complete impossibility!" How true.

bar had a blue velvet suit and mutton chop sideburns. His whole get-up was bespeckled in what could only be rhinestones.

This here, my boy, is Daddy Diamond. I shook a stone incrusted hand. Don't he look like a pimp? I agreed, and Daddy Diamond smiled. Don't he sparkle? You should see him under the sodium light with his hoes on the street. You start to wonder who the real stars are.[225] Sight to behold. Later Daddy, said Pop Pontius as we continued on to the back.

Now you saw that motherfucker, didn't you? If I ever see you acting like that simp, you'll be done for.[226] His time is coming, said Pop Pontius. Did you see that ho he was with? I had to say no. Well, look back then. Look almost behind him. I did. Almost hidden from sight was a ho that seemed to be cowering just out of Daddy Diamond's reach and just within his sight. Pop Pontius said, The reason why you didn't notice her is because Daddy Diamond is a gorilla. That ho is scared of him. That ain't no real pimpin'. That ho is there outta fear. Pimpin' like that is how you get the heat down on you. This is a game, brother, and that's not how you play it. Play it like that and you'll be playing with yourself. Check it out. That's what it was looking like to me when I saw you sweating that ho on the street the other day. Difference is, I think that what I saw was someone green, someone with potential that could go either way without guidance. That's why I brought you here. It's time to chat with Caesar Slick.

Near the back was a white suited man with a gold toothpick and a couple of hoes. Now I knew who the real man was on the scene, and I was starting to see the dynamic. He made Pop Pontius look like a boy scout. That got me thinking that I should be pulling his sleeve.[227] That was only a fleeting thought. Right now I knew I keep my eyes open and stay alert.

Pop Pontius and I slid into his booth. Pop Pontius introduced me to Caesar Slick, if you can call it an introduction.

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[225] Like Iggy Pop said," I see the stars come out tonight. I see the bright and hollow sky. Over the city's ripped backsides. And everything looks good tonight. Singing la la la la la lala la la, la la la la lala la la." And you better sing it, or he might not just take off his top, and you don't want to be caught with him when he does so under the starry dingle.

[226] Simp is a fake pimp. A wannabe trying to get into the Game, a plastic pimp.

[227] [A]n attendant lord, on3 that will do
to swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool

So, you the sucka-motherfucka coming in and trying to fuck with my stable, accused Caesar Slick.[228] He was straight to the point. I apologized. I told him I didn't know that she was spoken for.[229]

Fool, he said, don't you know there ain't no renegades up in here on this track.[230] Shit, as soon as some freelance bitch shows up, her ass is straight under pimp arrest.[231] Ain't that right, Pop? That's for sure, Pop Pontius rejoined. Everything is organized here. There ain't no lawlessness here.[232] This ain't no wild wild west.[233]

If you're gonna be trying to hustle around here, you better learn some respect, Caesar Slick said. You had my bitch all worked up. She said you didn't look like you were going to let up, and that if she didn't walk away, and quick, she thought you were going to actually fucking grab her. Ain't that right, Cleo?

To my utter surprise, right beside him sat the girl in question. She looked me right in the eye and said, that's right daddy. This sucker was sweating me. He wouldn't leave me alone. I told him I wasn't looking for any of the game he was talking. I had to leave my blade to get him out of my face.[234] Daddy, he was fucking with our productivity.

Caesar Slick asked, is that right, motherfucka? I told him Trippple Beam didn't mean to step on any toes. I am only out to make money, not trouble. To smooth it over, I gave him a cut of the cash from Betty's recent work. I said it was for Cleo's time and any inconvenience I might have caused. He took it. Cash talks and in these situations I knew I should let it do the talking for Trippple Beam. As long as I don't ruffle any feathers here, maybe I can eke out some room for my self. Maybe I can pull Pop Pontius's Sleeve. I've got a lot to learn, but if I figure out the angles, I could be living large. Besides, I was thinking long term. It wasn't Cleo that was occupying my thoughts. It was the bitch to the other side of Caesar Slick.

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[228] A stable is the collective term for a pimp's hoes.
[229] A clumsy construction of words, but apt. This mistake is often made in wedlock.
[230] Renegade is a freelance ho, a ho working on her own without a pimp. This is unacceptable.
[231] Pimp arrest is when a renegade makes the decision either to get with the pimp that's pulling her card, or to bounce off the track. Nikah Mut'ah the Shiite Transient, also known as the Original Nuttah, was one of the only renegades tolerated because her services didn't come in open conflict with our interests. Also, you don't want to be around when she goes all Altered Beast. Ponderosa the Free-Range Pig-Ho was another exception, but I won't get into her shit because it's just confusing.
[232] Indeed, as Whoreson said, "Most of the time when you find a prostitute who doesn't have a man someplace. Something is wrong somewhere."
[233] As Nate Dogg said, we need to "regulate".
[234] A blade is the area a ho works.

Sheba was Caesar Slick's bottom bitch.[235] She was sex personified. She was a smoky, mysterious looking bitch with almost anatomically impossible proportions.[236] Her big brown eyes invited you[237] in and made you start considering if there was anything that you wouldn't do just for an opportunity to jerk-off on her tits.[238] That spelt money, and that was one I definitely wanted to knock.[239] But for now I had to tread softly and couldn't risk making designs on any ho, let alone Sheba. I didn't want to be no Daddy Diamond. First, I had to learn more about the Game. I did, and the following is a breakdown.

[235] A bottom bitch is the chief earner of the stable. She is reliable and holds a position of esteem amongst the other hoes. She is typically the most delusional of the lot.
[236] Thick, fulgurous non-flatness. We will return to this in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking.* However, as Sonny Cheba said, "anatomy for seduction be this ebony junction."
[237] *Editorial note* Trippple Beam is capable of the editorial you and we. It is rare, however.
[238] Kind of like Pam Grier in *Sheba, Baby*. There are similarities. Sheba's tits were symmetrical though.
[239] This is in the spirit of *la belle dame sans merci*.

Hoyle's Rules of the Game (Lay Pimpology I), or This is Something I Shouldn't Say, But I'mma Say This Shit Any Old Motherfucking Way

You can read a lot of books about pimpin', but you're never going to really get a good handle on it from the literature out there. Of course there are the Iceberg Slim and Goines novels, and you can also get some firsthand accounts like *From Pimp Stick to Pulpit* by Bishop Don Magic Juan or Pimpin Ken's *The 48 Laws of the Game*, but the problem remains, I feel, that all this still leaves one interested in this area rather unsatisfied.[240] The reason for this is that most pimps can't read, let alone write,[241] and the evidence is abundant. Also, if you've ever listened to pimps talk in real life, you'd be forgiven for thinking that more than a few are likely mentally retarded anyway.[242] You might ask, All right then, if that's the case, how are they doing it? Well, the Game is an elaborate machine, and most pimps only have a vague sense of how it actually works outside of its external trappings.[243] They think they know, but they don't really.[244] This is apparent from the books that are out there, and no doubt the books that will continue to come out. They may provide a lot of color, but they lack substance.[245] This book is different. Here I'm going to give you a quick breakdown of what the Game is, how it works and how it's done.[246]

You see, it's called the Game because there are rules.[247] A pimp is a man who manages women. These women are hoes. The Game is not just how the relationship between the pimps and the hoes works, but, and perhaps more importantly, it's how pimps interoperate. Any pimp can tell you that. Right, so you ask, before you get to pimp-to-pimp relationship shit, how does this pimp-to-ho business happen? Well, to get the ball rolling, let's consider what a ho is.

Hoes are a magical breed of creature. Money falls from their pussies. Or rather, you can think of her pussy as the goose that lays golden eggs. Be good to the goose and it will

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[240] Often one's only recourse is to supplementary literature. Many pimps maintain that Machiavelli is indispensable and has helped form their outlook. That and Sun Tzu. Although I question how many have read either, or have done so to any profit. Regardless, I have found Montesquieu and *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* to be infinitely more rewarding reading.

[241] It might also be, as KRS-One said, "It might be the fact that they express wackiness."

[242] Like Eminem said, "Don't be a retard, be a king? Think not. Why be a king when you can be a God?

[243] As you will see, in many ways this is all they need.

[244] Their existence as a pimp is only symptomatic of material, preëxisting conditions. This will become clear in a moment.

[245] Like Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*.

[246] We will get into much further detail in further chapters. This is only a beginning.

[247] Word is bond, homie.

keep laying tricks, and that shit is golden. See, that's the trick and the trick's pockets make a nice nest for the gander, you know what I'm saying?

So what's up, you ask. You're just doing that meaningless and circular pimp stuff. You're not telling me shit. No, but I will now. And the meaningless circular pimp stuff is important, along with his threads and his car. You will see, but right now we are talking about hoes. Bear with me though because this will be desultory at times, but perhaps only apparently as it is a figure appropriate to the material throughout.

The first thing to know is that although hoes are all different, they are actually all the same. They are actually all the same because, structurally, their minds are governed by the same fundamental unity that is defined through being a set of their differences. In other words, each ho is different from the next ho, but there are deep lying affinities that form a kind of common denominator. For this to make sense, check this out.

Why do hoes come to pimps? This is another structural question. It is because, nine times out of ten, they are looking for a father figure. This doesn't mean daddy like the one she might, or might not have at home. This isn't some weird incest like I want to fuck my dad, although she probably does on a couple levels, and in a couple senses. Rather it is something entirely different. It is the need for an authority figure. This is very different from a father, as it's a role that the father often plays, but especially with hoes, a role he probably didn't play. Far be it for a pimp like me to be concerned whether you think I'm being sexist referring to the necessity of a paternal agency, but what I'm talking about is something that, no matter how you try to revise it, remains descriptively paternal. She is looking not for just a man, but *the man*—the pimp. Often this is because The Man, in whatever guises he may take, has let her down. You see, society, the stars, fate, any number of these things, haven't lived up to her expectations, but it is *the man* that she now clings to in hope of something—something else that may not even be clearly defined. He will serve as a point of order in her otherwise volatile life. How?

The pimp is the dispenser of justice, of Pimp Law, and he makes decisions for the ho. This doesn't mean she doesn't know how to do shit for herself,[248] but a ho lives in a world of uncertainty. The street is a precarious place, but most of the uncertainties a ho has are packed away in her fucked up childhood.[249] Pimp Law is a certainty and, for whatever the fuck Pimp Law turns out to be in practice, its chief function is as an

[248] With hoes it is tempting to apply a loose form of Morgan's Canon in where you endeavor to discount cognition to its lowest level. Don't. Hoes may be animals, but they can be very cunning. As Gowan said, "O ominous spiritus".
[249] As Dolores O'Riordan said, "It's in your head. Zombie". R.I.P Rangers FC (1872-2012).

injunction. It is firm. Whether the ho needs this Pimp Law to abide by or to chafe against, what she really needs is for it to be felt. This doesn't mean that when he tells her to do certain shit, or he beats her for some shit, that it's right, but somewhere, deep down in the ho, she wants it, she needs it. Satisfying this, Pimp Law provides the necessary compass points for a ho. You may tell her to march north, but she'll march south. In fact, she's mostly likely to do that just to spite you. But, the thing is, for her to march south, she needs to know where north is in order for her to march at all.

You see, hoes are fucked up. With some hoes, even if the physical side of Pimp Law seems arbitrary, she still needs the beating irrespective of how illogical the rules and expectations are that you have set for her. In fact, sometimes she'll push you until you beat her just because.[250] Now, on the surface, of course she doesn't want it, but underneath it's a different story. They are hotbeds of irrationality and hoes often have all kinds of head issues about being bad, not deserving of love, *etc.*[251] You know, all the shit that made her turn to the street in the first place. In some sick way half these hoes have signed up for the whole programme in order to self-punish, but in many ways this self-punishment only becomes validated in the ho's eyes under the smiling watch of a pimp—the pimp paternal figure.[252] Rationally they don't accept it, but somewhere they're thinking it's my fault I got raped,[253] or it's my fault my father used to beat my mother and left her, *etc.* Like I said, the truth is that often they don't even know it themselves.

So, where do hoes come from?[254] In this Game most of these hoes turn out to the track themselves.[255] They are already in an advanced state of ho-ness and they need to run

[250] "Every woman adores a fascist, the boot in the face." A pimp and a Nazi are similar in that they both command a certain fascination, a certain eroticism indispensable for a ho and most bitches. Bitches love to hate domestic violence.

[251] As the gayer sounding gay said from Blink 182, "Don't waste your time on me. You're already the voice inside my head".

[252] In this way she is disciplined as a naughty girl. This is important for her to rebalance her moral ledger. More importantly, however, she sees the sadistic glean in the eye of her pimp as he gives her thirty-nine stripes. She sees his energy and commitment to the exercise. She is interested in his interest in her. As she begs and he spares her the last lash, she can see that he cares. The significance here is that she is not being ground to dust by the impersonal world, but by a man with enigmatic desires. The pimp who stops at the last stipe teaches the ho that she does indeed have value no matter how slight. He shows her both that there are limits and that, on some level, he accepts her. Maybe not as a person, but he accepts her.

[253] *Editorial note* Freud might pick up on a change in number and person.

[254] As William Carlos Williams said, "The pure products of America/ go crazy—/ mountain folk from Kentucky/or the ribbed north end of /Jersey".

[255] You might think this shit is bananas, but like Gwen Stefani said, "A few times I've been around that track".

some laps.[256] This can be understood as a central metaphor for the business. It's not only a game, but it's a game that you gamble on. There are different hoes, in different stables, managed by different pimps. Since it is a game, we play by rules,[257] but since it's a competition, it's also all about figuring out the angles and maintaining advantage. To stay *in* the Game, you gotta stay *on* your game. After all, when you can't see the angles no more, you in trouble.

Now, when a ho comes to the track, the Game is already there, spread before her. It doesn't take long for her to understand how it's played.[258] In fact, that is half the beauty of it. The Game is always anterior to the action.[259] To understand this, ask yourself, why do pimps act like the 70s never ended?[260] Why is the fashion essential the same? Why is the slang and all the other trappings essentially the same?[261] It's not just that a lot of pimps appear to live in a time warp just for the fuck of it, although I'm sure quite a few do, but rather, it's another structural thing. Things may change, but the Game always stays the same. And there is a reason for this. It is not as though the 70s saw a crystalline perfection of the Game where its pure form is now passed from hand to hand down through posterity because of anything intrinsic to the material. Rather, what happened is something fundamentally formal. Always is.[262]

The 70s gave a definitive complexion to the Game. Blaxploitation films like *The Mack*, *Mac and Me*, [263] and *Willie Dynamite* served not only to popularize the pimp, but to

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[256] In a latter section I'm going to tell you how you make a ho. How you bring her from pre-ho-ness to full on ho-ness. Betty was in a state of pre-ho-ness, but now you might be beginning to see that this can actually go back another stage. And yes, that 'earlier' stage is what you could consider a normal girl. And yes, you can make her a ho, but you need skill and you need to be a real motherfucker. If you like, later you can follow me down the rabbit hole.

[257] Some of this is unwritten and involves integrity. This is where Canibus fell afoul in the battle when he pulled out a notepad to read his bars.

[258] Naturally, this walking of the streets figures as part of the Peripatetic school.

[259] Like The Blind Man told Goldie, "The game is out there, Goldie, waiting for you. You can be a player." Or as an old man turned to David Paich as if to say, "Hurry, boy, it's waiting there for you."

[260] This is what is interesting about *Pimp*. Granted that Iceberg Slim was purportedly relating events from the 30s, he was published in 1967 and had a significant impact on the 70s. Goines, on the other hand, just made shit up to feed his habit.

[261] "Essentially". There is a diachronic dimension, beyond immediate participation, that drags change through the configurations, but this is gradual and the Game is peculiarly resistant. For instance, it informs, and is informed by, hip hop culture.

[262] Unless you're one of those people that consider themselves post-formalists. You will see, Dazzle Razzle ultimately becomes something beyond either rubric.

[263] *Mac and Me* might not be from the 70s, but it's definitely about pimpin'. Its exploitation of *E.T.* and aggressive product placement is an inspiration for the inclusion here of the pepper sauce called Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. Now this is motherfucking pimp. *Editorial note* Not that E.T. is innocent. His love of Reese's Pieces is exhibit A. In an alternative universe it could have been M&Ms. Apparently M&Ms survived in the book form, but who the fuck reads books? Stay tuned for *How to Be a Motherfucking* Pimp the movie.

establish the iconography of the Game. The result was a prepackaged system, abstracted from reality, commodified, and sold back to the street. In the wake of this cultural movement was founded a self-perpetuating system based on the fetishized image that, in its fixity, proved to be its very motive force. The Game became codified as is apparent in the pimp, his clothes, cars, and behavior.[264]

All this, lock stock and barrel, became the essential points of identification for all those in the Game. The pimp was made, and hoes could find their bearings in this clear ordering. Expectations were available and preceded any involvement in the Game. Pimp-to-pimp relations were generalised in their configuration. Where practices may have varied before, now there were common expectations established through a common understanding of what it meant to be in the Game. Plugging in, one becomes syntonic.[265] In brief, the rules are the following.

A ho chooses to be a ho.[266] We aren't circus people, we don't kidnap girls. Superficially, hoes may come to the streets because of drugs, domestic violence or destitution. But, see, that only drove them to the streets, not to be hoes. On the surface of it hoes are understood to be with a pimp on their own free volition,[267] and the understanding is that it is a contractual arrangement entered into freely. The ho choses a pimp, and she also reserves the right to leave him and choose a different pimp if she has a mind to. The practice is that once a ho gets bumped, it is the responsibility of the pimp to serve the other pimp, to call him and let him know that his bitch has chosen to get with some new pimpin'. It ain't no thang, but some pimps don't take it well when they hear that one of their hoes has gone through the pimp door.[268] They have every right to try and get her back, but it's the ho's choice.[269] That's how the Game is played.

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[264] Prior to this, the pimp game was alive and healthy, but its strength resided in microstructures and grassroots interests. Commonalities existed, but regionalisms and localisms were the order of the day.

[265] Don't hate the player, hate the game. It's a real concern. As Big Daddy Kane, AKA Count Macula, said, "Nowadays, playa-hating's going around just like the plague."

[266] Although this may seem like a tautology, its truth is only amplified by its inextricable circularity. To choose is already to make a choice from the place in which we find he who chooses. The track sticks to a ho faster not only than the tortoise, but Achilles. In fact, if she looks down she is only going to see turtles, though she can hold out hope for a tortoise nonetheless.

[267] Free volition is not redundant. If anything, perhaps a contradiction as is seen in the above pimpnote. Still, these require qualifications that are too tedious to entertain here. All in due course. Really, though, see *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s*: *Motherfucking*.

[268] The pimp door is the circulation of hoes amongst pimps. It happens quite frequently and is part of the ecology of the Game. This has already been addressed in an earlier pimpnote about The Cow Door.

[269] If you are doing it properly, as you've probably already inferred, there isn't really a 'choice' to be made. This quality of pimping was even known by the ancients. As Lao Tzu said,

生之、畜之，生而不有，為而不恃，長而不宰，是謂玄德。

However, when it's time for a bitch to ho up, whether she's a fresh turnout or a veteran, a ho must break herself.[270] This means a ho has got to give up her cash to her pimp, she needs to buy into his game. This is the material aspect of the contract. A ho is only under new pimpin' once she breaks herself, otherwise you're going to see the basis of some real mis-pimpin'.[271] There will be more to say on this shortly. But, you wonder, why would she want to give up her money in the first place? Well, we've already gone over considerations of how a ho's mind works, but we need to make more sense of the role of the pimp for the ho.

On the surface the pimp provides a number of services. He is there to protect the ho from sadistic tricks, pigs, and possibly other hoes and pimps. He manages her money, gives her guidance and sorts out her problems for her. This could be protecting her from herself when it comes to drugs or other lifestyle considerations. So, it would seem that he is there to guarantee her wellbeing, to watch over her, to be her daddy. But surely, you think, why would any ho want to sign up for a relationship where they give up all their money? And for what? Clearly, the benefits of this relationship are extremely disproportionate. Yes, but as you've probably already suspected, there is a lot more at work here than what meets the eye.

The pimp becomes a coordinate for a ho. Because of the anteriority of the Game that I've stressed, pimps are quite typically just walking clichés. This is actually very important, and a real basis of their strength, whether they know it or not. A pimp exists as a collection of codes that a ho is already attune to, just as you are.[272] The significance of these codes is not in their decipherment, but in their mystification. This is all-important. They function like a frame around a screen that invites a ho to play her own movie against. Every ho has her own movie that she wants to star in, and the pimp gives her shot at the big lights. In these ho fantasies she sees herself in and through her pimp. This can mean as many different things as there are hoes, but the themes are the same, and the movie is always a romance of some sort with a glorious, earned ending down the line that allows her to put up with current privations and quiet sufferings.[273]

[270] As Debbie Harry said, "Ooh, don't you wanna break her? Ooh, don't you wanna take her home?

[271] Mis-pimpin' is either bad practice or intentionally trying to mislead another pimp by feeding him misinformation or some such.

[272] As you probably have already noticed, this is actually a form of pimp maieutics.

[273]As Brenda thought, "And yet and she thinks that he'll be with her forever. And dreams of a world where the two of them are together."

These ho-movies, as I will now call them,[274] are almost invariably about money, power, and respect.[275] The ho sees the status of her pimp as a reflection of her own. As she continues to work in the present, her eye is on the future when they'll (she and her pimp) will be made.[276] This future echoes in her mind with the rustle of banknotes and perhaps the pitter-patter of little feet in a light pure and sanctified.[277] Salvation is not only to be had,[278] but a sense of social vengeance is also to be satisfied. In the ho-movie, she expects to, at a later date, sneer down on a contemptible and cold bourgeois society from a position both above and outside.[279] Her sweeping glance from this Olympian height takes in both those that she shared either bedroom or elbowroom with as well as those that she feels have rejected her.[280] It's actually pretty sick and inevitably doomed to failure.[281]

That's the simple part. The difficult part is to keep the ho watching the movie while just keeping it shitty enough that she doesn't leave in the middle of it. You see, if the movie is too good, she'll run scared.[282] Too shit, and she'll turn off. There is no Ludovico Treatment. Hoes suffer from a mental short circuit,[283] so you've got to make sure the

[274] Celluloid emulsions that animate the dead, so to speak.
[275] Something of this sort takes place in *The Mack* when Goldie takes his hoes it the planetarium in order to sell his vision to them. In a similar consideration, the ho standpoint couldn't be better summed up than from the horse's mouth. Lil' Kim was a ho (the past tense is used because, if she's not dead, at least her career is) and she said, "See I believe in money, power, and respect." You can immediately see that this is delusional. That's not to say it isn't true at some level. You will see.
[276] Like Howard Kaylan, hoes should be saying to themselves, "Imagine me and you, I do. I think about you day and night. It's only right."
[277] Perhaps the Protestant work ethic at its most pure. Verily, hoes are one-point Calvinists. Total depravity.
[278] Lars von Trier has a 'good' ho saving film.
[279] Obviously, this will never happen. When a ho's slot is worn-out, she is manumitted. It can be an early retirement, but it can also be an early grave.
[280] This 'bourgeois society' is that which she has rejected and has rejected her. Yet it still succeeds in holding her enthralled, transfixed.
[281] A lot of hoes when they get used up just seem to disappear. Some seem to turn into junkies, others get into more-or-less normal, turbulent relationships with one-time tricks or, more typically, other dregs of society. While I suspect that a high suicide rate accounts the remainder. I asked an actuary, but he said there is no standard mortality for hoes. In terms of their value, when they are dead you could say that they have over matured. This is ho a-mo(u)r-tization.
[282] Although, as you recall, she needs an instrument for self-punishment as the ho is not emotionally equipped for true acceptance. She needs Pimp Law and the pleasurable pain that it brings. The ho can only circle around what could be considered happiness, as true happiness would be the end. Like mainlining speedballs into your neck.
[283] Or, perhaps better, they're in a rut.

movie loops as well with no actual ending.[284] Repetition is key because if you don't keep her in your movie, she'll be in some1 else's.[285]

Now in this movie, the script is written, the ho is acting,[286] but it is up to the pimp to direct it. It looks like the ho does all the work, but it has to be done through the pimp for it to be of any value, whether she understands it or not. Pimpin' ain't easy.[287] As director, he has to be master. When a pimp calls out, it is always, and only, a ho that responds.[288] This is the casting call, and this is partly why hoes are always spoken for.[289] The pimp stands up for her, he represents her to others and, more importantly, to herself. The pimp makes the ho, and she loves him for it. In the pimp she sees power, control, and flamboyance—she loves in the pimp what she wants to love in herself. But again, distance has to be maintained or there is no movie.

But, you might ask, if there has to be a movie, why does it seem like a porno? What makes a ho want to fuck for money?[290] Why doesn't a pimp just collect girls like this, structure their lives like this, and run a sweatshop or something? I guess one could, but only to an extent. You see, there are certain key ingredients that are necessary in order to maintain the delicate equipoise of the ho/pimp symbiosis.[291] Victimising women may be easy, but doing it well is an art.

Now, why sex? Well, a ho is usually pretty fucked up and needs validation on a couple of levels. It might be trite to claim that they turnout to the track in part because they have no real employable skills for mainstream occupations, or at least not the kind

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[284] As Ian Curtis said, "love will tear us apart again." Again and again. This is the dejoined conjoin. Ho-movies have to be B movies, fascinating, but with shitty plots spliced and re-spliced like *Monster a Go-Go* or *Plan 9 from Outer Space*. Try running the like back to back for the captivating, deadly incoherence of a *Mystery Science Theater 3000* scenario. Some hoes appreciate this with a certain wry, detached humor. This can be an important ironical stance.

[285] This is the Cop and Blow. However, as one astute pimp acknowledged, "Some people think the game is cop and blow, but it ain't. It's cop, lock, and block. Cop and hold."

[286] Like an Ordurey Herpsburn.

[287] A truism needlessly, but aesthetically, inscribed in the Big Daddy Kane track. Picking up the theme, but falling short, is the R Kelly/Snoop track of the same name. Clearly, it has a lot of cultural currency.

[288] As Too $hort said, "Say ho. Ya you. Can I ask you a question? Can ya get in where you fit in, biatch?" Part of its charm is the chiasmus. The first two sentence reveal the truth. The second two are a pleonastic flourish. Vocative to interrogative. They give the illusion of autonomy and self-determination. However, as Petronius said, if you're a Lucretia, you've found a Tarquin.

[289] Εθελων εθελουσαν ανηγαγεν. Forget the ornament, forget the diacritics.

[290] As Rev. Run and D.M.C said, "Money is the key to end all your woes. Your ups, your downs, your highs and your lows. Won't you tell me the last time that love bought you clothes?"

[291] This is the sell. Obviously, this is not a mutually beneficial relationship as it is marked by predation. However, the pimp does provide a valuable service for the irredeemably fucked up ho. The finger of fault may be more fairly pointed at the pimp that corrupts a seemingly innocent girl. However, the operative term here is 'seemingly'.

where they think they can make any actual money, but there is element of truth to it.[292] More importantly, however, and central to what makes a ho, is an insatiable hunger for cock, but this is not quite in the vulgar way you may be thinking.[293]

Hoes need cock. They love it and they hate it. A cock lifts a worthless ho up and confers value on her. It's also a symbol of her oppression. You'll find that hoes are very conflicted. As much as they 'love' their pimp,[294] you'll find nine times out of ten that their actual sexual preference is for pussy, that's if they have a genuine sexual preference at all once sex has become whitewashed and mechanical in an act of pure industry.[295] Lesbianism is always a pathological response to something.[296] But this isn't the whole story. Behind variance there is unity, and now we have to consider a general rule about bitches before we can properly make sense of hoes. Keep your eye on the ball(s).

Bitches, all bitches, court cock. Everything they do is to get a rise out of it.[297] The shit they wear, the ridiculous and incessant contrived selfies that they take.[298] Everything. A bitch is one hundred percent image and no substance.[299] As soon as she gives up the pussy, she fears the mystery is gone,[300] and the cock will turn elsewhere. Smart bitches

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[292] As Big Daddy Kane, AKA Count Macula, said, "Ya stepped into the playin' field. I don't know what you're thinking 'cuz game can smell game and right now your ass is stinking."

[293] Like Luke Skyywalker said, trying to educate the ladies, ""Dick ain't nuttin' but meat on the bone
Suck it or fuck it or leave it alone!"

[294] There is actually a very fundamental love/hate dialectic here.

[295] In my experience, this preference for pussy is usually either the result of some kind of early sexual trauma at the hands of a man, or a turning toward women for some kind of relationship that she has been frustrated in her attempts to find with a man. I term these stable vices, but effectively managed they can be profitable. One that is not is cribbing. This is when a ho starts shacking up with her dealer.

[296] Indeed. *Prima facie* lesbians seem to have a clear agenda, but upon inspection it becomes a muddle. This is because lesbians are an unknown quantity. Fueled by anger, their designs are enigmatic and incoherent. However, this all changes when it acculturates to known patterns such as Trick in Shining Armor Complex. Consider the following by Sophie Hawkins, "That old dog has chained you up all right, give you everything you need to live inside a twisted cage... I had a dream I was your hero. Damn I wish I was your lover… make sure you are smiling and warm. I am everything. Tonight I'll be your mother. I'll do such things to ease your pain [*etc. etc*]." The elisions were for economy. The whole song could be instanced verbatim. This is lesbianism in a groove.

[297] Zorba the Greek has identified this as the central feminine mechanism. Behold, "A woman has nothing else in view. She's a sickly creature, I tell you, and fretful. If you don't tell her you love and want her, she starts crying. Maybe she doesn't want you at all, maybe you disgust her, maybe she says no. That's another story. But all men who see her must desire her. That's what she wants."

[298] As Jeru the Damaja said, "Ya Playin' Yaself." The process only begins with selfies. Photoshop is a known counterpart.

[299] That's why André 3000 says, "Shake it like a Polaroid picture." Very true, and as Zorba said, "let a woman give away her earrings, her trinkets, her scented cakes of soap, her little bottles of lavender-water?...If she gives all that, it's all up with the world!" Indeed, as Lil' Fame said, "Take minks off! Take things off! Take chains off! Take rings off! Bracelets is yapped! Fame came off!"

[300] Hence hoes as clothes horses. A figure of speech with some dependability.

intuit this and hold out,[301] while stupid bitches become sluts, crawling around for the next cock to validate her. A smart bitch knows it's all a sham. Behind the hair and the makeup there is just a bitch.[302] There is the old adage, no matter how hot she is, someone, somewhere is tired of her shit.[303] This is true. Once past the veneer, the pussy has been given up and seen for what it is, a gaping hole in the center of her being,[304] the bitch has nothing.[305] This is where she tries to interpose something akin to a personality, something that you might mistake as worthy of affection.[306]

The real bitch knows to stay aloof. She is a cock tease.[307] Her beauty is her mystery and, if she gives the pussy up, she is cunning enough to recognise the need to continually transform herself in order to maintain allure.[308] This is the trick of a good bitch.[309] By doing this not only does she remain desirable, but she becomes an object of desire that creates even more desire.[310] In this way a man is proud of his bitch, she is hot and this reflects favourably on him. Now he can legitimately 'love' her, but he should realise, that at the end of the day, she is still just a bitch.[311]

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[301] As Tom Jones said, "She's all you'd ever want. She's the kind I'd like to flaunt and take to dinner. But she always knows her place. She's got style, she's got grace. She's a winner."

[302] Thus finishing his grand survey,
Disgusted Strephon stole away
Repeating in his amorous fits,
Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia shits!

[303] A common dream, an impossible ideal. As CL Smooth says, "I want a cutie with an ageless body and a timeless mind". Not gonna happen.

[304] On the weight of authority, Sartre does refer to women as holes and slime.

[305] Lon Chaney would have made a super ho. As Son Doobie said, "Twinkle, twinkle, porno star. Superhoe, tell me who you are."

[306] Even the great Hypatia herself, brandishing a soiled menstrual rag, told her besotted student, "You love this, O youth, and there is nothing beautiful about it." But, As Scott Weiland said, "when the dogs begin to smell here".

[307] The best example of the intensity possible in this mysterious allure might be felt in a society where women are expected to be largely covered. The slightest glimpse of wanton flesh can excite great scenes of uncontrollable lust while offering the licence to rape. No harm, no foul as any indignation felt by concerned parties can be satisfied with a stoning and honor restored.

[308] This is clear from Kim Kardashian and Pamela Anderson. Their sex tapes killed the allure. People were talking about Tommy Lee's dick and the zits on Kim's ass. However, both hoes were able to reinvent themselves. Pam changed cup sizes a couple of times and Kim began reinventing herself on reality TV and a frivolous and sustained use of social media. A similar strategy saw her marry Kanye West. Superficial and likely homosexual, he has no interest to move beyond image. Kim is safe, Pam has hepatitis. Perhaps Johnny Rotten was a touch prescient when he said, "Public image, you got what you wanted. The public image belongs to me. It's my entrance, my own creation. My grand finale, my goodbye."

[309] This reinvention is important for, as Zorba said, "Woe betided the woman who could sleep with a man and who did not do so."

[310] Usually so perceptive in affairs of the heart, this is where Cohen is wrong when he asks, "Let me see your beauty when all the witnesses are gone."

[311] For Zorba says, "they're all weak creatures who don't know what they're doing and surrender on the spot if you just catch hold of their breasts."

Now, the ho is similar to the slutty version of a bitch, just to the nth degree.[312] She probably started life humbly as a slut, but as the hole in her soul and pelvis has widened, she has taken to different measures that do not require mystery or constant renewal. The ho expects to be treated like shit, but yet she still needs to find some kind of validation. Not only do they achieve it in the traditional way with the pimp outlined above, but something else is at work here. By bestowing their pussies upon paying strangers, the hard cocks that probe her are transmuted into hard currency.[313] This is actually a thing of great beauty as it becomes the site of capital accumulation.[314]

In this sublime act the ho turns cocks into money. She may still harbor feelings of resentment about being ill-used and defiled by penetrating cocks, [315] but she is able to gather and collected all these little cocks and turn them it into Cock.[316] This is the giant cock in the sky that she can reel back and marvel at in stupefied awe.[317] It is the order of the cosmos and will come to sustain her. This is the basic formula: Cock = money.[318] They are one and the same,[319] but you need to keep the ho focused on this profound truth.[320] Moreover, you have to show her how to use Cock and to teach her its true value.[321]

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[312] As Indochinese wisdom would have it, same-same, but different.

[313] There is an issue of number here, but that is after all what we are concerned with. Get the figures.

[314] Not only that, but it sanctifies so that it is anything but filthy lucre. It is the beautiful reification of social labor and relations. Since the pussy has immeasurable use value, it needs to be tapped for exchange. Sky's the limit. The vagina is the philosopher's stone. Still, although appreciative of the abundance, not everyone sees it in this pristine light. Later I will tell you how to launder money so that no one can take issue.

[315] A resentment, or *ressentiment*, that I find often gives ways to a compromise satisfaction in what I have come to call 'ho malice'. Ho malice is the perverted kick that a ho gets in fucking a trick that she suspects of having a normal or otherwise envious life. In this way she is sustained in the hope that he has a quietly suffering wife at home. She likes to think to herself, See, nobody's perfect. You're all a bunch of depraved bastards, and yet you fuckers have the gall look down on me? Fuck your wife, your dog, your white picket fence, and your 1.3 children. I'll see you all in hell sooner than you think.

[316] As The Alchemist said to The Fool, "You are excrement. You can change yourself into gold."

[317] This is the Cock of the pimp. As Big Bank Hank said, "He can't satisfy you with his little worm, but I can bust you out with my super sperm. I go, do it. I go, do it. I go, do it. Do it. Do it." Or did Grandmaster Caz say it?

[318] As Kendrick Lamar and Okonkwo said, you know, "when you got the yams."

[319] This is the most troubling aspect of pimping. It presents the most difficulties within the cop and blow. As Big Daddy Kane, AKA Count Macula, said, "You feel unable to keep her in your stable as she listens to the bubbly that's poppin' at the next table."

[320] That's why Eazy A.D said, "I never get passed by 'cause I'm fly." It's all about being fresh, wild, fly and bold."

[321] *Editorial note* this passage instances jargon that will find different elaborations elsewhere. This will be an ongoing indulgence asked of the reader.

The ho gives Cock to the pimp.[322] Actually, he fucks it out of her, but not with his dick.[323] The pimp walks around with this giant strap on.[324] It is the clothes he wears, the car he drives.[325] It is salvific for the ho who would otherwise be reduced to a series of sexual acts and dollar bills.[326] The ho worships this Cock,[327] the Cock that tranquilizes her anxieties. It represents her absolution and redemption, the masked surplus value that would otherwise be untenable.[328] This is Cock that will not harm,[329] that allows her to find value and identity through a vicarious relation with the pimp.[330] Cock becomes the screen necessary for the ho-movie.

Sadly, it is time now to leave such lofty considerations. On a practical level, this is why it is so important for a ho to break herself. Besides this symbol of love, by trying to help prop up the pimp's Cock,[331] there are a couple reason why a pimp needs the money before he'll fuck her. First of all, this cements the entrance into voluntary agreement.[332] But unlike where the exchange of money serves to neutralise the relationship for the ho beyond service rendered with the trick, [333] by paying the pimp, the ho has to keep

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[322] This is a *have* and *to be* that hopefully replaces the be or not to be.

[323] That's why Iceberg Slim says, "Pimping ain't no sex game, it's a skull game."

[324] The ethereal *fascinus*.

[325] In this way it is the money, power and respect that the ho is concerned with and so to must the pimp. Like The Blind Man said, "A pimp is only as good as his product, and his product is women. Now you've got to go out there and get the best ones you can find. And you've got to work them broads like nobody's ever worked them before." The ho is instrumental in sustaining Cock. In part, this is why you have to get your name to ring. If the pimp doesn't fuck his hoes, he still needs to get his lais.

[326] I have heard this argument being strongly made as a reason against renegades. Renegades deny themselves the job satisfaction that a pimp affords. Without the pimp, there is no spiritual level and despondency often soon gives way to suicide. This is why hoes need to get with the Game and not fuck around on the periphery.

[327] As Whoreson said, "So instead of her ever becoming aware of your true nature, she only sees the part you act. Instead of scorn she finds acceptance, instead of hate she finds her conception of love. Thus, many believe that prostitutes are the biggest tricks of all."

[328] Truly untenable. See the above pimpnote. Dollar bills without Cock are a debased currency in this context. In a way, it is a form of money laundering. The conventional way will be addressed later.

[329] Cock won't, but the pimp certainly will.

[330] As a precautionary tale, Dylan (not Thomas—Dangerous Minds all over again) said, "You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you."

[331] Prop up indeed. Verily, a pimp is not a pimp without hoes. He needs his stable. This is also how he has Cock, but you can see the circularity. Where to begin? Assume the image. Remember, it is all image. This is the truth of Lisztomania, Beetlemania, Trudeamania. Hell, even Tulipomania. *Editorial note* How's that for a digression?

[332] Perhaps better described as a covenant since it is an understanding between a higher and lower powers.

[333] Galen was most certainly correct when he said, "*triste est omne animal post coitum, praeter mulierem GALLUMque*." If money neutralizes the relation for the ho to the trick, it is because the ho sees it as a complete service rendered. Not so with the trick. Often, even if he doesn't want to see the ho again, he still wants to think that what he bought he keeps. In other words, yeah, he fucks her and chucks her, but he likes to think that she'll remember him. Something about his charm or the pleasure he thinks he might have given her will stay with her. You never know, he thinks. Maybe every once in a while, when she is gloomily smoking crack in a stairwell, she gets to thinking about a future with him that could have been if the world were a different place. This is often the most subdued form of the Trick in Shining Armor Complex.

working.[334] The right for the ho to bask in the glory of Cock is not freely given, but must be earned.[335] It is what keeps the pimp fixed firmly in his position as pimp while allowing her to keep the ho-movie running in her head. In this way the pimp doesn't fall to the wayside like a trick, and the necessary distance between himself and the ho is maintained. It may be a platitude, but like Dj Quik said, If it don't make dollaz, it don't make sense.[336] Remember, there is nothing more ugly than a pimp and a ho entangled in an embrace.[337] You never want to be soft in the zipper.[338]

Now we come back to pimp-to-pimp relations, which will see us return to Pop Pontius and Caesar Slick in a minute. This relationship is extremely important for the uniformity necessary for the efficacy of the Game. As intimated above, it is not the particular form of the Game that makes it work. Historically it could have been construed in any number of guises,[339] but what is important is that it is fundamentally consistent and internally coherent over time.[340] For this to happen, or rather to keep happening, the pimp needs to know the role that he plays. No pimp is an island. Even if the pimp is the quintessential open market capitalist, he needs an economy to work in. This doesn't just mean a product and a consumer, because for either of these to exist, there need to be market conditions through which they are articulated and rendered meaningful. In this regard, pimp-to-pimp relations serve not just for regulatory purposes, but they create the whole grid that both allows for a certain type of product

[334] The movement of cash from hand to hand shows the same relationship. Just as the trick is to the ho, the ho is to the pimp. The giver is the only one ever to be entangled as obligation is only contractually limited at the point of receipt. This is commerce, it has the opposite logic of the gift.

[335] It is a 'gift' of love, which is a tautology. Sometimes violence is a gift of love too. This is truly poetic. As Flyguy's inspired composition *Bitch Better Have My Money* ran: "My bitch better have my money/ Through rain, sleet or snow./ Not half, not some,/ But all my cash./ Because if she don't, /I'm gonna put my foot/ Dead in her ass." This is the gift that keeps on giving, sampled widely, but memorably by AMG.

[336] Similarly, MF Doom said, "I sell rhymes like dimes." That's either as liquid money, or near liquid dimes of weed. Either way, it both rhymes and makes sense, illustrating that meaning and money are correlated. More on this later.

[337] This can be what is called pimp aphanisis. As Tom Scholz said, "I closed my eyes and I slipped away."

[338] Similarly, Earl the Black Pearl called it "having a tender dick." Soft in the zipper is a pimp that's inclined to fuck his hoes. This is a no-no. Hoes must be fucked strategically, to keep them on point. If you want to be a pimp because you think you'll just be lying around fucking hoes, then you're in the wrong business, and you'll soon be outta business. Like Pretty Tony said, "That nigga wanted the honey. All we wants is the money."

[339] All the way back to Abraham pimping Sarah to Pharaoh.

[340] Obviously, different forms of prostitution and its management have existed over time with differing historical conditions. Like The Blind Man said, "it's been going on since the beginning of time and it's gonna continue straight ahead until somebody up there turns out the lights on this small planet." This is true, but remember that the Game is not just any old prostitution. The Game, and its mythology, is an entirely different animal and that is what we are concerned with here.

while facilitating its market dynamic. This isn't fully intentional and a brief anecdote might suffice.

Pimps are like shepherds.[341] Each one is doing essentially the same thing in the same way. Some may fuck their sheep more than others,[342] but you will find consistency across their practice, and there is always a demand for wool.[343] In this anarchic pastoral you know there is a shepherd with another flock in the next valley, and you respect that, but if you see a lost little lamb, you'll quickly scoop it up. Everything is not bucolic. If another shepherd starts really trying to fuck with your sheep,[344] you're going to come at him. It's much the same with the pimp, except there is more civility. If a pimp knocks one of your hoes, he should have the courtesy to serve you. This gives you a chance to win her back. This is what makes a pimp a truly civilized man, and we would do well to make one more observation on this point.

Now, in principle pimps operate in the light of mutual respect. The lifestyle brings cohesion and shared identity that in turn helps to maintain the conditions necessary for the Game. These established patterns of behavior are what is so important to the pimp on the level of individual practice addressed above. Emblematic of this feedback loop is the Players' Ball. Although representations of the pimp in popular culture have come to serve the same purpose, the Players' Ball is still culturally significant. Not only is it the high water for mark street culture, it represents the *Laissez-faire* and civilizing force of free association. Ostensibly, pimps come together in a gala event to out pimp each other and, although a spirit of competition is maintained, the truth is that it is a fraternal gathering of the like-minded. The pimp of the year is chosen, and all pay homage to outstanding work performed in the field. Here pimps parade their hoes, associate, and rejoice. It is where essential codes are rearticulated in fashion, behavior, and culture. It is a sight to behold.

[341] Matthew 25:32. You separate the sheep from the goats. But you also bring them together. This is the Trick.
[342] Bae, if you like.
[343] Great is the procurer, ye goat-herd gods.
[344] *Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin*. Sometimes you have to watch out for the shepherds.

Miching Mallecho

He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father

--Buck Mulligan

The Murder of Gonzago

‘Chi kha’i bar do

Style is the Man, Fix up, Look Sharp, or The Age of Aquarius

That night was the first of many that I would spend at The Cow Door. I kept my ears open and my eyes peeled. I learned a lot from pimps like Pop Pontius. Betty was providing a good turnover, but as Pop Pontius had said, one ho is close to no ho. A couple days after my meeting with Caesar Slick, Betty told me that he actually tried to peel her. She told him she wasn't interested. After all, I had my hooks in her pretty deeply,[345] but you never know with a bitch. This made me think that I needed to expand my operation, and I needed to do it quickly. I did just that, and I started with serving Caesar Slick. But I'll get to that in a minute. First you need to get a sense of my metamorphosis.

My wallet was getting fat, so it was time to get out of the motel and suit up.[346] I grabbed a nice apartment in the area and starting working to furnish it. First, however, I bought an elaborate wardrobe. A pimp's threads are of paramount importance.[347] They need to more than just fit. No expense is to be spared.[348] Jewellery is a must as well. The car is essential.[349]

I got myself a cherry red 1973 Lincoln Continental,[350] called it the Cock Mobile, and proceeded to trick it out.[351] I got it skirted, chromed and hydraulically rigged for front and back and side to side.[352] Slab, baby, as they say in the South.

But that's just the bottom.

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[345] The hooks in a ho must be complete. Ann Wilson gives us a typical scenario. "Come on home, girl" mama cried on the phone. "Too soon to lose my baby yet my girl should be at home!" "But try to understand, try to understand. Try, try, try to understand, he's a magic man, mama. He's a magic man."

[346] You need to make your name ring. This is part of Cock. But a big part of this is what is visible. As Iceberg Slim said, "A pimp's fame is as fleeting as an icicle under a blow-torch. The young fine whores are wild to hump for a pimp in the chips. A pimp in bad shape can't get the time of day from them. A pimp's wardrobe has to be spectacular. His wheels must be expensive and sparkling new."

[347] Kid gloves, two tone vines. Or, as Tim Armstrong, the punk pimp, said, "black coat, white shoes, black hat, Cadillac."

[348] If you want to make a million bucks, you got to look like a million bucks. This is Cock.

[349] Junking the Yugo was probably the easiest thing I ever did. I drove it to an Indian reserve and left it. I assume they set it on fire later that night. I think Norval Morrisseau painted a picture of a skeletal Yugo radiating flames.

[350] With whale-skin hub caps and all leather cow interior. And big brown baby seal eyes for headlights.

[351] I used to drive that motherfucker around with a purring generator powering a klieg light. A gobo would trace DazzleRazzle.com along buildings and in pigs' eyes. The opposite of Batman, but more gangsta.

[352] The customization guy wanted to complete my exhaust manifold by putting on one of those aftermarket mufflers that are actually amplifiers. I told him those were for fucking idiots. After token resistance, he had to agree. He dropped it after that. As Fussell could have said for this, the only kinds of people who this would appeal to are "proles hoping to impress girls of a similar sort".

Louvered hood, aeronautical binnacles across the dash, and a deepened trunk so that I could fit a couple bodies if need be.[353] I had a cock as a hood ornament, but both I kept getting fines and it kept getting stolen, so I replaced it with a dollar sign and connected an electrode to the base. Same shit and problem solved, I thought. I got a gold cock for my necklace anyway, and a double-finger ring that looks like a pair of balls. I had remembered what Duffy Diablo had said.

I started rolling with a cane that had an upturned gem encrusted hand, similar to a child's, or a really small ho's, for a handle that I could interlock fingers with for a great grip. More significantly, the shaft encased a handy sixteen-inch blade.[354] You'll hear more about how I used that cane later, but typically I just used the blade to threaten hoes with, holding it up to their eyeballs or slashing drapery, upholstery and shit like that.

When pimping, you don't really want to have weapons on you. It makes things more complicated when pigs shake you down. However, I always had my cane. I also had a nickel-plated Colt .45 with arabesque intaglio and mother of pearl inlayed grip in case I had t push back some wigs.[355] It was beautiful, but I usually kept it at home.[356] Sometimes when I was pissed off or really high, I'd drive out into the country at night and unload a clip into some livestock, and then speed off into the night. In this I found a way of relieving tension. Later I would find more constructive outlets.

I always wore cowboy boots with spats.[357] Different pairs, different colors, but always fly. They were also great for giving someone a good kicking. Later I had this one ho called Sharky, because her skin would sometimes get dry, scaly, and flakey, where I would get her every morning to rub her pussy all over the toes of these boots. I told her, it was either that she put her pussy to it or I put it to her pussy, but she'll get to like the

[353] I prefer to knock out its teeth and dig a hole. Don't throw lime on it and slake it for calcium hydroxide. This just desiccates it. Don't believe the movies or all that you read. I pour carbolic acid all over it and then set it on fire with gasoline. I douse it after with water and chlorinated lime to prevent the smell of putrefaction for whatever wasn't burnt off. This can be the cooked shit still in the head, but I anticipate this by gouging out the eyes and pouring the acid directly onto the optic nerve, posterior socket tissue, and through to the cerebrum. You can keep it simple. As Lightin' Hopkins said, "Bring me my shotgun…I'm gonna throw her down that deep, dark well. Hide her from everybody and they won't know where she at." However, Lightin's motivation was drawn from different conclusions.

[354] 1'4''. It just feels right if you get the proper balance.

[355] I at first had a .44 Magnum also with a nacreous handle, but the whole thing was impractical. I'm not sure if it was Dirty Harry, Roosevelt Sykes, or I just liked the number, but the .44 will always have a place in my heart.

[356] When you've got a stack, niggas wanna jack. As Dr. Alimantado said, "a police n'soldier no deh deh. We a go use fe defend I-self, seen." Seen.

[357] Sometimes a codpiece, nigga.

former whereas she'll come to dread the latter. It was an inside joke in my stable.[358] I used to call the toes of my boots poison arrows. I'd say, if I have to give anyone a kicking today, I'll strive for retinal detachment, but they'll go blind from the clap even if nothing else.[359] You'll see the irony in this shortly.

Furs. Always furs. Furs are the dopest shit ever. I had all my hoes in furs. Gotta floss.[360] Even if it's hot as fuck out, she'll wear them despite the fact that she's sweating like a motherfucker. Not because I make her, but because she loves it. Vanity. It's important to keep your hoes in nice shit. Buy her jewellery, but make sure she feels it is always something you picked out with her personally in mind.[361] This is something you always have to stay on top of. Often it's just small shit, but you need to keep the hoes thinking that you're always thinking about them. Flowers are great. Hoes are delicate little people. You can't just strong-arm them. It's the ho's heart and mind that you need to keep, and you can't always do it just with a fist. An overreliance on the fist is the hallmark of amateurism.

In truth, besides slaps, I'm actually pretty gentle with my hoes. I typically use a system of pressure points, unless something more severe is required. Sometimes I liked to taser them. It's important to remain innovative, and carceral technologies and their like are always improving. There is often no need for bruising, it just compromises the product.[362] However, hoes do accept the realities of certain occupational hazards rather stoically. That is, if they're not outright courting them.[363]

Perhaps I'm a little glib with the violence. The truth is that it is not so much needed outside of ceremony. The trick is to install yourself into their heads. In the beginning I used to drive around unexpectedly. I'd try and create a sense of my all-seeing-eye, so

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[358] As Mr. Funkee said, "No it's the shoes [the shoes?] It's gotta be the shoes."
[359] As Thurston Moore said, "Dirty boots are on. Hi di ho. Pinking out the black. Dreaming in crack." Okay, he said, "a crack," but it is a-ok to take liberties.
[360] As Quevedo said, "*Quedar bien, muchacho."*
[361] Don't be cheap. You can usually get it all back after someone murders her. *Editorial note* Often the murderer takes what's of value off the body. However, the body still remains a challenge. Now, this is better for hog farmers. As Brick Top said, "Then I hear the best thing to do is feed them to pigs. You got to starve the pigs for a few days, then the sight of a chopped-up body will look like curry to a pisshead. You gotta shave the heads of your victims and pull the teeth out for the sake of the piggies' digestion. You could do this afterwards, of course, but you don't want to go sievin' through pig shit, now, do you? They will go through bone like butter." Alternatively, like Inverarity, you could try to turn the bones into cigarette filters and try to turn a profit.
[362] In Necro's 12 King Pimp Commandments, "No. 7: never strike a bitch with a pipe or a knife. Only strike 'em to shock 'em back to reality's light. Toss a bottle at her. Hit her with a golf club. Break a mirror over her head, but never make her draw blood. You can start flippin', grippin' her like a victim, but never start hittin'. This is called the king pimp's whippin'."
[363] This has already been addressed.

that hoes would feel they are always being watched. I'd lie to them about the hundred eyes of Argus, CCTV feeds, that I've paid the Chinaman in the laundrette opposite the street to keep tabs on her, and shit like that.[364] But what I realized is that this was all unnecessary. When you win a ho over, and shove her full of Cock, she becomes a cheerful little robot.[365] With Cock ensconced in her brain,[366] she will self-police, seeing the pimp forever in her mind's eye.[367]

Remember, Cock is money. But despite what seems to have been implied earlier, they are not the same and their relationship is not isomorphic. But you knew that. Cock is more than that, and money has extrinsic properties outside of the Game.[368] However, in its abstraction, money is nothing but a system of equivalent inequivalences. Given to the pimp, it is a sign of love. This is a side of Cock. Another side is when money is manifested in bling, apparel, and baubles.[369] These shine back in the ho's eyes as the radiance of Cock. Blinding. This is style.[370] Always have style if you want to keep your shit pimp tight.

[364] As Rockwell said, I always feel like somebody's watching me and I have no privacy. Woh, I always feel like somebody's watching me".
[365] Like Pretty Tony said, "When I get a bitch, I got a bitch."
[366] As Robert Palmer said, "Your lights are on, but you're not home. Your mind is not your own."
[367] In a similar way to what Danzig said, "Twenty eyes in my head. They're all the same. They're all the same. When you're seeing twenty things at a time you just can't slow things down, baby. When you're seeing twenty things in your mind, just can't slow things down." This can lead to confusion, but at the same time you will find that the hoes are properly comported.
[368] Or does it? Later on you will see polyvalences that may confound this.
[369] Zorba effectively said this about hoes. "The minute she sees your purse she loses her head. She clings to you, gives up her freedom and is glad to give it up because, at the back of her mind, the purse is glittering." The trick is to get her to add to this purse. Otherwise, as Too $hort said, "Be a sucker for a bitch and she'll suck your dick. I know he loves her, I don't doubt him. She pulled out his money, said 'I love things about him'." Don't accept this. Keep breaking bitches.
[370] As Snoop said, "I got the Johnson baby powder and Cool Water cologne. Now I'm fresh, dressed, like a million bucks."

A Moveable Feast, Jesus Built My Hot Rod, or *To Καρον* is Declared in the Marketplace

I rocks hardcore even when I dress suited. On some business shit my street is deep rooted. What is this shit?

Oh my God

It was a glorious, sunny day. Birds in the trees, mackerel-crowded seas. I was in my mint green suit, fur-trimmed overcoat, dollar sign neck pin. I looked like money. Betty and I got into the Cock Mobile, and off we went to the track. I dropped her off, told her to put in a shift, and pulled away. My plan for the day was to grab some Dairy Queen, get back to the apartment to watch some Maury Povich. I'd come back and pick up Betty for some lunch in a couple hours, if she was lucky. She wasn't lucky.

Around the corner I saw Cleo, Caesar Slick's ho. She was looking fly, so I rolled up thinking I'd take a pop. If Caesar Slick thinks he can peel Betty, well, I'll take another shot at his.[371] This time, however, it was different. I knew the Game, I was in the Game. Fuck, I not only had game, I was becoming the Game itself.

I rolled up and got ready to try some recruiting. I started saying, You fine baby. Shaken 'n' bacon 'cause you staked. All rump and ready to pork. Fine, fine, fine. It's time to move with the hero if you don't want to be a zero and now all you'ze gonna be is a zero till you move with the hero.[372] You should get like a quarterback and toss me the bankroll. You know my game is the only game in town. This is some real pimpin' here. Go from zero to hero. Shake and bake! SHAKE AND BAKE!!

¡¡¡S-H-A-K-E--N'--B-A-K-E!!!

You see, pimps talk in ridiculous and circular ways, but it's all part of the racket, the subterfuge. You have already seen this. This is our cant. We rhyme and talk all kinds of shit, but it is a defined aspect of the Game. Some pimps think that this has some kind of rhetorical force, where you can verbally spin a ho around, confuse her, and begin to possess her mind. Then again, some pimps are complete idiots. Although it can be

[371] Some accept the circulation of hoes as a matter of course. Fuck that. Like Whoreson said, "Don't no bitch ever leave me and then come back thinking I'm goin' take her back…whenever I told a whore they couldn't leave me and come back, I meant every word of it. I wasn't a bus driver; a bitch couldn't catch a ride with me whenever she made up her mind to do it."

[372] As Dylan said, "Where black is the color, where none is the number."

amusing, most of the shit we say is actually quite pathetic and you may find that, on the whole, our power of expression is rather impoverished.[373] However, this is also a strength. Again, this is the importance of the Game and the power of its static expression. Besides this function of the Game, where it works for you, through you, like the Force,[374] the significance of this strange courtship/recruitment process is the confidence and self-possession that is expressed. On the evidence of it, nothing rational is occurring at all. However, what you are witnessing is a great initiation ritual. This is definitive. The ho will assess you, and she'll consider what she knows about your operation, but the truth is that the process is almost entirely visceral and facilitated through the symbols of the Game.

Now, Cleo reacted very differently from the last time when I was wearing sweatpants and a wife-beater. Now I was a real pimp,[375] and Cleo could feel my game.[376] It only took a couple minutes, for the Force was strong with me. I said, give me all of your money, kiss the ring that looks like a pair of balls, and get in the car.[377] We're going to go pick up all your shit and move you to my place. Bitch, do you like Dairy Queen?

She did.[378]

Then get in the fucking car, I said, and break yourself.

She did.

Off we went.

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[373] Although this may be the case, the origins of this practice are more rewarding. Diffuse, it challenges amateur and ethnographer alike. I like to look back to stoop culture and the Dozens, although I entertain the idea that it may have its origins in the plantations or back to West Africa in the tradition of *sanankuya*. Either way, I think Dolomite brings it all together rather well and further firms it up with rhyme. Validating the transgressive nature of this, Dolomite also identifies the role of the "signifyin jive" in the trickster tradition. These become conflated with the pimp and can help give him ghetto hero status in cultural representations. Things have deteriorated somewhat since then, but the vitality of the tradition can still be seen in the shared lineage with hip hop. Sadly, for pimps, this florescence was short lived and we are now stuck with its degenerate form. This is palpable, and I would like to thank Shaggy 2 Dope for taking us on a nostalgic walk through happier days in *Big Money Hustlas* as Sugar Bear and allowing Rudy Ray Moore to reprise the role of Dolomite.

[374] Better perhaps as *prana* or *chi*. Different strokes.

[375] As Mystical said with great sibilance, "Young and successful; a sex symbol."

[376] This is Cock. Like Biz Markie said, "She caught the vapors." This is good.

[377] Like Billy Ocean said, "Get into my car".

[378] Don't be misled. She only pretended to like it. You'll see later. Anyway, Dairy Queen is wack. As a wise man once said, "Take a quart of ice-cream and a quart of shit and mix it together. You will find it tastes more like shit than ice-cream." Mix Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah and shit together and you'll either have something much, much more edible, or you'll have a nuclear device. Maybe a dirty bomb.

I counted her money and asked her what she made. I made a quick assessment. For now on you'll suck dicks for $100, pussy goes out for $200, and your ass for $300.[379] You're at least a mid-range product. You're not currently indexed to correct market value.[380] Shortly I'm going to make you top shelf. You smoke any crack? Okay, well stop. That's how we're gonna roll. See, this is why you need my super pimpin', I said. After the ice cream,[381] let's go buy you some clothes. She was all smiles.

Cleo was ho number two. Now I had hoes, and this figure was only going to multiply. However, the process with Cleo wasn't complete. First I had to serve Caesar Slick. I did it with relish. I called him up. You just got served, your bitch chose me.[382] Caesar Slick pretended to take it with equanimity, as part of the give and take of the Game, but I knew he was none too happy. Fuck him,[383] I thought. These are the rules of the Game. Step aside motherfucker, because I'm looking to be the only game in town.

When I next saw Pop Pontius he asked how I peeled Caesar Slick's ho. I told him, I've got good game. Solid as shit. I dazzled her. Dazzled her, he asked. With some razzle, I added. That's you, he said. You are the Dazzle Razzle man using the old razzle dazzle. From that moment Dazzle Razzle was born.[384] Pop Pontius lifted his cane to my shoulders and said, arise Sir Dazzle Razzle. I was made.[385] Trippple Beam was as firmly in the past as Dazzle Razzle was of the future.[386]

[379] Shit is *pro rata*. These were just price points.
[380] Off the beaten path, prices can swing. Consider GG Allin, "Fifty to suck her nasty, rotten, smelly cunt and asshole. Drink her blood, piss and shit." Remember, you must charge what the market will bear.
[381] As Johnny Osbourne would have it, no icecream love, no icecream sound.
[382] As Whoreson said to Tony, "I just want you to know, Tony, that I done blocked your game, copped your whore, and locked up your gold. Can you dig it, player?"
[383] As Big Daddy Kane, AKA Count Macula, said, "She feel amazed by the game that I be usin', and now she choosin', and you done came up as the one that's losin'."
[384] Mad, bad, and dangerous to know.
[385] Because this cannot be overstressed. As Kris said, "'Cause I'm the miggida miggida miggida mac daddy. The miggida miggida miggida mac. 'Cause I'm the miggida miggida miggida mac daddy. The miggida miggida miggida mac." Do not snicker. Pleonasm, fool.
[386] *Editorial note* As you will see, Dazzle Razzle is actually eternal, external and internal all at once. Everything is in the balance, though he is unbalanced.

Very Like a Whale, or Trout Mask Replica (Lay Pimpology II)

A ho is like a mule, requiring goading. A ho is like a soufflé that requires a deft touch. A ho is like…Perhaps, but don't succumb to the temptation of the general.[387] You need to find the general though the particular. Detail with distance. There are always temptations. You need to keep your conceptuality stripped bare so that only relations may be present.[388]

This law of parsimony is called the Pimp Razor.[389] It is the pursuit of rigor, simplicity and elegance. Don't over embellish. In a word, believe in, be in tune with, Cock. Cock will always keep you in good stead. This is basic. And this alone is fine for an unreflective pimp. He is best served unburdened both morally and intellectually. His participation in Cock is enough. Problems arise when he overestimates his ability and makes misattributions, such as that he is playing 'human chess' or some other type of strategic or intellectual feat.[390] This is usually nonsense.[391] Your run-of-the-mill pimp should, for lack of a better term, be acephalic.[392] He is a dummy,[393] but that does not mean he has to act like an idiot.[394] In this way he can treat the particular in the general by being the space where the particular is made meaningful.[395] Let's look a little more closely at this and then consider the other three types of pimps and the four types of hoes that the Pimp Razor is able to pare down.

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[387] As William Carlos Williams said, "to make a start,/ out of particulars/ and make them general, rolling/ up the sum, but defective means—".

[388] Pope was halfway there when he said, "It is therefore in the anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation." He was close, but I prefer, as a less fustian analogy, to think of bitches in string or micro bikinis. Relations are established and perspective gained in a revealing/concealing that allows you to get close to the meat of the matter.

[389] As Tony Curtis said, "Put your faith in your sword and your sword in the Pole." Though here we switch sword and Pole for razor and hooker's face, but you get the idea. For now. Pimp Razor is actually an ironically wavering concept.

[390] Not only that, but it makes for bad reading. There would be reams of this shit if illiteracy weren't a limiting factor.

[391] But, damn! As Bennett said, "Am I to sit still and see other fellows pocketing two guineas apiece for stories which I can do better myself? Not me. If anyone imagines my sole aim is art for art's sake, they are cruelly deceived."

[392] *Viz*. both above the collar and below the belt. This is ace-phallic.

[393] If it's a game, maybe he is like a dummy in bridge? Maybe just a dummy. But, as you will see, he doesn't have to be.

[394] As Ed Kowalczyk said, "It's easier not to be wise. And measure these things by your brains."

[395] Perhaps without meaning anything, which itself can be meaningful.

Pimp category one is basal. It is the default position already addressed. This is the pimp that lives in Cock. His appreciation of ho categories is not necessarily essential.[396] His approach is universal. Being the symbols of the Game, he is the Game.[397] Ho-movies are able to be projected against him unhindered.[398] If he is truly appreciative of Cock, he will not waste people's time with his idle formulations. Like Socrates, he will say that I know that I know nothing.[399] This is not only humility, but the fountainhead of pimp *wu wei*. Be a pimp, nothing more. Like a duck is a duck and a goat is a goat, a pimp should be a pimp.[400] When he is not, there are ramifications.[401]

Pimp type two is of a degenerate form. This is the gorilla. He has no notion of ho categories.[402] A gorilla is a fucking idiot. He steps up and wants to be tough. He is the labored image of the pimp. It doesn't come naturally, so he forces the issue. He wants to be a pimp. Desperately. In name, he often is. But he's not. There is a lot of loud talk and mismanagement. The gorilla creates a scene because he wants to be seen. But his wires are crossed. He paradoxically both does not have Cock and at the same time sucks on it.[403] The truth is that he is just a Dick. Not much better than a bitch. This realization, when it dawns, stings and often makes him overcompensate with more aggression. The whole thing is a travesty.[404]

Category number three is the playa. The playa is the international man of mystery.[405] Shaken not stirred.[406] Dapper, suave, choose your synonym.[407] This motherfucker is the

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[396] With this type of pimp, we can say with Feynman, "Pimpology is as useful for pimps as ornithology is to birds." Who cares? It's apocryphal anyway.

[397] It is for this reason that many pimps believe that the Game is sold, not told. Actually, it is closer to the contrary. It is told, without being sold. Really, it is just a failed expression. Although pimp knowledge is thought to be experiential, the understanding is that its lineage is a product of oral transmission. This is the truth of Cock. There isn't truth, as such, in this understanding of pimpology, but there are rituals and stylized activities to be observed. This is the truth of the ace-phallic.

[398] Like Ray Keith said, "My style is all that and a big bag of chips with the dip. So fuck all that sensuous shit." Indeed, he is the Cock without having to use his cock. It is all style.

[399] Or like Inspectah Deck, "I bomb atomically. Socrates philosophies and hypotheses can't define how I be dropping these mockeries." That speaks for itself. It is better to put on a brave face and admit one's ignorance.

[400] But as we will see with identity relations, this is actually idiotic. In *Duck Soup*, Groucho Marx said, "Gentlemen, Chicolini here may talk like an idiot, and look like an idiot, but don't let that fool you. He really is an idiot."

[401] Lothario shouldn't get too sneaky.

[402] As Auden said, "The Ogre stalks with hands on hips, While drivel gushes from his lips."

[403] As Billy Corgan said, "Time is never time at all". Seems like a long time for sucking dick, no matter how professional you are.

[404] As Bootie Brown said, "They have no key, or no clue to the game at all. Now they washed up. Hung out to dry. Standing looking stupid, wondering why."

[405] As Stevie Nicks said, "Players only love you when they're playing."

[406] Like a baby.

[407] He is the gambler, 007 at baccarat. He doesn't lose. Like Kenny Rogers said, "You've got to know when to hold 'em. Know when to fold 'em. Know when to walk away. Know when to run." Usually you run when irate brothers

motherfucking man. He is Cock, but he knows it. Everything done is done with aplomb. This is significantly different than category one. The playa is able to manipulate the situation.[408] He knows what he is and how he does. He knows his hoes have different needs, are different people, and need different treatment. He understands the implications of different ho categories. But not with perfection. His understanding is largely intuitive.

Category four is Dazzle Razzle. Step aside, motherfuckers.[409]

Now for the hoes.

What makes each ho unique is the Hole in her soul. This Hole is the traumatic gap that makes her fucked up. You can't put your finger on it, but you can put your fist in it. This is not the vagina of life, but the Hole of exhumation. It is the silent stink of memoryless memory, redolent but silent like a crypt. All Holes are different, but they are all the same. Hoes find satisfaction as this Hole is dilated and the dead are brought back to life. Dig and disinter the sheeted dead that squeak and gibber.[410] It is not a meaningful site, it is the sight of nonsense.[411] But this nonsense brings great and excruciating pleasure to the ho. She probably thinks about suicide, but this Hole sustains her in her failings and her willingness to ho-up.[412] In this she feels ho-frisson.[413] In this she shoulders her mortal coils.

Now, what gives meaning to this Hole is Cock. Cock and Pimp Law. These latter two are not mutually distinct categories. They are woven together like a tissue. The Hole is able to be known only negatively.[414] You can tell where the Hole is by the way Cock and Pimp Law drape over it. You can see a camel toe, you might be able to smell it, but you don't really know what the fuck is going on under there. You know what's not though.

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and/or fathers of hoes are coming after you. Pimps of category three know this. As Terry Hall said, "What you gonna do, when morons come for you?" Of course, you can just plug them. I usually burn down their houses.

[408] But with what Castiglione called *sprezzatura*.

[409] As CL Smooth said, "You know the Iceberg Slim, dig it, Daddy. Let the click grow. Exotic to my foes, how I pimp these hoes. Don't be surprised, you get Tysonized".

[410] The eructation of unhealthy souls into the faded air.

[411] The consummate non-consummation. The breach in meaning of orgasm, the flaccidity of Cock in the yawning expanse of Hole. Such is the absolute of the Game where meaning fails exactly where it would approach itself. Like Cortázar's *glíglico*. *"Apenas se entreplumaban, algo como un ulucordio los encrestoriaba, los extrayuxtaba y paramovía, de pronto era el clinón, la esterfurosa convulcante de las mátricas, la jadehollante embocapluvia del orgumio, los esproemios del merpasmo en una sobrehumítica agopausa. ¡Evohé! ¡Evohé!"*

[412] This is called ho-conatus, or rather ho cunt-ass-tits.

[413] The love and fear of COCK/HOLE as Cresas maintained. This is also somewhat consonant with his doctrine on the will.

[414] In some ways, this is similar to the COCK as Maimonides and Aquinas knew.

Let's look to see how Cock and Pimp Law conform to the Hole and bring the particular of the ho through the general.[415]

Ho category one. This basic ho corresponds somewhat to pimp category one. This is a ho that is primarily driven by identification with Cock. In fact, she wants to be the Cock for the pimp.[416] She is usually an idiot, but she is more or less stable. Her Hole is mostly just the hole between her legs and in her pockets. She may or may not have been raped and beaten as a child, but the realities of limited opportunities and diminished social mobility have likely played a hand as well.[417] This is the ho that has lived in poverty and

[415] Kafka's Parable of Law illustrates ho-interpellation.

Before the law sits a gatekeeper. To this gatekeeper comes a man from the country who asks to gain entry into the law. But the gatekeeper says that he cannot grant him entry at the moment. The man thinks about it and then asks if he will be allowed to come in later on. "It is possible," says the gatekeeper, "but not now." At the moment the gate to the law stands open, as always, and the gatekeeper walks to the side, so the man bends over in order to see through the gate into the inside. When the gatekeeper notices that, he laughs and says: "If it tempts you so much, try it in spite of my prohibition. But take note: I am powerful. And I am only the most lowly gatekeeper. But from room to room stand gatekeepers, each more powerful than the other. I can't endure even one glimpse of the third." The man from the country has not expected such difficulties: the law should always be accessible for everyone, he thinks, but as he now looks more closely at the gatekeeper in his fur coat, at his large pointed nose and his long, thin, black Tartar's beard, he decides that it would be better to wait until he gets permission to go inside. The gatekeeper gives him a stool and allows him to sit down at the side in front of the gate. There he sits for days and years. He makes many attempts to be let in, and he wears the gatekeeper out with his requests. The gatekeeper often interrogates him briefly, questioning him about his homeland and many other things, but they are indifferent questions, the kind great men put, and at the end he always tells him once more that he cannot let him inside yet. The man, who has equipped himself with many things for his journey, spends everything, no matter how valuable, to win over the gatekeeper. The latter takes it all but, as he does so, says, "I am taking this only so that you do not think you have failed to do anything." During the many years the man observes the gatekeeper almost continuously. He forgets the other gatekeepers, and this one seems to him the only obstacle for entry into the law. He curses the unlucky circumstance, in the first years thoughtlessly and out loud, later, as he grows old, he still mumbles to himself. He becomes childish and, since in the long years studying the gatekeeper he has come to know the fleas in his fur collar, he even asks the fleas to help him persuade the gatekeeper. Finally, his eyesight grows weak, and he does not know whether things are really darker around him or whether his eyes are merely deceiving him. But he recognizes now in the darkness an illumination which breaks inextinguishably out of the gateway to the law. Now he no longer has much time to live. Before his death he gathers in his head all his experiences of the entire time up into one question which he has not yet put to the gatekeeper. He waves to him, since he can no longer lift up his stiffening body.

The gatekeeper has to bend way down to him, for the great difference has changed things to the disadvantage of the man. "What do you still want to know, then?" asks the gatekeeper. "You are insatiable." "Everyone strives after the law," says the man, "so how is that in these many years no one except me has requested entry?" The gatekeeper sees that the man is already dying and, in order to reach his diminishing sense of hearing, he shouts at him, "Here no one else can gain entry, since this entrance was assigned only to you. I'm going now to close it.

[416] This is an essential aspect of the pimp-ho relation. We have seen this.

[417] As Ice-T said, "This goes out to all you ladies out there. A lot of you won't grow up to be lawyers or doctors, but you have a dream. And I think you should follow your dream." And she said, "I always wanted to be a ho. I always wanted to be a ho."

has limited education. In Cock she sees opportunity, glamour and style.[418] This is a profound and necessary delusion for her. God bless her.

The second type of ho is coordinated by Cock as well, but Pimp Law is the determining factor. For this type of ho, the more enigmatic Pimp Law is, the more seemingly arbitrary, the better. This type of ho becomes drawn to the pimp and tries to fathom what it is that he wants, what he needs, what's expected, although she knows it's impossible. Usually he's crazy anyways and there isn't much rhyme or reason to his expectations.[419] Nevertheless, she tries to ingratiate herself and lives in titillating fear. She finds great satisfaction in this certain uncertainty. Energized in this way, she likes to be on the ropes ducking and weaving with every caprice of the pimp and living moment to moment.

The third type of ho prefers consistency in Pimp Law and, in this way, she can get the attention she needs, whichever way she can get it. She'll take the pimp's smile as soon as his fist,[420] and she's sure to provoke either in turn. For her, attention must be demonstrable. She often doesn't recognize it, but she needs to be in the pimp's eye. If she feels he's not paying enough attention to her, she will do something. This could be working extra hard, making him pancakes for breakfast, or cutting up his sharkskin suits.[421] For this kind of ho you need to keep your pimp hand strong.[422]

The final type of ho is the one that fetishizes her pimp. This is the best kind of ho. Pimp Law gives her determinate grounding, but her interest is to complete the set. She is interested in Cock. She wants to get the money together for him.[423] She wants to be his girl, his main ho. She wants to be his mommy and his sister. She wants to wrap it all up and retire with her man in splendor.[424] This kind of ho is often a thoroughbred. But be careful. If she gets to lovey-dovey, you might have to beat her just to keep her straight.[425] She might start thinking about monogamy, stop turning trick or some shit.

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[418] Again, we have already seen the ambiguity of the Cock. It serves as a relay.
[419] Some hoes love this. As Billy Joel said, "You may be right. I may be crazy. But it just might be the lunatic you're looking for."
[420] As Earl the Black Pearl said, "[Y]ou know how the thing goes. Any man would like to always rule by *right*, but sometimes you're forced to rule by *might*."
[421] As Ann Wilson said, "There's nothing left to do tonight but go crazy on you."
[422] As Yogi Berra said about baseball, that "it's ninety percent mental and the other half is physical."
[423] As Chris Cester said, "Now you don't need that money with a face like this, do ya?"
[424] Not gonna happen. As An old ho should be able to say with Liam Neeson, "I can tell you I don't have money, but what I do have are [sic, but then again, both are illiterate] a very particular set of skills. Skills I have acquired over a very long career." There the comparison ends.
[425] These bitches can be nuts. Consider Little Peggy March. "I love him, I love him, I love him. And where he goes I'll follow, I'll follow, I'll follow." You've got to keep your eye on a bitch like this.

Because dreaming, she might get to scheming. Her machinations can create discord in the stable. Break her of this.[426] Keep her eye on the ball and don't take no shit. Otherwise, run her face off of the curb.

This is the yield of the Pimp Razor. Of course there are other species such as crackheads and full-blown psychotics,[427] but the categories enumerated above are fundamental. Now you know your pimp A, B, Cs and 1, 2, 3s. It's time to crank it up a notch because you still don't know shit.

[426] Often it's a ho playing brinksmanship. In *Pimp*, Iceberg Slim depicts a situation like this. Kim the new ho looks to stir the pot, but he tells her to pack-up her shit, and then takes her to the station. This is the right strategy. Either she will break and come back broken, or she will go. The Former is the desirable option, but, no matter what, the right hand was played.

[427] Psychotics you can assess on an individual basis, but fuck the crackheads. The pimp always has to be number one. The pusher is number one to the crackhead. Even if the pimp is selling it to her, this isn't good business. A good pimp doesn't need to be double-breasted. Just make your pimp game tighter. You never need a plan B, make your plan A better. I think Dani Alves said something to the same effect about *tiki-taka*. In fact, drugs and pimpin' are to very different games. As Super Sport said to Earl the Black Peal as he began dabbling outside of his field, "What you better get hip to, Earl, that this is the dope game and not the pimp game, baby."

Jung and Easily Freudened, Project MKUltra Plus Good, The Naming of Parts, or Show Me Your Hole, in other words, Well, Dis One Called Di Punanny Coming

I started racking up the hoes. Next, I grabbed Sharky who was living in a woman's shelter. Then there was Angel who was a renegade.[428] I put her under pimp arrest.[429] The rest came thick and fast. Before I knew it, I had a stable of twelve hoes. I put them up in special accommodations, I moved to a new building, and bought a safe house under Betty's name. She was my bottom bitch.[430] In the safe house I stashed most of my money and drugs. It was all for personal use, but I liked to stock up mostly on blow and PCP. Sometimes I would go there and just go crazy shooting my gun into the ceiling and kicking holes in the walls. It was truly a refuge. My new house though, my primary residence, was something to behold.

29 Maple Avenue.[431] Over the bridge,[432] by the forest.[433] The Spider Web.[434] A palazzo with a piano nobile.[435] For the façade I had the Medici in mind down to the *pietra forte* and mullioned windows, but at a modest scale.[436] Despite that it was lavishly furnished. Overall Biedermeier style interior,[437] although a few exceptions were made including the cassioned ceilings in the oriental style, of course, and the amenity of mostly indoor plumbing. I had Vicuna throw pillows, Persian carpets of 1000 silk knots per square

[428] As all ready stressed, this is no good.
[429] As Tommy Shaw said, "Law man has put an end to my running and I'm so far from my home."
[430] I knew I had her for life because she knew that I would kill her and her whole family if I lost trust in her.
[431] Or 35 Pine
[432] As KRS-1 said of MC Shan, Marley Marl and the Juice Crew, *etc*. "The bridge is over. The bridge is over. Biddy-bye-bye!" Anyway, Whitman said, "Mannahatta", but he hadn't heard of The Pork Metropolis.
[433] Spider forest, or Spider fourest.
[434] Although I often called it Altaforte. As Dikron Tulane said, "Welcome to the house of fun."
[435] Originally an abattoir and cannery in an industrial zone, I made it into a luxurious residence. Re-zoning is easy when you have connections. In a way it was through a slush fund, but I'm getting into details you don't need to know about. Anyway, I had to pressure hose the walls and floors. The hoses were already there for the slurry, when they used to hose the carcasses down for the last little bits of grizzle and cartilage, reconstitute it, and sell it as Chef Boyardee. I hosed down the whole house and threw baking soda around. This was only partially effective, but I had to try. Although this was part of the reason I got it on the cheap, it was my house, not a brothel, so I didn't want it to smell like fish or rancid pork.
[436] The Quincuncial Lozenge, or Network Plantations of the Ancients, naturally, artificially, mystically considered. In other words, I even had a Medici inspired escutcheon with quincunx and emblazoned fist to replace the sixth. Across it I had a band sinister in heraldic fashion because I'm a bastard, and the motto *ARBEIT MACHT FREI*, because I'm an asshole.
[437] Reason being a contrast between Florentine proto-capitalism with post-Napoleonic politics. Decisions made by dark men behind dark doors and dark political brinksmanship. But like Dead Mike said, "I'm bliggity-black," so at least I wore a dashiki and some cowrie strung amulets up in my hut.

inch, and mounted exotic game. Bringing everything together, I had a velvet Elvis,[438] which I had made for me in Tijuana, placed opposite the painting of myself that proudly hung over the mantle.[439] The palette was soft, subdued pastels with iridescent highlights and complemented by menacing religious iconography that peered out from every niche and alcove. There was an indoor Jacuzzi and Grecian statuary. Most impressive, though, was the room in the basement that I converted into a dungeon.

Why a dungeon, you ask. Well, this isn't part of the Game as such. It is an expression of my own convictions. You see, although Cock is supreme, you need to fuck your hoes that are really pulling it in for you. But what's the difference between fucking me and fucking a trick? I may know how to bash in the clitoris just as well as the next man,[440] but I feel something different is required.[441] Some tricks are into some pretty twisted shit,[442] and my hoes catered to both the most refined and disturbed tastes,[443] but ultimately they become callous and desensitized.[444] After all, you can only have tricks wanting to piss in your hair so many times before it loses its eroticism.[445] And that, my friend and gentle reader, is the limitation of pedestrian sexuality. What I did with my

[438] Black Elvis. As Kook Keith said, "Wearin' diamonds around my glasses, leather coat".

[439] So happy was I with this pairing that I had a duplicate of this opposition presiding over the living area of the safe house as well.

[440] Back in the days of UK garage, Bushkin used to drop, "I'll bash in you c l i t just until you get w e t." You can do this to bae or a thot and take the past to the present, although, hopefully, these terms will become obsolete soon. Nevertheless, Just rinse out, selector, and make it pure bashment.

[441] As SPM said, "fuck 'em so good they wake up and wash dishes."

[442] Like putting toothbrushes in his urethra while hating potatoes like Alfred Kinsey, or needles in his balls and loving it like Alfred Fish. Maybe just being obsessed with cream like Alfredo di Lelio. Whatever. By the bye, statistically most people named Alfred are tricks, psychos, or both.

[443] For instance, Lucy the Lactator would make cheese from her breast milk and sell it to the freaks. She wasn't a ho *per se*. She was nastier.

[444] As Animal said, "Well, I've fucked a sheep. And I've fucked a goat. I've had my cock right down its throat. So what! So what! So what? So what? You boring little cunt!"

[445] Riboflavin Richard the Rib Eye, the consummate undinist, was a trick that I knew on actually quite personal terms. He was hilarious, and we used to go out drinking together. Every night before I'd arrange a ho for him, he'd eat a rib eye steak with tons of mushrooms and some kind of fucked up goat cheese and almond salad. He cheated a bit and took extra vitamin supplements as well, but the idea was that he wanted his piss to be bright yellow. Zeus to Danaë, he loved seeing the stream from the tip of his dick to the top of the ho's head. Then he'd watch it run and drip off her titties and reach down to her vag. The true beauty was the ephemerality of it. He loved seeing it hang and drip from every convoluted tangle and curlicue of hair. The appreciation was actually in the varying textures and concentrations of the hair itself and how it shaped and re-shaped itself in new whorls. I can dig it. I even had one bitch that I kept on ice for him that wasn't allow to shave so that legs, armpits and upper lip could be added to the list. But to his credit, Riboflavin Richard the Rib Eye was multisensory. He didn't just eat all that shit for the visual aspect, he also ate bushels of asparagus as well so that he could smell that vibrant yellow piss on the hooker even after he'd emptied his bladder. Afterwards, sometimes, as a surprising departure from his routine, he'd beat them into submission and jerk off into their hair, but I'd have to charge him extra for this. He liked seeing the red run into the yellow and the white stick into the black. Again, I can dig it. It was somewhere between Jackson Pollock and Andy Warhol. Truly American, he was not just a man of great cultivation, he was an *artiste*.

hoes in my dungeon, however, was on some a different-level-shit. The safety word was *Klaatu barada nikto*,[446] but often I couldn't hear because of the death metal.[447] Even if I did, I usually just ignored their pleas anyway.

In my dungeon, I had shackles, manacles, a pillory, and a modified rack. For further ambiance, I had caged pit bulls that I raised for fighting and to whom I would periodically give PCP, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah pepper sauce,[448] and poke with a stick. There was incessant barking.[449] This was complemented by a high wattage military flood light instillation that I had running on a diesel generator that gave off some pretty nasty fumes. Calibrated correctly, I was able to achieve a stroboscopic effect where time and motion became complicated and sanity questioned.[450] Seizures were common, but piety was inevitable.

In my dungeon I had all kinds of converted power tools, restraints, whips, and leatherwear. In here I would bring anguish, despair, excitement, and other intense experiences to my hoes. In here lived Cock in one of its most terrifying aspects.[451] For the hoes it was an overwhelming, confusing and mystical experience of divinity revealed. The other beauty of this set-up was that I didn't need to fuck these hoes with my own cock.[452] A real boon considering the likes of Sharky, a particular case that will become even more evident in a minute. Instead, I had all kinds of widgets and implements that I could put into the service of Cock. I was its high priest.[453]

In this dungeon another sacred office was performed. As a right of initiation, I had a small wrought iron brand shaped into DR.[454] I would leave this over a tray of barbeque briquettes and, when it reached a suitable shade or orangish-red, I would brand each new ho along the outside of her foot. It wasn't big, but the ho couldn't walk for a couple of weeks. The branding worked not so much as a physical impress, but as a mental one. During the time of convalescence, I would ingratiate myself with her and establish an undying sense of debt, self-guilt, and dependency like I did with Betty. You would

[446] According to Dazzle Razzle's records, it was actually Mohammed, but the editorial team thought it prudent to keep it out of the book.
[447] The unholy trinity of Napalm Death, Morbid Angel and Cannibal Corpse.
[448] What this is will become clear later.
[449] Brian Eno in the background.
[450] Inspired from and early, although abandoned, experiment of Mengele's.
[451] It should be noted that the conceptuality of 'Cock' here is still inchoate. COCK is likely more appropriate, but this would be anachronistic as well—not that we've been concerned with that before. Not to worry, further elaborations are to ensue.
[452] Beauty is not in the gloriously useless. O sacred and profane olisbos, reciprocating and of five speeds.
[453] The irony will be apparent later on how accurate this assessment proved to be.
[454] It was actually made out of Rearden Metal, custom made by psychos for psychos.

think branding might have the opposite effect, but properly managed, it was a great consolidating technique.[455]

[455] As Rakim said, "Don't sweat the technique."

Dulce et decorum, Real Gangsta-Ass Niggas Can't Run fast, or 40oz to Freedom

Now, as I was building up my stable, I thought it was about time to give Kaptin another call. It had been to years since I flashed off the scene and I needed to know how everything stood. He told me everything was much the same. It had cooled down, but I should stay well clear. That was good enough for me. Then he told me that Bankroll had recovered, though he now suffered from partial facial paralysis and carried a limp. Lizzie was with him, apparently in fine fettle. She was expecting. That pissed me off. I was already having a bad day.

Earlier I had taken Sharky to the doctor to get her tests results. I regularly forced my hoes to get a whole battery of tests. These have always come back more or less favorable. Some ups, some downs, but nothing too serious. It wasn't the end of the world, but this time Sharky tested positive for syphilis. No biggie. It was actually kind of funny on two fronts. We were calling her Tuskegee Sharky. That was pretty funny in itself. But even better, the other hoes and I were laughing at her saying that now I really could have poison arrows when it came to my boots.[456] Anyway, as it turned out, I was just about to take her to get some penicillin shots before I decided to make that call to Kaptin. From what Kaptin said, Sharky's predicament gave me an idea.

Tuskegee, I called. Listen. We're going to get you fixed up, but first I want you to do something for me.[457] I gave her a wad of cash and told her where she would likely find Bankroll. I said, Take this money, find him, flirt with him, and stay out there until you fuck him. No condom. I want you to run your juicy, syphilitic pussy all down his cock. Tickle your pussy, slip your mucus covered, dripping finger into his ass. Get him to eat that rotten pussy.[458] Before God, this is what I want you to do. Don't come back until its mission accomplished.[459] Otherwise, I'm going to put you in a cage where I can watch you rot from the inside out.[460]

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[456] The joke was that my poison arrows were laced with gonorrhea. Syphilis is even funnier.

[457] I gave her Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People just to ease her mind. She took them out of my hand as though satisfied. However, she was as black as the ace of spades, so who was fooling who?

[458] This is what we call being sold a bill of goods. Or, as Brillat-Savarin said, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are."

[459] I didn't have to use Sharky. I had a couple other nasty skanks in my stable that preferred to cultivate their aliment rather than treat it. Namely, I had Typhoid Mary who like to cough on concupiscent curds.

[460] If not treated, why waste the entertainment of the fastigium?

Sharky didn't require much inducement. She was a frontline trooper. Off she went, and she came back in a week. As it turns out, she succeeded in accomplishing the mission objectives with ease. I had wanted Bankroll to be stricken with this love bug, and then transmit it to Lizzie. However, it seems to have worked too well. She went over and above the call of duty. Bankroll kept calling Sharky. I encouraged this and let her keep going, but I left her untreated.[461] Now both Bankroll and Lizzie definitely had syphilis. The problem was that Sharky was beginning to show obvious symptoms. She had the high steppage gait and her pussy was beginning to stink so badly that I had made her start sleeping out on the balcony. This continued for a while, but one day she went out to see Bankroll and never came back.[462]

What happened, I learned from a couple sources. She had been murdered.[463] That much I knew through official channels. Through Kaptin I was able to find out that it was nasty piece of work called A Sharp who did it. She had been infibulated and, never a safe procedure at the best of times, and especially with an adult woman, this led to excessive bleeding. Exsanguinated, she died in the most grotesque of ways. Having dragged herself across a street and into a park, she gathered up her entrails and formed a circle with them. Inside this circle, she struck a Vitruvian pose. Outside of it, scrawled in her own blood, were some lines from Macaulay.

Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain

The whys and the wherefores were unclear.

Apparently there was some kind of party that turned ugly. Some bikers called The Choir Boyz, led by a guy called A Sharp, showed up and there was a confrontation with the Spider Fourz. On the pretense of a gangbang, Sharky was led into a corner and an overly invasive pharaonic circumcision was performed. Apparently A Sharp and his minions did this with a repurposed crowbar, but their motives were unclear beside having something to do with the occult. Her screams drew the attention of others and a

[461] And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand, they danced by the light of the moon, the moon, the moon.

La lune ne garde aucune rancune

[462] Sharky was whore, no Horace, though she definitely had a whore-ass. Anyway, some people might have called her spear-chucker, but no one could accuse her of being a shield-chucker.

[463] As Mad Cobra said, "R.I.P. Rest in peace. Pussy get a coffin then dem soon get da wreath, me bawl."

fight broke out between the factions. It appears that it was then that she was able to drag herself away.

Sharky's pose. Ignore the penis

Deep in the melee, A Sharp and Duffy Diablo we locked in mortal combat. Duffy Diablo had the upper hand and looked to have his opposite's number when, out of nowhere, he was wrestled to the floor by someone called Tricky Ricky, a mysterious person of some third-party affiliation. Further confusion ensued when he did a rather effective *shoryuken* that cleaned out four people.[464] But in the tumult, before the police arrived and everyone retired from the field, Tricky Ricky was shot. It was a gangland style execution, but the details were vague. A Sharp was arrested for the grisly death of Sharky. Duffy Diablo, or as the newspapers identified him as one Duffy MacGuffin, was also up for the murder of Tricky Ricky.[465]

There were many questions and not a few mysteries. Who the fuck was Tricky Ricky? Allegedly he had just recently returned to home soil from the French Foreign Legion and the deserts of Chad. Because of non-disclosure clauses in that outfit, nothing else

[464] Forward, down, down-forward, punch in Street Fighter on the SNES. Of course, you have to be Ken or Ryu. The other characters are wack anyway, although I'd get Chun-Li to turn out.
[465] Or so the story goes. You will see, it is possible for it to be rewritten.

could be learned on this front. And who the fuck were The Choir Boyz? What did they have to do with the Spider Fourz, and why did they kill Sharky in that manner?[466]

All very interesting. But the upshot for me was that I was now a ho short.

It was time to get back to recruiting, but before we do this, as a tribute to Sharky, let's take a look at sticking foreign objects into vaginas.

[466] *Editorial note* Because this text is in keeping with the Dazzle Razzle primary resources, curiosity will not be satisfied on all points in the present book. For a more complete understanding of what happened at this party, the reader is directed to both *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker* and *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s*: *Motherfucking*.

Coat Hanger Abortions for Dummies, If It Bleeds, We Can Kill It, or How Camest Thou in This Pickle?

Now this is tricky.[467] Executing a baby is like executing a masse shot.[468] You need to work around things. The trick is to pierce the amniotic sack without puncturing the cervix.[469] You need to be the Wizard of Os. Don't go wildly jamming the hanger into her snatch. It must be a considered approach.[470] Harken.

1. Get some K-Y Jelly. It isn't necessary, but it makes it fun.

2. Get her in stirrups of some description and in the lithotomy position. Gown is optional.

3. Tell her to stop whining. It isn't becoming, and it's not professional. Tale on the chin.

4. Drink some whiskey. Offer her some. (optional step)

5. Straighten your coat hanger and hold it over a candle.[471] It may not sterilize, but at least you have tried.

6. Have her splay herself, and try not to spay her.[472] Now, this is optional as well, but you might want to efface the cervix.[473] A speculum can come in handy too.

7. Introduce the object. Unaroused, the vagina typically only measures 3 to 4 inches. Now, carefully navigate the vagina.[474] Find the os of the cervix.[475] Try not to puncture the uterine wall.[476] All coat hanger thrusts should be made with a steady hand and conviction. I prefer the 3-4 method. This is where you alternate the depth of the coat hanger penetration.[477] You can use electrical tape to establish gauges, but ultimately, it is

[467] In fact, no one wants a trick baby.
[468] Now, if she just put the lime in the coconut, she drank 'em bot' up…
[469] You could circumvent this by availing yourself of a well-resourced witchdoctor. Arsenic and horse piss have provided some promising results. Ecstatic dancing and abdominal blows also seemed encouraging, but there isn't much out there to support it in the literature.
[470] Unless it is an ectopic pregnancy. Just forget about that one.
[471] You can also use knitting needles, crochet hooks, or bicycle spokes. User preference predominates.
[472] Of course you can, and perhaps that is desirable. Not all sequelae are bad.
[473] Mollify, in a manner of speaking.
[474] Gravidity can be an issue, but this is a subtlety not required for 'back alley' considerations.
[475] Basically, just poke around.
[476] Rigorous thrusts can find their way into the intestines. This can be unpleasant. At a minimum, one may find themselves with peritonitis. Septicemia is always a risk too.
[477] It depends on her term, but it is really just guesswork.

up to preference. Remember the fetus hasn't turned. I like to think that you are trying to get to its heart or brain through its feet.[478] It makes for a better picture.

8. It's like field dressing a deer. If you puncture the bowel, you will spoil the meat.[479] Watch out for internal bleeding. It is easy to puncture the uterus and almost as easy to hit arteries.[480] Maybe this is desired, but if you want the ho to survive,[481] a steady hand is required.[482] It depends on the pregnancy term,[483] but this can get messy.[484] Killing babies is not for the faint of heart.[485]

9. Wait for signs of success. You can use a bottle or something to create suction, but the results are rarely immediate.[486] Usually, within 24 hrs. the ho will expel the fetus. Try to be there to collect it.

10. Dig a hole and bury it in a forest or park.[487]

[478] Okay, fine. Really all you are doing is piercing the amniotic sack. This is more than sufficient. You can skip it all if you have Misoprostol on hand.
[479] With a deer, you want to slash its throat and prop it with its head upwards. Make an incision to the pelvic bone and cut out the anus. Sever up to the sternum. You now have access to both the abdominal and thoracic cavities. Pull out the entrails. This involves some knife work as you need to work some shit off of the ribcage and hack the trachea/esophagus. Pull everything out and throw it into the bush. Go back to where you threw everything, take its still warm heart, and eat it.
[480] Some like to call this perforating, but puncturing is more succinct.
[481] A yeast infection is typically the bare minimum.
[482] This was the conundrum that Whoreson faced when Boots was losing her baby, "I felt the bankroll in my pocket. It was for hundred dollars short because of the hospital bill. I shouldn't have paid the damn bill so fast. If she died and I hadn't paid the bill, all I'd have to do is deny being her husband and the hell with the bill. The thought of her dying rang in my mind, followed by the frightening knowledge of what a funeral would cost. I sat down suddenly and began to pray. Please, Lord, don't let that young girl die."
[483] It is easier to kill babies in the early stages with menstrual extraction using a cannula. It is only once the child is shaped and formed, the coat hanger becomes an appealing option.
[484] Like Br'er Rabbit and Tar-Baby.
[485] If you would have nipped it in the bud, you could have had her gobble a month's worth of Alesse, a couple morning after pills, and a tab of acid. Don't use Drano or chili peppers because the former is caustic and the later unpleasant. They are both abortifacients, but both may result in toxic shock. Mentha pulegium can work as an emmenagogue, but it might shut her liver down.
[486] Also, you can cause all kinds of damage. Again, it depends on your motives.
[487] You can also set it on fire. There aren't really any bones so, with a liberal douse of gasoline, it should all go up in smoke. I recommend putting it in a sack, setting it on fire, and then throwing it on the roof of a school or other structure with a flat concrete roof. Whatever you do, avoid the urge to keep it in the fridge or in a jar, unless you intend to sell it as slunk.

Once you have achieved the above, you should have a hard-working ho back on the streets within the week. If she has a tendency toward pregnancy,[488] equip her with a pessary and an understanding that next time you might not be so gentle.[489]

[488] These are known as pullulative hoes.

[489] IUDs and the pill are not a bad idea. Remember, you fuck the ho with a condom. Whether tricks do or not is not your concern. Who cares if some trick gets The HIV? He has no real legal recourse against you or your ho. As GG Allin said in his great conditional, "You've got cancer, so go fucking die. If you've got AIDS, spread it around and take some lives."

My Stable and Other Animals, Zungguzungguguzungguzeng, or This Jam is Amplified, so Just Glide and Let Your Backbone Slide (Lay Pimpology III)

By now I was already a respected pimp, but I knew I could take my game to the next level.[490] My hoes were good, but some of them could definitely be upgraded. It was time for me to reconsider my recruitment angle. The following is how I started really making hoes from bitches, not just hoes from bitches in a state of advanced hoe-ness, like how most of the other pimps were doing it. The following will also outline how I moved from outdoor pimping, the traditional style already described, to a new kind of mixed venture. The product was essentially the same, but enhanced, better marketed, and more effectively distributed. Lo and behold.

I started off in strip clubs. Now these are pretty slutty bitches at the best of times. A lot of them turn tricks on the sly and make pretty good money at it as well. On the whole, though, they would never consider themselves to be hoes. That's where they're wrong.[491] And I saw it as my duty to point out to them the needless ambiguity at their attempt toward distinctions and to show them how to pull out all the stops.

Now, besides being slutty, the bitches you find in strip bars can be seriously sexy, so it was to them that I went scouting, but I knew it wasn't going to be cheap. The expansion of an enterprise requires capital. I had accepted this. Once I found a prospect, I would both harry her and ingratiate myself. This costs money. Even though you spend at an apparent loss, the real trick was to get a bitch into debt with you, just like with Betty. It didn't always have to be financial, though often it was bound to be, but some form of binding emotional obligation. I would get them into one of my apartments. Rent free. No strings attached. What kind of bitch would turn that down? I'd say, I need someone in there to run the water so the pipes don't rust or burst, and to keep the place generally in order. I'd tell them this will actually save me a bundle in maintenance, that they'd be doing me a real favor. They'd go for it. Then I'd give them presents for the apartment. Shit I already owned for a place I already owned. They didn't know. They loved it. A sense of great debt was building. Then I'd begin to prey on their weaknesses and vanity.[492]

[490] As Sister Nancy said, "Wha make dem a talk bout me ambishan? Seh, wha make dem a talk bout me ambishan?"
[491] Emphasis is not undue. As Charlie Murphy said, "Wrong! Wrong!"
[492] Because, as the GZA said, they're "weak and feminine like sandals."

You're really sexy, but it's too bad your teeth are all fucked up. Let's get them all fixed up. Those glasses make you look like Kim Jong-il. How about laser surgery? Or, your titties are nice, but they're on the small side. Wouldn't you love a bigger set? The trick was that once she agreed, you owned a part of her. An irrevocable aspect of her person was in your possession. It was like an IOU for her soul. Now it was time to collect. This is when I laid the guilt trip.

Just like with Betty, tell her things are getting tight financially. You have to move in with her. Now you start working on her. Tell her she is worthless and doesn't deserve what you've done for her. Tell her that you and Jesus are the only two that care about her, and you're not so sure about him anymore. Remind her that she's already a stripper, *etc. etc.* as outlined above. Before you know it, you'll have her in the dungeon and you'll be branding her foot.[493]

Now the same can be done with normal, non-slutty bitches.[494] Although, you may have already guessed, not only is this an oxymoron, but it is technically a contradiction in terms.[495] Now, for this I would often go to bars where I knew hot bitches could be found. Again, it's great to create spirals of dependency and self-loathing, but this must be done in stages. Drug dependencies also work, but it's messy and junkies only end up making bottom of the barrel hoes, not bottom bitches.[496] What I would do is go to these bars, pick up girls, and buy them things. Not rocket science. Then I would typically put them up in an apartment like what you do with strippers. However, the transition into becoming a ho can be much tougher to effect. For this I concluded that I didn't need to reinvent the wheel. You can make non-slutty bitches into hoes by victimisation and

[493] It's all a slippery slope. Often the transition from stripper to ho is just a matter of course. How she got into stripping can be caused by many things. As Melle Mel said, "Crazy lady, living in a bag. Eating out of garbage pails. Used to be a fag hag. Said she'll dance the tango, skip the light fandango. A Zircon princess seemed to lost her senses. Down at the peep show watching all the creeps, so she can tell her stories to the girls back home. She went to the city and got so, so saddity. She had to get a pimp. She couldn't make it on her own."

[494] This is called grooming. You can do it with children as well, but we won't go down that road. For info on that, you should turn to Gary Glitter's forthcoming book. However, on a side note, if there is a labor shortage and you need hoes, you can do what they do in Bangladesh. Take children livestock fattening steroids such as dexamethasone to make them look bigger and more mature.

[495] All bitches participate in SLUTS, but this will only be clear later.

[496] In fact, I am typically quite concerned about my hoes' health. I have them eating carefully calculated dinners and doing exercises. Essential vitamins and minerals. There is better return with a better product. An onus is placed on lunges for the ass, but a full fitness regimen is employed. And remember, it's all about image. I do keep some fatties on hand for those so inclined, but, on the whole, stretch and track marks are frowned upon. No frowning. A healthy ho is a happy ho.

trauma, but it can take a lot of work and you need to make sure that you stay hydrated. It was time once again to take the well-trodden path.[497]

I became financially involved in a strip bar called The Hairy Crack. Here I could get these girls in and start them in positions such as coat check or serving. This is easy, and at this point the battle is already won.[498] Once in there, they adapt to the environment. Remember, bitches are bitches, bar none. Here you get them working, here you get them doing rails of cocaine off of your cock. Here you take them around the back into the office and fuck them against the two-way mirror where they can see and not be seen, yet feel the erotic possibility of eyes upon them in their compromised submission. Bitches will never admit it, but they love this kind of shit. It's all just so titillating.

With any of these given bitches, she is now becoming comfortable with the environment. Here you grab her on the floor and pull one of her titties out.[499] She may resist and struggle with a sense of shame and indignation before onlookers, but this is good. Now she is seen and knows she is seen. She is becoming initiated. All the other bitches there are naked, but they're getting paid. Such you impress upon her. Now it is no stretch from there to get her on stage as well. Now you have a stripper. Soon you'll have a ho. Bingo.[500]

In this way I built my new, superior stable. Betty was still my bottom bitch, but besides administrative duties in the stable, by now the title had become almost purely honorary. I had all kinds of hoes,[501] and now I specialized them. I had bitches for every

[497] In the early days I had an effective technique that may pay dividends for novices. I'd go to bus stops where the schedule was notoriously unreliable and target girls in and around the age of consent. Waiting for a good spell of time with both of us standing, waiting. Pretending that two people weren't in such proximity, or rather pretending of the other's non-existence, then, and only then, I'd say, "We could be here for hours. How about blazing a joint?" Worked every time. I'd pull out a joint and we'd smoke it. Heal the nation. Confidence was built. We'd chat. Boom. That's how you get the ball rolling. If you're not too ambitious, you can just use that to fuck a girl. You can skip all of this and just rape them like Paul Benardo, but he got carried away. Maybe just rape the white ones like Eldridge Cleaver. Whatever.

[498] Like Phil Oakey said, "You were working as a waitress in a cocktail bar when I met you. I picked you out, I shook you up and turned you around, turned you into someone new […] and I can put you back there too."

[499] It's okay. The reverse has been sanctified. As Shock G said, "See a guy you like, just grab 'I'm in the biscuits! And doowutchyalike."

[500] Obviously, there are different ways to approach this. A fairly simple form is in evidence here with Earl the Black Pearl, "Tomorrow he would stop at the restaurant and talk to Brenda. It shouldn't take too long to turn her out. The quickest way would be to trick her out there. His best bet would be to use the white bellboy, Jack. Give him a hundred dollars to trick with the girl, and he'd do just that. He pictured her in his mind. Once she got a hundred for turning a trick, she'd be hooked. He was sure of it."

[501] As Nate Dogg said, "I've got hoes in different area codes."

occasion,[502] with all manner of unique skill sets, and receptive to the most obscure paraphilia.[503] I had bitches of all shapes, ages,[504] and shades.[505] Blondes, brunettes, gingers, spics,[506] niggers, chinks, pakis, cagots.[507] I had a midget, but it gave me the creeps and made a weird nose in its throat. I even had a couple of rent boys,[508] but I had to ditch them because they tended to be into intravenous drugs, were unstable, and ultimately proved unreliable.[509] Money was in ass, but not theirs, and not for me.[510] Fuck with it if you like.[511]

My operation had changed as well. I still ran hoes on the street, but I started developing an escort service. This began small, but quickly grew. Classified ads are great from both

[502] Redheaded hoes are great. Freckles aplenty is a bonus. As they age, they often get crow's feet, but liver spots look like freckles, so you can keep that bitch on the street until her hair and teeth fall out.

[503] Some strange shit like Franky the forniphile. He always required two hoes at a time. The one would vary, but he always wanted Rigid Rita the Osteopath. She would shape herself into a table and Franky the forniphile would typically power slam the other ho off of her. He was a creature of habit and it seems he was mostly interested in the back suplex side slam because he thought it was easier on both girls' backs. He'd do this until either he auto-ejaculated or someone got hurt and couldn't continue. He was considerate, but I wouldn't consider him a gentleman.

[504] Of special note was Nolitea 'Dmittere the Nymphet Re-Pucelator. She was a thirty-year-old hooker (although it's hard to tell because dog years are often more appropriate with hoes) that looked like she was thirteen. She had amazing cervical muscles and, through a type of peristalsis, aided by Kegel exercises, she could massage the cum out of you in a second. However, and perhaps surprisingly more marketable, she could contract points of the vaginal canal completely together. I would sell her to old men interested in deflowering children and she would collapse the entrance so that the vulva looked unassailed in anyway. Next we'd have a priest on hand who would do the old hymen check. We'd use real priests who weren't confederates because we knew they wouldn't know the difference—not because of abstinence, but because they weren't interested in girls. This gave credibility. Though the real trick was when we put a turkey baster in her with the blood from a steak. Great excuse for a barbeque, but I end up having them so often because of this that I got gout once. Anyway, get the baster in, squirt, pull it out, and then she clamps shut. The old man tries to get in, she lets him struggle for a while, while she squirms about making alligator tears. Then she lets him in gradually. Cow blood runs out onto those white sheets. He pays top dollar and then I get him again when he wants the sheet for a souvenir.

[505] Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing.

[506] As Kid Frost said, "this is for *la raza*."

[507] Fat, skinny, bitches with equine noses, razor blade slashed cheeks, whatever. You see, perfection is not perfect. Often there usually needs to be at least a small detracting point, like a Persian rug. This is how compromised love works. Guys look for a small difference that they can say, "Ya, that's what I'm into." Like Zorba said, 'She's got a beauty spot on her cheek that's enough to send you crazy. Another of those mysteries—beauty spots on women's cheeks!...Have you noticed, boss? The skin's all soft and smooth, and then, all of a sudden, a black spot! Well, that's all that's needed! It sends you crazy!" Indeed, that's what happened in Hawthorne's *The Birthmark*.

[508] As Salt observed, "And although most men are hoes", it is a distinct category.

[509] "A bitch who's a man BECAUSE THEY'RE 'Bitches 2'." Ice-T knew the truth about bitches, and intertextuality. Kool Keith might be better at it though.

[510] Perhaps a tad extreme, but Buju Banton said, "Boom bye bye inna batty bwoy head. Rude bwoy no promote no nasty man. Dem haffi dead."

[511] Despite the homosexuals, one should look to emulate P. J. Barnum and try and get all kinds of shit under one tent. For one and all, you should never exclude a possible customer base if you have the energy and industry. And, like him, if you're ambitious, you should even have a bearded woman. Have freaks for the freaks.

recruitment and marketing. I had an internet presence. I had my hoes doing webcam shows.[512] I even ran a brothel, something I'll explain in the next chapter.

From there I made a few movies. I always wanted to make movies. These were pornos where I had them all reciting lines that were completely incongruent with what was going on. They were a bit on the weird side, and there wasn't really a market. A bitch would be getting double penetrated, slapped and spat on while she would be talking about the agricultural merits of different potash mixtures with real conviction. There'd be dogs in harnesses hanging from the ceiling impassively looking on, while the whole reel was spliced with real baby, high school, and family pictures of the ho who was getting fucked. I also had crazy spikes in volume so you couldn't quietly jerkoff in your mom's basement.[513] It was all in the name of art.[514] Few sold, and even though they were produced at an operational loss, it didn't matter to me as they were forged in the smithy of my soul. I thought of them as my gift to the world. It seems to me that they had real artistic merit and being forced to abandon future productions has turned out to be the one truly great tragedy in my life.[515]

[512] This is a brave new world. As Pimp C said, "Know a lot of niggas livin' off of prostitution. Pimpin ain't dead, it just moved to the web. Bitch ain't gotta hit the track, ain't gotta give no tricks no head, ain't got to give no tricks no pussy, just cameras and screens."
Easiest money you can get, it's the American Dream bitch!

[513] As Clarence Carter said, "I stroke it to the east, and I stroke it to the west, and I stroke it to the woman that I love the best. I be strokin'."

[514] Ouspensky's distinction between erotica and pornography up in your grill.

[515] As Zoro [Quiñones] said, "Being a graffiti writer is taking the chances and shit, taking the risks."

The Low End Theory, We Hold These Truths to Be Self-Evident, Play up! Play up! and Play the Game!, or Just a Truly, Truly Gratuitous Chapter, but You're Down with a Discount, Given That This Shit is Free to Begin With. Now (Again) Who's Down with OPP? (Whoreology -XX)

Let's keep this shit short.

Salt-N-Pepa's here and we're in effect!

Hoes are difficult creatures. We have already looked at ho categories, but we should look closely, very fucking closely, to certain practical considerations. Hoes have been treated in isolation, but we must acknowledge ho-dynamics.[516] This is the inter-ho reality. If you have a stable, you have hoes. If you have hoes, you have ho-politics.[517] This is whoreology, and it's a bitch.[518]

You see, although they are with you, hoes are always against you. As much as they want you to succeed, as their ho-movies flicker in their skulls,[519] they want you to fail.[520] Rather, they want you to succeed by trying to make you fail.[521] They want to test you.[522][523] In order to do this, they'll needle you, trying to find your weakness. They want to prove you by disproving you.[524] We've already addressed this shit,[525] and a typical strategy to address this is ice pimping,[526] but this is just playing their game. You can act

[516] A salutary warning. As Yogi Berra said, "In theory there is no difference between theory and practice. In practice there is."
[517] Stable = instability. It's unstable.
[518] There are always problems with hoes even when properly managed. You see, hoes can hold a grudge as how Jane Goodall reported that when Pooch should have only reached out and touched Fifi's bottom, but instead bit her little pointed clitoris
[519] Like Tony Conrad's *The Flicker*.
[520] It can be complicated. As Glass Top said, "She don't have to be no brain to wake up there ain't no easy chair at the end. She gets hip there ain't never even been a rainbow. She gets larceny in her heart. She bullshits herself that if she can drive all those young pretty whores away from the pimp that rainbow might come true after all. If it don't, she'll get her revenge anyway."
[521] This is not unequivocally true.
[522] And such are the empirics of the ho-door, the pimp-door.
[523] **BONUS DOUBLE NOTE**: As Sweet Jones said, "all whores have one thing in common just like the chumps humping for the white boss. It thrills 'em when the pimp makes mistakes. They watch and wait for his downfall."
[524] They want you to slip, wait for you to slip. They need to prove the Cock by testing the Cock. This is why hoes are hysterical. It is a type of ho diablerie. They will love to resent you. As Neneh Cherry said, "But you had to have style get a gold tooth smile. Put a girl on the corner so you can make a pile. Committed a crime and went inside. It was coming your way but you had to survive. When you lost your babe, you lost the race now you're looking at me to take her place." That's right, bitch.
[525] This is commonplace in hoes. As Maynard James Keenan said, "I am just a worthless liar. I am just an imbecile. I will only complicate you. Trust in me and fall as well. I will find a center in you. I will chew it up and leave. I will work to elevate you. Just enough to bring you down."
[526] See the chapter on ice pimping for an elaboration.

like impenetrable ice or you can act like the motherfucking man. Be the Cock. Don't be a Dick.[527] That's what Dazzle Razzle has to say anyway.

In the Cock she finds her motivation. In the Cock she sees inwardly in an outwardly way. The Cock is her vagina flipped inside-out.[528] This is her inner self, or what she would like to see in herself. The Cock is supreme,[529] but there are still challenges that present themselves. Even though hoes are ruled by Cock,[530] there can be many complications and it is the pimp's responsibility to manage them.

Individually, all hoes are easily managed. Collectively,[531] this is not necessarily the case.[532] Brought together there is often rivalry,[533] but alliances also form.[534] Neither is good for you.[535] In this way, not only will you contaminate your stable, you can lose precious hoes.[536] Once you break a bitch, you cannot just heave to, but rather you need to keep your eye on the jib.[537] You gotta work these hoes. Keeping them working keeps them in line. It leaves them with little time for dreaming and less time for scheming.[538] Ho machinations are a bitch, but to help manage this, you need a solid bottom bitch.

Betty was this bitch. She was large and in charge. She executed my will and helped keep the hoes in line. Every pimp needs a bottom bitch like this, but it also carries a danger. If

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[527] Yes, in the same register as the Meretricious Mirror.
[528] Let this image resonate for a while.
[529] As Coltrane said, after he stupidly chose Islam over heroin, a schoolboy error, "A love supreme", maybe, "Allah supreme". Who knows? Why's he speaking anyway? Should've stuck to sheets of sound. RIP, you beautiful bastard.
[530] Cock is religion for the ho. Conventional religions such as Christianity, Islam Scientology or whatnot are not designed for whoring. They channel their energies in the wrong direction. In regard to Cock, As Dave Gahan said, "Reach out and touch faith".
[531] A parliament of owls, a troop of monkeys, a bunch of bitches.
[532] A good example is how Kim tried to fuck with Iceberg Slim's shit in front of his other hoes. This is typical stable politics.
[533] This can take many forms. However, there is one universal. As Whoreson said, "Black girls just don't like to stable up with white girls, no matter how much money their pimp is getting from the ofay. And the shoe fit the same way on the other foot."
[534] It can be good to pair whores up. A veteran with a rookie so that the latter can get some grounding and familiarity with the streets. It is also beneficial to the other ho as well as they can vent and such, but be careful. This can always turn against you and you run the risk of blowing at least two hoes.
[535] At least in an unqualified sense.
[536] This can happen in a number of ways. The worst is when you pair up two hoes (see complementary pimpnote above). If they'll start to jasper, you're the one who gets fucked. Don't let a ho tighten another ho. You risk blowing both for the price of one. You see, just as with the Trick in Shining Armor Complex, there can be an complementary jasper, in-stable, species as well.
[537] If we grant jib as an acceptable substitute for jizz, it's usually in one of her holes.
[538] As Sweet Jones said, "A pretty nigger bitch and a white whore are just alike. They both will get in a stable to wreck it and leave the pimp on his ass with no whore. You gotta make 'em hump hard and fast to stick 'em for long scratch quick."

the bottom bitch splits, she'll turn the stable upside down and you'll lose a lot of hoes as she goes. This is an ongoing threat, and if it happens, all you can do is keep grinding.[539] As Sweet Jones said, A good pimp has gotta have like a farm system for bottom women. He's gotta know what bitch in the family could be the bottom bitch when mama bitch goes sour.[540] And sour she will.[541]

Now this bottom bitch manages the stable from the inside. She knows who's shooting smack, smoking crack, or listening to 2Pac. She is your eyes and ears, but sometimes you need to keep your own fist, and sometimes you need to give it to her. You can trust her, but not too much.[542] Never trust a bitch.[543]

Ho-feminism is a real bitch.[544] It's when a ho starts getting ideas, starts trippin'.[545] There is a false assumption of self-value here.[546] Quash this real quick. Remind her that she is breathing chattel and, if you have to, you'll knock out even her very last of teeth.[547] She

[539] Bottom bitches, or any ho for that matter, humps to outshine other hoes in the stable, but she gets older and uglier and the other hoes are getting newer and prettier. Now with a bottom bitch the risk is that she is likely to try and break the stable when she realizes that all the dreams the pimp promised are lies. As Glass Top said, "It's a violation of the pimp book to quit a whore. A bitch like that is a ticking bomb. Every day, her value to the pimp drops to the zero line. She's old, tired, and dangerous. She can rattle a pimp into goofing his whole game. If the pimp is a sucker he'll try to drive her away with his foot in her ass. She's almost a cinch to croak him or cross him into the joint." Although not a tactic that I indorse, Glass Top suggests that you pump her full of heroin and later mix in morphine or chloral hydrate. At that point she'll pass out and then you can cover her in chicken blood. Take her outside and dangle her out of a balcony. Then give her a shot of pure cocaine which will wake her up. After she comes to, screaming as she sees the street below her, you haul her back in. Confused by the whole ordeal, she will now notice the blood. Be noncommittal to her questioning, but suggest that she killed someone. After this she will likely have a nervous collapse and, if already of a psychotic disposition, which she is likely to have, she might enter full-blown psychosis. Off to the institute she goes, and now you have got one unstable bitch out of your stable.

[540] Remember, this is not so much an if as it is a when. And remember, As Zara said, "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

[541] As Red said, "Geology is the study of pressure and time."

[542] Dolomite had a good one. During his whole spell in prison his bottom bitch tried her best to keep the stable intact. Bless her. However, as the Duc De La Rouchefoucauld said, "*On peut trouver des femmes qui n'ont jamais eu de galanterie. Mais il est rare d'en trouver qui n'en aient jamais eu qu'une*."

[543] As Slick Rick said to himself, in a great act of intrasubjectivity, "So you get my point son, you just don't trust no bitch. You know what I'm sayin'? Okay, daddy, I understand you. 'Cause bitches ain't no good. You know what I'm sayin'? Okay, I get your point. Anyway, listen to this, check it out." There is always a story, but it is never actually necessary.

[544] I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and deluded with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fortifications.

[545] When they start thinking they're doing something empowering like Lady Godiva or Pasiphaë. Listen to Choice's *Payback*. Wille D took her down a notch or two.

[546] It's like Amber Rose and Slut Walks. As Forrest Gump's mother used to say, "Stupid is as stupid does."

[547] Even Ol' Chomper.

needs to know that pussy is not enough. Cock is necessary for her to find a spiritual life, for her pussy to be meaningful.[548] Everything else is a lie,[549] a willful delusion.[550]

There is nothing empowering about whoring. You need to remind her that everyday her value plummets toward zero.[551] Ah, but here's the qualification. With the bottom bitch it is good to encourage a bit of delusion.[552] Just a touch. Okay, and somewhat so too with your average ho, but watch out for the smoldering.[553] It can be a slow burner.

By nature, hoes are angry.[554] It's a by-product of childhood sexual abuse, neglect, infant alcohol syndrome, shaken baby syndrome, etc.[555] This is where ice pimping finds its efficacy, but this is just treating the symptom. It's the perpetuation of a needless pattern. You can stomp compliance into a ho's head, by why unduly exert yourself? Where's the percentage? You don't want evidence of sweat through your silk shirt let alone blood. Fuck that shit.

The bottom bitch is your little general. If you've got her onside, she'll sort out the squabbling. Ho-feminism can be transferred into ho-meanness.[556] Through the bottom bitch you can turn them on each other. In other words, Ho-feminism can be repudiated through the bottom bitch.

So, let's look at ho-dynamics. Wet pussy, dry pussy.[557] This is the fundamental opposition. Love/hate; lion/tuna; sleeping child/suspicious uncle; etc. Let's stick with wet and dry pussy. This is a summation of every ho. She can only be in one state at a time.[558]

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[548] As Marquis said, "If pussy pays the bills, then dick pays the rent."
[549] Roll me over—In the clover. Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
[550] A yellow paper rose twisted on a wire hanger in the closet, and even that imaginary, nothing but a hopeful little bit of hallucination.
[551] That and toward a mortuary slab. But, don't remind her of this latter.
[552] Hoes need to be felt to be needed. The money, their work, their ardor. Do not indulge them in this. Only enough for the ho-movie. As Robin Zander said, "I want you to want me. I need you to need me. I'd love you to love me. I'm beggin' you to beg me." Maintain this tension.
[553] This isn't just PMS, but, as Lyndah said, "Bitch bleeding all fucking day. Up in her ass, dripping down her legs Her panties are soaking, drenched in blood. Her ass so cakey, it feel like a bug. She got cramps shooting up as far as her breasts."
[554] They can get down-right ornery. The Horse-Faced Lesbian is a prime example. That's even before considering the whole jasper dimension with that bitch.
[555] As you can see, you're spoiled for choice.
[556] As Ice Cube said, "A bitch can be your best friend talking behind your back about who's fucking who and who's getting fat."
[557] Eat your heart out Hippocrates.
[558] As Lauryn Hill, who still doesn't have a black baby with AIDS, although she has black babies and she is Hattian, though no one is currently listening to her music, so…, said, "Two MCs can't occupy the same space at the same time. It's against the laws of physics." Make of that what you will.

Wet. Wet is 'I'mma get me some money for my man'. This is good. Don't punch her for this. There will be plenty of time for that later.[559] Remember, you might fuck her, but that is not the idea. Perversely, you want a wet pussy for other guy($). This is where the pimp must play puppet master. To switch analogies, you play the tune, and she does the jig. Remember, she called the tune in the first place and the piper needs to get paid. Let's try to understand this.

Slide, slide. Slippity slide. I'm hittin switches on the block in a '65. Come along and ride on fantastic voyage.[560] Slide, slide, hoo, ride. Ain't no valley low enough or mountain high.[561]

So here we go into the mind of a ho, [562] chthonic mysterious brought to light.

Wet hoes are great. But, not unqualifiedly great. There is always a duality within a duality. This is the balance of hot and cold.[563] These are motivating factors and can be understood as ho-energy. Hot is good if channeled in the correct way such as putting in a grind.[564] When it comes to ho-anger, then cold is preferred. This should be fairly self-evident, so we will just consider this quaternary by way of illustration.

When wet and hot, they can become overly attached. Distance is important, but not the kind of distance that we see with dry hoes. Dry hoes are where the evilness resides. This is the place of ho-feminism and ho-anger.[565] This is where they turn on each other and ultimately you.[566] This is where the bottom bitch is important.[567] She should be wet, but, as you might have already guessed, in a mixed way. Too compliant and she'll fuck up

[559] Ah, devilish ice pimping! You crop up all the time. When we get to this, you'll see it is a form of slipping down the ho-pit.
[560] Although not quite like going into Dr. Jan Benes' brain.
[561] Coolio, you made it past 24, but your career didn't.
[562] A hellish prospect for a non-pimp.
[563] Even this despite that fact that we said we would stick to wet and dry. Sorry, amigo. Don't worry though. We won't delve too deeply.
[564] As Bun B said, "Need a real street stalker to walk a green mile."
[565] This is the fear of the dark side of the Cock (woman as Cock) which is Dick. To be/to have. In it's extreme, as Eazy-E said, "I pulled her panties down and the bitch had a dick!" This is an aspect of jaspering. Remember, jaspers drink from The Well of Loneliness.

Also, recall that lesbianism is treacherous. They both want the meat but they don't. It's kind of like R.D Laing meets K.D. Lang.
[566] This is hot, but not really, if you know what I'm saying.
[567] You need a good bottom bitch like Kia that can show your hoes tricks of the trade and suck. "All you ladies pop yo pussy like this."

your operation. This is the overly clingy attachment. Distance needs to be maintained,[568] but it is a balancing act. Just the right admixture is required. She needs to be wet enough to resolve inter-ho-politics and not so dry that she becomes a liability.

You need to watch the bottom bitch, to know everything. In her you can understand your hoes better. She is your eyes on the ground. That doesn't mean you put all your eggs in one basket.[569] Watch all these hoes closely.[570] Still, the bottom bitch is your field marshal.

All hoes need to be coughing up the coin.[571] They will always be hoes, but how they are whoring is the important thing.[572] You need to understand the distinctions. Although it's all in the mechanics, it's important to remember that the point is to keep the motor ticking over. The only variation is what's need for this to continue.

If you want to know more about whoreology, Dr. Johnson will refer you to Lord Chesterfields letters.

[568] As Whoreson said, "Bitch, if I treated you any different you would end up trying to put shit on me. This way, whore, you know if I catch you putting your little funky game on me, you know beyond a shadow of a doubt I'll break both your legs."

[569] If hoes are eggs, you don't need to be too delicate. Remember that there is always a bigger picture. As François de Charette said, "On ne saurait faire d'omelette sans casser des œufs."

[570] As Iceberg Slim picked up from talk in prison, "There ain't nothing more important than what makes a new bitch tick and why. You gotta scrape her brain. Find out whether the first joker who layed her was her father or who. Make her tell you her life story." Surprise her, quiz her in the middle of the night with a flashlight and a taser.

[571] Don't take shit from hoes. They will hold out. As Big Narstie said, "this fat bitch tried to tell man but she ain't got no bread."

[572] Although a more complex formulation, you can take a whore out of the Ho, but not a Ho out of the whore. As Jennifer Lopez said, "I'm still Jenny from the block."

Yo-Ho-Ho and a Barrel of Rum, Ever So Clear, A Would-be Mexican Standoff if the Bitch Didn't Have a Rotten Taco, or Memoirs of a Geisha.

Satin was a scandalous ho. She was an angry jasper bitch. The following is a tragic story of ho-malice.[573] Hoes can be pimps. [No][574] It's possible, but fuck that noise.[575] Hoes don't get or deserve shit.[576] Presumption ends in tragedy and Kaptin paid the price.

Now Kaptin was a trick. It pains me to say it, but it's true. As for Satin, she was a rogue ho. Both renegade and would-be pimp, she rocked the boat. She had three hoes under her wing. And this is where Kaptin comes in.

Maybe it was the full moon or the witching hour. Who can say? Drunk and stumbling, Kaptin was looking to bury himself balls-deep in a hoodrat.[577] He shouldn't have had a problem. There were plenty of loose bitches in our old hood, but he got a little too fucked up.[578] Around the block he goes to where the pros are. Big mistake.

He met a bitch named Finger who was with Lickin' and Good.[579] Collectively they were known as KFC.[580] Long fucking story. Don't ask.

So, Kaptin enters stage right. Out of the El Camino, he makes a clumsy shuffle. His drawers are hanging lower than his bandapa, but he's still trying to keep it locked.

Screwface the bitches. Come on strong and then let them some slack. Usual, decent, safe strategic.

No.

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[573] Remember this with hoes. That flicker in her eyes is not a reflecting tapetum, it is not even anger or hatred. It is pure evil.

[574] Look. They can but they can't. Aristotle said in *Politics*, "the male is by nature superior and the female inferior, the male ruler and the female subject." Now, that doesn't preclude one woman from ruling over another. History has shown us such, but nothing is gained from the example because there is a category mistake. It is better to approach it by way of analogy. It's like sushi chefs. A woman can try, but it doesn't work. They're emotional and can be retarded. This transmits heat to the fish. All of a sudden it went from sushi to shiti.

[575] Now of course there're madams. When it goes to brothels this has historically worked. Think Xaviera Hollander and Heidi Fleiss. This is often because a different type of security is provided and hoes can effectively freelance. It's another ball of wax, not the same as pimping.

[576] Such is Salic law. Note should be taken here.

[577] As Skee-lo said, "Dag, y'all! I never understood, black, why the jocks get the fly girls and me I get the hood rats."

[578] As Eazy-E said, "Stepped in the party. I was drunk as hell. Three bitches already said, 'Eric yo' breath smells!'"

[579] These were Satin's three hoes. The first two names come from a predilection with Good. Satin ate all of their greasy buckets. It's all pretty nasty.

[580] Like HWA. Hoes With Attitude. And like them, their shit was wack. Besides, we already bashed KFC.

KFC were feeling kind of lippy. You know, all ho-feminist.[581] Alcohol and crack were in the mix, so that didn't help the situation. Anyway, the bitches were right there as he pulled up. After outta-the-car stumbles, pleasantries were exchanged.

Result: they found out his name.

Hoes

They were making jokes about sailors being gay.[582] And then they started calling him Popeyes and said that KFC is superior.[583] Besides, he's not even into breast and thighs.

¡Queer!

Well, that gave Kaptin some pluck. He punched Lickin' in the face, but Finger and Good were on him quick-fast. Finger had a switchblade. Good had a small Ruger.

Finger slashed, Good's Ruger flashed. Kaptin went down with a slash across the face. More worrying was the bullet. Through his eye.[584] Kaptin in life, Popeye in death.

It was a grisly death. The contents in the soft round of his skull we spread to the four winds. The three leopards had fed to satiety. Thankfully, a cop that looked like Shaft was there,[585] so these hoes ended up in the clink. There was some bitch slapping,[586] but Kaptin was still dead. Satin had no connection, so she stayed out on the street. The real shame is that she really was the malevolent force behind it all. Ho-feminism and jasperism.[587] She empowered these hoes. Don't worry, though. I'll tell you how I broke her and then later fucked her up.

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[581] Ho-tard.
[582] Like when Mark McGrath who has Sailor Jerry tattoos says, "Put your arms around me baby" and Supercat says "All night long" a little too enthusiastically.
[583] Popeyes is shit too.
[584] As Bushwick Bill said, "Aww. My eye. I can't see. Why you shoot me in the eye? I would've shot you in the body. Why you shot me in the eye?"
[585] *Disclaimer* Due to possible copyright infringement, we can't say it was him. Could have been Richard Roundtree, but, again we have to demur.
[586] AKA, the laying of hands. The slaying in the Spirit.
[587] Meretricous Mirror again. Think of Honey G. Then again, maybe you don't want to.

How to Run a Whorehouse with Panache, The House of the Rising Sun, or Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats (Postulant Pimpology V), or Bitches I Like 'Em Brainless; Guns, I like 'Em Stainless Steal

In an old house in Paris that was covered in vines, lived twelve little girls in two straight lines.

Now, you can set up a brothel legally in some of the rural counties in Nevada,[588] but where's the fun in that?[589] Also, those kinds of set-ups look like either clubs or barracks.[590] Although they're going to make coin, there is a lot of outlay. In some ways, that is missing the point. It's the basic psychology that I find so important.[591] With a brothel you aren't just selling sex.[592] You're selling an idea, an experience. So, let's consider what that means.

A real cat house should be seedy, or at least the exterior.[593] That's half the thrill for the trick. He wants to walk on the wild side,[594] to transgress. The fear of danger is half the sell, but it is only the fear. The excitement is desired but without the reality of it.

Stop. Drop. Shut 'em down. Open up shop.

Here's what you need to know:

1. Goodwill. You need to build up a reputation for quality product.

2. Aerosol to neutralize the pong of whores.

[588] Those where the population is under 70,000 and which explains why you don't find 'legitimate' ones in Las Vegas.
[589] It's why the red-light district in Amsterdam doesn't fully satisfy the voyeurism. Official sanction deadens the boner, so to speak. Besides, bitches sitting in windows? As Cezanne said, "Do I have to tell you again you must sit like an apple? Does an apple move?"
[590] El Campo in Curaçao is prime example of an overlap.
[591] Loosely, *Pre-PIMP a(e)s(thic)s*
[592] These are the whorehouses worth their name. There are efficient alternatives. For instance, in Greece you can find whorehouses indicated by a white light over the doorway. Inside, is usually something like a waiting room. The trick comes in for ten minutes. Exceed that, pay the rate again. This is a straight movement of transaction upon transaction.
[593] The interior can't look too rotten. You don't want the place looking like crackhouse or jack spot.
[594] And the colored girls go,
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.

3. A spectacle, an event.[595] The excitement of a frontier town. One should see and be lured by the macabre. One should stand as if to say, Like strange mechanical grotesques, making fantastic arabesques, the shadows raced across the blind.

   Simulated police raids are fun too. The Johns get a real rush from it, just don't get them too scared.[596] Maybe just flick the light switch on and off and yell, It's the Five-O! Run!

4. This is a technical note. Don't try to move hoes between states. The Mann Act will have you fucked.[597] However, local girls should be moved to another town. They need to have unfamiliar environments.[598] Also, remember the great reforming quality of whorehouses.[599] It can be a form of incarceration. A gulag archipelago for hoes.

5. You must anticipate and address drapetomania and sluggish schizophrenia.[600] Also, Acedia is possible in the cloistered. This used to happen in seraglios. Talk to them every once in a while, take them for a walk, and make sure they get some sunlight. Vitamin D is important.

6. Watch out for bleeding with the moon.[601] You can end up with most of your hoes in synch.[602] Not good. Compromised product. You always need as close to a full complement of the Sisters of Mercy for the imploring penitent sinner.

7. Drugs are fine in bordellos except for the risk with the law. You see, indolent hoes lolling on cushions chasing the heroin dragon and making for a languid air that to fall and pause and fall did seem. Excellent conditions for tricks to have sex with their semi-conscious bodies.[603] However, if they were on the street the wheels of commerce would grind to a halt because there would be little

[595] Like going to a temple to fuck a sanctified prostitute such as a jogini.
[596] Because they are actually a bunch of bitches.
[597] Chuck Berry learned the hard way.
[598] This increases vulnerability. However, Shift hoes anyway. You don't want an insurrection in the garrison. You should be connected to circulate hoes with other brothels.
[599] As New York said, "What you should have did…was send her to a whorehouse, so that when she freaked off with another bitch she'd have a chance of pulling another whore for you."
[600] вялотеку́щая шизофрени́я. You could take, as Necro said, "Clozaril, Haldol, Thorazine, Risperdal, Olanzapine Luvox, Lithium, Depakote, Anafranil, Tegretol. It's schizophrenia."
[601] As Mr. Garrison said to a ho, "Well, I'm sorry Wendy, but I just don't trust anything that bleeds for five days and doesn't die."
[602] As Maestro Fresh Wes said, "the keyword is synchronism."
[603] You want to depress the hypothalamic-pituitary-adrenal axis with shit. Either that or blunt trauma to the hind brain. Phineas Gage the ho.

productivity.[604] Tricks wouldn't get turned and these bitches would probably be locked up for vagrancy. The lesson to be learned here is that if you want your hoes on the street and on drugs, then crystal meth and speed are probably for you.

Now, you will see that this point finds some conflict with other points here such as 8 and 9 below. Discretion advised.[605]

8. Joy division. Remember, these hoes are doubling as entertainers. They are comfort women and need to exercise this function. They need to engage the tricks in conversation. They should make them feel wanted, accepted, and even desired. It smooths the passage for when commerce has to rear its ugly, inevitable head. Remember, bitches don't have to be Circassians. Few whores are genuinely attractive.[606] A few nice words go a long way. The ego is the biggest erogenous zone.

9. Dancing, music, vitality. It should be an energetic space of bustle and society. It is not necessarily a place of high culture, but it should be vibrant and captivate in its own right. Again, it is an experience the trick wants, not just pussy.[607]

10. Keep these bitches clean.[608] Regular screenings. Supervision and vigilance doesn't mean the conveyor belt has to slow. Just make sure it stays well oiled.

That's it. Remember, though. You are going to have to grease some palms. Pigs, etc. Make sure you know the ins and outs of your area. There can be territories that you need to mind. Bikers, mafia, and other organized elements may have already laid a stake or otherwise be inclined to muscle in on you. You might have to come to some understanding. If it stays profitable, then fine. If not, set the place on fire for the insurance.

If you found this chapter uninstructive, you are not alone.

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[604] Unless they are passed out in alleyways or something, but this would be hard to monitor. Tricks would be ripping you off.

[605] As you will see, with so much later to come, *On ne donne rien si libéralement que ses conseils*.

[606] Even if they were attractive, evidence of self-harm, birthing stretch marks and track marks tend to be disfiguring.

[607] As L. L. Cool J said, "Now I thought that was fast, but this girl was faster. She's lookin' for a real good time. I said, 'Close your eyes, I got a surprise', and I ran away with the bottle of wine."

[608] Pimp C said, "My bitch a choosy lover. Never fuck without a rubber. Never in the sheets. Like it on top of the cover. Money on the dresser." Yeah, but hoes aren't allowed discretion. Too much autonomy. The other shit is fine. Pleasure and pragmatics.

Ice Pimping and Its Limitations, Hobbes Might Have Been Right, or How Not to Make Friends and Influence People (Pimpology IS•)

Some say you've gottsta ice blast them hoes.[609] I don't agree, but it is a way.[610] As I've said before, ice pimping only treats the symptom.[611] In fact, it treats it by becoming it.[612] It's an aspect of the Meretricious Mirror that the pimp gets caught up in.[613] You should avoid this. Being close to gorillaism, but by no means one with it, it can be a pitfall for simps and gimps. And Zed's dead, baby.

Ice pimping is when you take the Cock for a Dick.[614] It is the opposite side of the mirror that you never should have looked in.[615] Cock is a dis-embodiment. Dick is an assumption. It's when the omicron wants to be the omega by pretending to be an alpha. Dick is when Hole is considered as something to be plugged. Well, it's not that simple and that's where Dick fails because it fails to recognize the true asymmetry. Dick is a coordinate in a world assumed to have coordinates. Cock is much more and less than this. Cock offers the unstable stability. So, what the fuck does it mean to be a Dick? Well, that's not so simple either.

As Iceberg Slim said,[616] Horse is what puts ice in the pimp's game. Horse is heroin,[617]

A quick rundown is required in case you're still not knocking about in the '30s. And, anyway, you can see how this might not be the best idea[618].

[609] An exponent of ice pimping should always be held suspect. It is, after all, very vulgar.
[610] But you should be impervious and keep the wandering uterus in check.
[611] As you and Michael Stipe are saying, "That's me in the corner. That's me in the spotlight losing my religion. trying to keep up with you. And I don't know if I can do it. Oh no, I've said too much. I haven't said enough." Well then. Shut the fuck up and let Dazzle Razzle talk for a while. Ice pimping is like Indiana Jones and The Last Crusade where the Nazi choses the shiniest grail. Simpin' baby, simpin'. As Pharoahe Monch said, "You sold platinum round the world. I sold wood in the hood. But, when I'm in the street and shit it's all good. I'm soon to motivate the room, control the game like Tomb Raider". Temples of Boom, bitches.
[612] Like Eskimo beats for grime as Wiley was the next man up to try and make a distinction from hip hop.
[613] This is association, but it's also self-dick sucking. This is where the pimp wants to be seen. Conspicuity is not good. As Ian Brown said, "I want to be adored."
[614] And you just become Dick.
[615] It's like in Caravan of Courage (an Ewok Adventure) where the kid touches the water and gets trapped under. Scary shit.
[616] Besides Iceberg Slim, really, as Villon said, Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?
[617] Like Al Purdy said, "Barkeep, your beer tastes like have half farts and half horse piss."
[618] Heroin. Not the '30s. Wienmar Republic, cabaret, Expressionism, anyone? And don't get too frosty on Hitler. He is the O.G. if you want to get technical.

You see, drugs or not, ice is the emotionless prick,[619] or what we are calling a Dick. There is no hint of *gravitas* here. This is ice pimping. You're running on autopilot when your whores are meant to, if you sign up for any of this shit. And why? Be chilly with the bitches to keep the illusion,[620] but ice?

Nah.

You need to be slick, you need to be fast, but you don't need to be a Dick. We'll get there, but let's begin with brass tacks.

A brief note on the nature of the relation of Cock is required. The relation of hoes, the pimp, and you. You see, the Cock is a relation of representation. You know that. The Cock represents something to the pimp, many things to his hoes, and something to you as you perceive the pimp in a couple of lights. You know that too. Now how it does this you might not know.

The Cock is maintained by a steady image. It can suffer variation in its image, but its image is steady in its representation. Pimps don't need to wear the same shit as each other, but there are parameters that establish them as being pimps. These are physical things such as clothes and cars, but it is also attitudes and actions.

Conventional wisdom fails. Almost always. False security. Watch your starters. Sweet Jones was off on this count with, Green-ass Nigger, to be a good pimp, you gotta be icy, cold like the inside of a dead-whore's pussy.

Sounds simple enough, but when your talking about whoring, keep your eyes on the stink[621]not the shell game that is the pink.[622] The stink is the invisible behind the illusion.[623] It is the basis of the intangible relation of Cock to whore. *Ave Maria*. This is where money is because it's the closest thing equitable to Cock.[624] The truth is, the pimp is The Man Without Qualities.[625] And yet, he is fully quality because he becomes Cock. There is a less material connection with the bitch because Cock stands over here and confers beneficence by its shadow.[626]

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[619] This is where Sweet Jones was wrong when he said, "You gotta be icy; understand, kid, icy, icy?"
[620] It's fine. Like CCR pretending to be Mississippi-something-or-other, when they're from San Francisco.
[621] To use a mixed metaphor. Synesthesia. Like Hart, Pharrell or any of the more illustrious.
[622] Or purple.
[623] Like David Blaine's personality.
[624] Astrophel to Stella.
[625] If it was completed, you'd see.
[626] As Zorba said, "let a woman give away her earrings, her trinkets, her scented cakes of soap, her little bottles of lavender-water?...If she gives all that, it's all up with the world!"

In sum, ice pimping is a wanton maliciousness. Being a Dick is being a Dick.[627] Be the Cock. Cut those bitches down to size, but do it with some class.[628] Literally cutting them down to size is a last resort, not a primary recourse. Remember that. Let's revamp the pimping industry. Let's do it together.

Time to hold hands and sing Kumbaya.[629]

[627] The Meretricious Mirror in action.
[628] Not glass. As Begbie said, "That lassie got glassed, and no cunt leaves here 'till we find out what cunt did it."
[629] As ODB said, "My niggas and niggettes."

How to Be a White Pimp (Pt. 1), 12 Inches of Snow, Some of Those That Work Forces Are the Same That Burn Crosses, or Big in Japan (Pre-Intermezzo, Lay Pimpology II•)

…[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[630] See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea* in the *Post-Post Face,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

[630] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Hammer and Thongs, or Painted Women Under the Gas Lamps

Fuck what ya heard. Organized labor is for bitches, not hoes. These hoes are already pooled and the pimp is a motorboat skipping over the surface. The water is his element. He owns it. Forward movement creates a wake, eddies. Tough titty if you're in it. But the water also creates drag and cavitation. He can become worn-out. Dead hookers and shit can come flying out of the water like Asian carp and fuck up the boat.[631] Watch out for this. Don't let your pimp game leak. Check this out.

It was night, my favorite time, when the jungle is brought to life under lurid neon.[632] I was cruising down the block with Fillmore Slim on the Alpine. You know, jockin' the bitches, slappin' the hoes. Just rolling, doing routine patrol to make sure my hoes were on point when I saw a commotion. There was a group of my hoes surrounding some guy. I thought it was some trick trying to bait my hoes, but then I noticed he was wearing purple leopard print. I started to slow down. That was no trick. It was Peter the Procurer.[633] He's a gold-toothed piece of shit recruiter that works for Caesar Slick.[634] I knew what he was up to, and it wasn't pimpish.[635] I could see that Betty was already on the scene and pushing her way to the middle, but I gave her the sign that I was there and would handle it.

I hit my horn and held it, so everybody looked. I pulled out my gun, so everybody saw. Then I started firing rounds off above Peter the Procurer's head. In a second it went from commotion to helter-skelter. The hoes scattered. He hit the deck and covered up. I dropped the hammer.

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[631] I knew a connoisseur whose tastes will always live on in the memory. When a hooker died in the line of duty, I'd heave it in the trunk and race of to meet Norman the Necrophile. He still likes there to be a temperature, but it should be subtle. Specifically, it has to be still in *algor mortis* because he wants it just above room temperature. He said it was like sashimi and requires specific conditions. I took his word for it. Those that enjoy the freshly dead he disparagingly refers to as 'thermals'. Those whose preference is the chilled mortuary slab he thinks are just sick. What this means to me, though, is money. I watched him slobber over one of my dead hoes once. It was unpleasant on the eye. He waited for two hours, until it got to the preferred temperature, and then he was off like a shot. Even though she was dead, I've never seen consent waived like that. Skirt up, panties down and on he went. It took him a while to worm his way in, as he was fighting a fight against *rigor mortis* and non-functioning cervical mucus glands, but he got there in the end and was all smiles. I get top buck for this shit. The trick is to get it to him and away from him before it becomes suspicious that the body wasn't reported earlier. As for his sticky deposit in her, the cops think nothing of it. Almost all hookers have semen in them whether they are dead or alive. Try a random sampling if you don't believe me.

[632] As the late, great Stevie Hyper D said, Wo-wo, IIII'm just a junglist soldier. Fightiiing to keep the jungle alive."

[633] As true with what Eazy-E said, The stupid motherfucker thinks I'm a star, but I'm not. I'm the type that'll kick the nigga's ass. Fast. Dazzle Razzle is a nigga that'll blast.

[634] When you see him, the first thing people tend to say is, "It's a nigga in a purple suit!"

[635] As Fat Lip said, "But when it's on, if it's on, then it's on".

Peeling, my tires made purchase and I made 0 to 60 mph in 6.1 seconds. Handbrake. Drift.[636] ErrRRERRerrr. I looped back in what could only be considered an Immelmann turn, switched on the high-beams and kept him in the lights for the whole approach. Proverbial deer.

Up the curb, over the sidewalk. I came to a screeching stop. My chrome grill to his gold grill, I had stopped inches from his face.[637] This likely scared him, but his biggest concern was that my front tire was on his arm. I hit the hydraulics and Dukes-of-Hazzarded it out the window.

From my new perspective I took in the scenario. The Lincoln was doing diamond lifts on him and he was screaming.[638] I didn't want to create a bigger scene and draw the heat, so I put my cane lengthwise between his teeth so that he could bite down, stop screaming, and regain some composure and dignity.[639]

Listen you little cocksucker, I whispered in his ear. But he couldn't hear me. I unscrewed the cane, leaving the case in his mouth and flourished the blade. I put it up to his face and said, Pay attention, you no-business, born-insecure, junkyard MOTHERFUCKA. This has something to do with Cock.[640] Though not fully the answer, I will initiate your unworthy ass. Think big, bitch.

And with that, I brandished my blade in an attempt to express a complex geometrical truth to him.[641] Flourish, flourish, flash, flash.[642] Before him I waved my blade thusly:

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[636] As Evidence said, "I might switch gears, but first I switch lanes".

[637] As Ini Kamoze said, "Just be nice and hold your space."

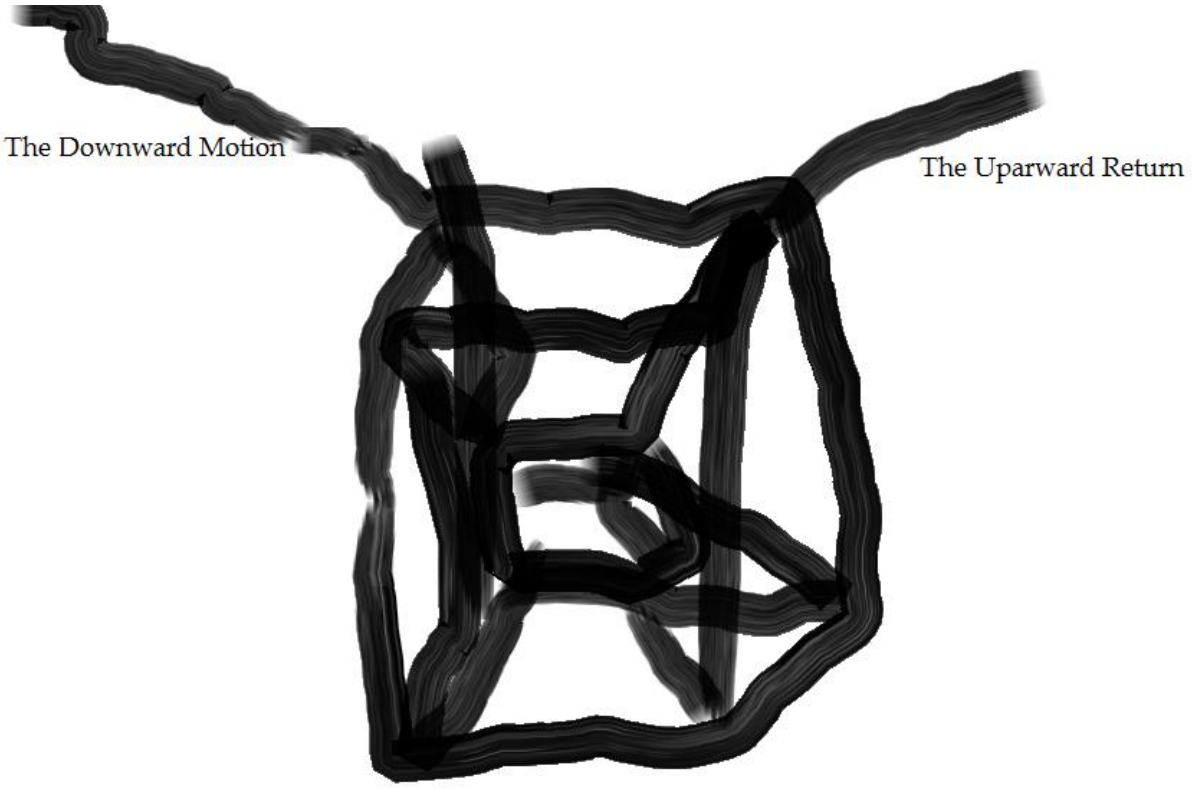
[638] I had the hydraulics set up with certain automatic configurations. The reason for this was that I could do it remotely. If someone was coming to ambush me, they would think that I'm at the switch, but with this I could be either across the street or, if caught somewhat unawares, be able to jump into the backseat, get a round in the chamber, and wait.

[639] I didn't really care about the noise. It's like the Kitty Genovese murder. People see, but ignore. Besides, in traumatic episodes like this, eyewitness testimony is often severely distorted and, typically, irredeemable so.

[640] *Editorial note* An apparent, almost anachronistic, intimation of COCK. This will become clear to the reader at a later point.

[641] Zorba the Greek knew the truth of the kinetic. As he said, "Ah, my poor friend, men have sunk very low, the devil take them! They've let their bodies become mute and they only speak with their mouths. But what d'you expect a mouth to say? What can I tell you?"

[642] The sheen on the blade was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee

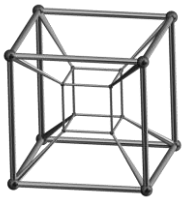


But he did not comprehend.[643]

I tried again, but he seemed not to be paying attention. Writhing around, crying, his focus seemed to be on his mangled arm, so I went around the tire and cut off the fingers from it. My patience can be limited.

This time I tried to whisper to him again, but he was still whimpering and not paying adequate attention, so I used the blade to work away at the base of his gums. I prised out a gold tooth amidst a lot of blood and hollering.

[643] If Meno's illiterate catamite could be used as evidence of eternal forms, Peter the Procurer must have been retarded. Maybe if he would have looked down at the shadow I had made, he would have understood. Hyperspace is tricky, though.



This is truly fourshadowing

Four gold teeth later, he not only realized that he was required to be quiet, but that he had misunderstood the symbolism of my earlier handwork with the blade. I had given up trying to teach him, or learn him real good, but now, at least that I had his attention, I asked him what I really wanted to know. I've heard, I said to the now receptive Peter the Procurer, that Caesar Slick had watched *Willie Dynamite* and that he had become enamoured with Bell's vision to collectivize. Is that right, I asked.

He was banging his own head off the pavement to distract himself from his arm, but in that action, I think I saw him nod in what I understood to be assent.[644]

Now listen here, you sorry-ass pinko. That stupid bastard has the movie all wrong. Bell's proposal concerns collaboration through re-territorialization. Why the fuck would you want to unionize the hoes, eh? And what's this about having a fiduciary duty to them?[645] I'm not husbanding money for them, and I sure as fuck ain't running no pension plan for hoes. Not only is that a warped misunderstanding of the plot, it's antithetical to everything that is pimp.[646] Okay, if I try to think like the scoundrel that he is,[647] I can see an angle in it that might work. It looks like he wants to horizontally integrate, but with a twist. He wants to weaken my power base, along with everyone else's, even if it's at the cost of his own. Anything as long as he remains top dog. Anything so that he can keep all those jive-ass turkeys fawning over him at The Cow Door. Is that it?

He seemed to nod again.

Tell that bitch that his shit is wack. That shade tree nigga. He ain't no pimp. He a rest haven for hoes. Let's flip the script. *Space is the Place*. I am Sun Ra and The Overseer.[648] He's nobody. I'm on the rise and I will not be impeded by mere planetary souls, motherfucker. Tell him, now we can settle this like he's got some class, or we can get into some gangsta shit.

He looked at me quizzically.

So I knocked in the rest of his teeth.[649]

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[644] As Michael Stipe said, "I think I thought I saw you try."

[645] As Pretty Tony said, "You know, all bitches are the same, just like my hoes. I keep em' broke. Wake up one morning with some money, they subject to go crazy, y'know. I keep 'em lookin' good, pretty and all that, but no dough." Very true. The ho is supported by Cock. This serves as the equivalent of money. Do not give them money, let them bask in Cock. This will find further elaboration.

[646] As Chief Keef said, "No you can't get any money, silly ho."

[647] Can I? Perhaps like two boys guessing over marbles. This is too much for now. It will benefit you to start imaging it though. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s*: *Motherfucking* and be informed.

[648] Perhaps this is why Junzun Crew did *Pack Jam* and subtitled it *Look out for the OVC*.

[649] Unlike Morrissey, I wasn't joking when I said, "I'd like to smash every tooth in your head."

Programming Super Hoes, Revisiting the Thirteenth Amendment, or A Brave New World. (Postulant Pimpology I)

If you really want to get down to it, hoes aren't people.[650] People are bitches, but a ho is a rung below. In and of itself this doesn't make them subhuman, but I found that it was more effective to make them think so. In what follows I will explain a number of techniques to truly break bitches and make hoes.[651] These aren't ordered steps, but you will see that many can be built upon others.

To begin with, a good and innocuous depersonalization technique is to change their names. Not just street names like Angel or Sharky, but I changed their Christian names as well.[652] If a ho's name was Jane, I called her Rachael. Better yet, I'd call her by a man's name, like Jack. As soon as Jack got used to it, I'd change it again. If Tyrone didn't learn to assume the new name immediately, and naturally, unfortunately I would have to get violent.[653] However, typically they are quickly conditioned, and it can be a masterstroke in the disorientation process that alienates them from themselves,[654] mind and body.[655]

Along with a name change, it was important to alter their physical appearance. Cut her hair, dye it. This helps create a rift with her past and challenges her sense of stable identity. I actually found it most effective to shave their heads because the humiliation helped break them down faster. Also, in the stable it created a sense of uniformity and helped to depersonalise. The further advantage of this was that she would be wearing

[650] Technically, yes. But, not really. Hoes are to pimps as slaves are to masters. As Aristotle says in Politics, "the lower sort are by nature slaves, and it is better for them as for all inferiors that they should be under the rule of a master. For he who can be, and therefore is, another's and he who participates in rational principle enough to apprehend, but not to have, such a principle, is a slave by nature."

[651] You got to make them take to the saddle.

[652] As Katie White said, "They call me 'Bell'. They call me 'Stacey'. They call me 'her'. They call me 'Jane'…"

[653] This confusion is important. As Sweet Jones said, "Never get friendly and confide in your whores. You got twenty whores, don't forget your thoughts are secret. A good pimp is always really alone. You gotta be a puzzle, a mystery to them. That's how you hold a whore. Don't get sour. Tell them something new and confusing every day. You can hold 'em as long as you can do it."

[654] Some retards do it on their own volition. Witness Chelsea Manning, Caitlyn Jenner and Metta World Peace. The result is the same. You can see that they're fucked up.

[655] Left to their own devices, hoes find solace in being named after objects or plants since it helps kill the acute pain of being meaningfully alive. It depends on individual psychology and degree. Some hoes like to go whole hog and take on names such as Brandy, Chrystal, and Jade. Others like Jasmin, Rose, and Rafflesia. You can go down this path, and it can advance what will shortly be mentioned about the importance of objectifying them, but I still find that it makes them feel more insignificant if you shuffle their names. It is good to call one ho by a name and then transfer that name to a different hoe. The initial distress gives way to an existential despair that you can easily mould. This is counterintuitive if you are thinking strictly in terms of making them objects, but this is actually a step beyond that. It makes them feel pure thing and yet placeless as they appear to have no assigned position in the order of things. They are indescript chattel.

different wigs when she went out on the street and this created a varied product. By the end, I had an enormous collection of wigs. Fuck, I started wearing them as well.

Body modifications are of great value too. I've already mention branding. I was fond of it. However, encouraging tattoos worked a charm.[656] It was important to associate the tattoo with her new choice in life. Not that it had to say or do anything with whoring, but while encouraging them to undertake them, it is important to impress the significance of this change in appearance with the change in life path. Genital piercings are also great as they stress the ho's now reduced function, and help turn her into an object as her attention is further focused onto the only parts of her that now have value. This is significant as hoes need to be fragmented and reduced to bits and parts[657] to help ensure that there is no meaningful or coherent sense of self. This is true anyway as the ho is really just a collection of objects that have a trade value. This curbs autonomy and complicates meaningful self-perception. All you should care about is that her proprioceptive system remains intact.

Now, even better than tattoos and piercings are surgical modifications such as mole removal, nose jobs, and breast augmentation. This has already been mentioned, but it is worth stressing. These cost money, but, if you can, it would be wise for you to make the investment. Not only do these further objectify her, but they have the added psychological advantage of having the ho think that you own part of them.[658] If before they were alienated, now they are divided. They are themselves, but not themselves. From here you are well on your way to making them into full object, yet shattered and sundered.

A further technique, as far as I know unique to my own practice, focuses more literally on spatial distortion. With every new ho, I made an agreement to buy her hair and nail clippings. This may sound odd, but it has a purpose.[659] By doing this, she has again entered a voluntary agreement of exchange. This time it is for actual parts of her body,

[656] As Eddie Vedder said, "All been washed in black. Tattooed everything." He was probably thinking about Timothy Commerford. Dazzle Razzle makes no judgment call here.
[657] Or bit-parts as it is good for them to think of themselves as secondary characters in their own lives.
[658] I took things even further, but not everyone can do this. I have O negative blood type which has the great virtue of being compatible, as a donor, with all other types. I would regularly draw my own blood, and, every couple of weeks, I would inject it into my hoes. This was great as it served not only to further objectify the hoes, but it also helped to make them feel as objects in my possession from the inside out. This can also be packaged with spiritual significance when small amounts of heroin, or other opioids, are introduced.
[659] In this I was inspired by Zorba. "I kept a lock of hair of every woman I got familiar with. I always kept a pair of scissors on me. Even when I went to church, yes, there were my scissors in my pocket! […] So, like that, I made a collection of locks of hair. There were dark ones, fair ones, ginger ones, even a few white ones. I collected the lot, I stuffed a pillow with them. I stuffed a pillow I slept on."

which she would normally discount as not as such,[660] and of no value. With these hair and nail clippings, the ho would in time come to realize that she is not all where she thinks she is. All of a sudden I have a substantial amount of her organic person. At first blush she only thinks of this as weird, but I explain to them that the accumulation of these things is a symbol of our time together and shared dedication. There is nothing untoward here. Besides, Angelina Jolie gave Billy Bob Thornton vials of her own blood, and she's sound in mind.[661]

Invariably, the ho comes around to the idea. However, over time, anxiety starts to build in the ho, an anxiety that is of the same kind that we see mirrored in primitive superstitions and popularised in voodoo, obeah, and their like.[662] The ho would begin to feel that I really do own a part of her, again reducing her to an object, but in a non-localizable way. She knows I have massive balls of her hair squirreled away in a far-off room.[663] She comes to identify with this amassment as part of her but not her, hers but not hers. Intimately her, but elsewhere. She is now divided in space and perhaps in spirit. It's time now to put the ho together again into a new type of (w)hole.[664]

In order to own the whole ho, you need to own the (w)hole of the hoes. By this I mean you need to own them singly and collectively.[665] The hoes' pasts need to be erased. They need to think that their families hate them and want nothing to do with them. *Damnatio memoriae*. They are worthless pieces of shit, but now you have brought your hoes together. Vulnerable women huddling together. This is the *esprit de corps* of the barracks.[666] Presto, new family. Identity of the individual is found in the collective, and both are malleable. Morale is also found. Team building exercises and communal meals

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[660] Being mere castoffs.

[661] *Sano in corpe non in mentis*. However, a precedent is a precedent. I did buy their blood as well—the hoes' that is, not Angelina and Billy's. This blood, being a mixture of our own, I thought I had an entitlement.

On a separate note, Angelina Jolie services to illustrate a second instructive point. Like the blood, her collection of different colored children sheds some light on the anality of the obsessive. If you strip her of this, you can render her vulnerable. I would love to see someone turn her out. *Paging Brad Pitt*.

[662] This notion can also get them wildly horny. Check out Eshu in *Abby*. Shit in a box, shit out of a box. It's an oblique example of Frazer's Law of Contagion, but I like *HellRaiser* and the idea of giving up your life for a convulsive orgasm that'd have the Marque de Sade shitting in his drawers. Besides, it gives a dope sample for Kemet Crew's *The Box Re-Opens*.

[663] A classic *Zersetzung* tactic.

[664] This is important. Like Sweet Jones said, "It's better to have no whore than a piece of a whore." Rather, what is most important is that you have all the pieces and know how to put them together. Sweet Jones was way too old school.

[665] It's like Sir Alex Ferguson's man management and team management. It is why Roy Keane will never coach Manchester United. That and because he is an asshole.

[666]Perhaps with shades of Stockholm syndrome.

help to facilitate this.[667] Many stables are known for their squabbling and infighting, but not mine. Break the hoes down and build them back up. From composites, to units and subunits, back to composites.[668] Congeries of congeries.[669] Always as objects and part-objects.[670]

This could be considered a type of gaslighting.[671] And this is how you own a ho's soul. You're actually doing them a favor, but this might not be clear to them at first. For any given ho, you have given her a solid basis for self-reflection. Here she can consider her ho-ness, what it means to be a bitch, *etc.* This is an ethical position and gives her a type of perspicuity that she likely lacked before. However, this is another matter.[672] Right now what you have is a super ho, and what you do with them from here is your business. You could train them to fight with or against ISIS,[673] or you could just make them high-yield hoes. Somewhere in the middle you could make them socially conscious martial arts experts like Dolomite did. For the most part I just kept mine as hoes.

[667] I liked paintball and fishing excursions.
[668] Perhaps what W. E. B. Du Bois called the double consciousness.
[669] As the apocryphal Willie Lynch said, "KEEP THE BODY, TAKE THE MIND! In other words, break the will to resist. Now the breaking process is the same for both the horse and the nigger, only slightly varying in degrees. But, as we said before, there is an art in long range economic planning."
[670] A terrible beauty is born.
[671] Watch the 1940 British production. It is closer to the play and better than the 1944 bloated Hollywood production.
[672] This has profound implications that cannot be spelled out here. Please see *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s*: *Motherfucking*.
[673] I guess this would make them kind of like Janissaries.

Just Des(s)erts, Popping Cherries on Sundaes, or Yall Niggas Getting' Killed With Ya Mouths Open

…[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[674] See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea* in the *Post-Post Face,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

[674] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Trickology, Trichinosis, But the Flesh is Weak, Stranger Danger, All Mouth and No Trousers, The Great Unwashed, Tone, Let Me Tell You One Thing. I Need $50 to Make You Holler. I Get Paid to Do the Wild Thing (Lay Pimpology IV)

The time has come, Dazzle Razzle said, to talk of many things.[675] Of bitches and hoes and sweating cracks, of everything and between. You see, this is the fuzzy, sticky domain of the ho. But, the ho is not just a ho as a ho is an absence. You see, the possibility to be a pimp or a ho is equally available and this is what redeems bitches. So, what does that mean?

As Sweet Jones said, A pimp is really a whore who has reversed the game on whores. Amen, but if you follow this observation to it's logical conclusion, it's gonna get ugly. But, fuck you. The speculative mind should always be focused on higher truths, and I started sensing something bigger out there. Something that I couldn't quite figure out. In other words, I was having intimations of immortality.

You see, if being a bitch is to exist in an undifferentiated state, the pimp is he who surmounts. By fiat,[676] he separates himself from bitches. Whores are the by-product. For the pimp, ho, 'my ho', comes to stand in for the would-be ho.[677] This is a place-marker, but it is even more significant as it names the unnameable. Before this is realized, this would-be Ho is the ever-present absence that sustains the underside of bitches (or bitchness).[678] By making the ho, the pimp now becomes a pimp in the act of defining a ho. You see, ho stands to ho which stands to pimp.

This is very important. This is the first step in designation. Once a ho becomes a ho, space is created. Within that space differentiation occurs. Both immediate, in the time of space, integrity occurs. This challenges normal relations as it moves outside of both time and space. By claiming a ho, the pimp is ontogenetically created.[679] This in turn creates the distinctions necessary and makes that all-too-troubled space meaningful. Prior to this, that 'space' was only the space of bitches.[680] Now you already know this. But there is more involved. And this is important, so let us acknowledge something

[675] As Pharoahe Monch said, "Ignorant minds, I free 'em."
[676] You may have noticed that this is an impossible position to the already undisposed. Paradox meets paradox. Read on, amigo.
[677] As Curren$y said, "Calling them hoes bitches. And smoking my weed up. Ten toes down Imma stay G'd up."
[678] *Editorial note* with Ho we are seeing the teasing out of some of Dazzle Razzle's later formal registers.
[679] Obviously not in a biological sense, but, technically in a special way.
[680] A possibly psychotic space.

fundamental. We must consider the role of the trick so that we can understand whores. Let's look to the unsung heroes.

Thus far, under-considered, and perhaps undervalued,[681] something needs to be righted to broach any real idea of whoreology.[682] The trick, although much maligned, is an essential cog in the pimp-ho mechanism. Although, and only seemingly a secondary consideration, the trick figures primarily. You cannot pimp a ho without tricks. That is the trick, and this is essential for bitch differentiation. The trick is the ho divisor as the pimp is the multiplier. But this is only apparent. Let us consider the Trick in Shining Armour Complex.

This is a most curious phenomenon. And the fault is likely your own. You see, a trick is a product of his environment, as you of yours, and this is something that cuts to the quick of humanity. Check it out.

Okay, so you're half wasted and prowling the streets. You see a fat bitch and do the quick self-dignity-to-fat ratio and decide that you will compromise on this point.[683] Tonight.[684] Only tonight.[685] Though you fucking damn well know that is just an excuse and, whenever unchained, you'd fuck every fat chick or cripple that you can bring to the ground. Pat yourself on the back, because you ain't alone. Recognize your weakness and how central it is to the rotation of the spheres. Here's the breakdown.

Trick in Shining Armor Complex 101

Stop being a trick. You may think of pussy all-day long, but stop. Remember, it is just a moist hole,[686] but it is also a deception.[687] Like the inside of a cathedral, it is empty.[688] Its absences define its presence, and in this you decide to take action. Be wary. This is the errant knight. Mythologies are created and empty quests enacted. Save the damsel in distress. Why not? Because you have misconstrued the terms. Not only is it an act of

[681] Clearly ironic. The trick only provides value.
[682] Inherently complicated as it would appear that it is an ill-defined area that tends to be a catch-all for disparate observations.
[683] As Method Man said, "Even caramel sundaes is getting touched."
[684] After all, as Morrissey said, "Some girls are bigger than others."
[685] As Redman said, Yo, if you a fat chick getting your fuck on tonight, then go: oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
[686] Angry, evil and without water like The Black Hole of Calcutta. How's that for a dry fuck?
[687] A lure.
[688] That's why you shouldn't give a flying buttress.

great condensation and hubris, it also exposes the hole in the center of your being.[689] This is a fundamental tenet of trickology. Hoes know this, and hoes exploit this.

The Trick in Shining Armor Complex is essential for the game. It is what often initiates the transaction and can lead to a pattern. Now the trick is not likely to follow through in trying to make the ho honest, but it can be essential to the psychology of the transaction. The trick feels himself participating in something foreign. For now, for the moment, he is in some kind of underworld. This can be exciting. He has bought a ticket to the streets. Through his participation with the ho, and perhaps his prior posturings of the evening, he feels a sense of rebellion, of being part of the streets, of being streetwise, savvy, and perhaps even cool.[690] Now, as he is 'slumming', he does feel this involvement with the environment.[691] This is important.[692] Now he wants to talk to the ho, to find the 'person'. This is pathetic. Her falleness is part of her charm. How can someone so beautiful be in this situation?[693] It is tragic, and he loves it.

This is the attract/repel that keeps the trick coming back. He would like to make her honest, if she weren't already fallen.[694] So he muses. It is a clear contradiction, but it is what keeps the tricks coming. If it is not Betty today, it is Sheba tomorrow. Etc., Etc.[695] Oh, oh, he asks himself, why can't I find a nice girl? If only she wasn't a ho.[696]

This is all very interesting. But now let's consider the other side of the coin so we can come to an understanding of hoes plain and simple…

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…[*Editorial note* The rest of this chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[697] See chapter *A*

[689] It is the basic nature of trick possessiveness. Unsurprisingly, he can get jealous even though he knows she's a ho. This happens with all women, however. As Too $hort said, "You probably wine her and dine her and get jealous when you can't find her."

[690] An obvious mistake, but you can see that it is not all about sex in an absolute sense. The opposite can also be true. The trick can also just feel a burning sense of shame. It can go either way.

[691] This has already been touched upon in our discussion on whore houses.

[692] It actual doesn't have to be. Quite often the trick surreptitiously grabs a hooker. From this point he now wants to rescue her from her environment. In this, ironically, the environment still figures centrally even if it only appears to serve as backdrop.

[693] Typically an overstatement. Most hoes are deficient in many departments, but this is what determines price structures. Economics, baby.

[694] As Ludicrous said, "Can't turn a ho into a housewife. Hoes don't act right."

[695] As the King of Siam said.

[696] As Sweet Jones said, 'Any sucker who believes a whore loves him shouldn't a fell outta his mammy's ass."

[697] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea in the *Post-Post Face,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

Neither a Borrow nor a Lender Be[698]

The sellers offer on their altars the first fruits: green-flecked lemons, jewelled cherries, shameful peaches with torn leaves. The carriage passes through the lane of canvas stalls, its wheel-spokes spinning in the glare. Make way! Her father and his son sit in the carriage. Owlish wisdom stares from their eyes brooding upon the lore of their *Summa contra Gentiles*

--Giacomo

The Phynance of Laura and Lizzie

bsam gtan bar do

Amo(u)ral Hazard, or A Villainous Whore, or Wa Do Dem, Waa Do Dem, Dem Do? (pre-Pimpology)

Now, Satin was a scandalous ho.[699] She used to be one of my hoes.[700] Now she was one of Daddy Diamond's hoes. A bit of a bombscare anyways,[701] she was old,[702] fat and slatternly.[703] Indoctrinated,[704] I think she was all into Caesar Slick's rhetoric. Income redistribution, reconsidered rates, pension schemes. That bitch had massive earrings and I could see her coming from half way down the street.[705]

Before I knew it, there she was all up in my face. Haaaaaey, she said. What's up Dazzle Razzle? You'ze a capitalist pig. Nigga, it's time to keep it black. What side of the line are you going to stand on?[706]

I'm in the bread-line, bitch. But, capitalist? That's a misconception. I'm better than that. I'm an anarchist. I have a social agenda. Time to learn a lesson in political economy.[707]

Have you ever danced with the devil in the pale moonlight?

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[699] If this were a play, she'd typically be an Act Five character. Whatever you want to consider her, she was a bit of a last straw.

[700] I picked her up in a food bank. I hate to admit it, but I used to like to fuck her from *nates* to *nares*. Her vagina looked like a patch of necrotic tissue. Either that or peanut brittle. Still, I used to give her the old in-out.

[701] Though she was a pro and not a provo.

[702] The wisdom of Benjamin Franklin must be brought to bear here when it comes to hoes and senescence. "[I]n every Animal that walks upright, the Deficiency of the Fluids that fill the Muscles appears first in the highest Part: The Face first grows lank and wrinkled; then the Neck; then the Breast and Arms; the lower Parts continuing to the last as plump as ever: So that covering all above with a Basket, and regarding only what is below the Girdle, it is impossible of two Women to know an old from a young one. And as in the dark all Cats are grey, the Pleasure of corporal Enjoyment with an old Woman is at least equal, and frequently superior, every Knack being by Practice capable of Improvement."

[703] She was an asshole, but I think you already knew this. As for me, I learned the word slatternly from Wallace Stevens. Hemmingway made him his bitch though in Key West. Respect.

[704] Tautology. Every hoe has to be indoctrinated, but they're not alone. The trials and travails of ideology.

[705] Instead of maintaining a subtle, directional opposition, her arms were swinging in unison, violently. This is a ludicrous spectacle. Anytime you see this, it is your civic responsibility to stop the person (woman) and tell her, as Das EFX said, "So come on and chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self."

[706] As Colonel Sanders would have said, Something's wrong with her medulla oblongata!

[707] Besides, Dazzle Razzle don't get down like that. But he does tenaciously hold to terms out of fashion, though not outmoded. However, there is no written record of "military-industrial complex." But due to lack of application, perhaps no surprise there. See *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

I started unscrewing my cane.[708] Bitch, get ready to dance.

I don't think she heard me. She was gesticulating wildly in a series of complicated manoeuvres and using extra vertebra that would put Bollywood to shame. Around and around, her head was going all over the place.[709] She was getting carried away, charmed more by her own voice than her incoherent screed,[710] she didn't notice when I took a step deeper into her personal space. Then I put my fist into her personal space. Now she wasn't talking. At least for the moment.

On the pavement, clutching her vagina, she couldn't keep her cool. Dazzle Razzle, youz a masseuse-a-gistic motherfucka. I don't know what that means, I said to her,[711] but my mind was already on other things. Also, my blade was already out. fortunately for her, I saw a cop car roll by, so I decided not to open her up.[712] I sheathed it. But she was not going to get off lightly. Fucking crack head.[713] It was time to massage her skull.

And with that, I went wild. A flurry of motion saw teeth, saliva and blood all over the sidewalk. She didn't know it, but I wasn't going to kill her. I just wanted to lay down a marker. That and come to a practical understanding of tribal breast ironing.

Whoop whoop, that's the sound of the police. Fuck, rollers. But the car only went around the block.

There were hair extensions all over the place and her head looked like a faceless, unpleasant clot of hair. I legged it out of there. But before I did, I said, Bitch, tell Daddy Diamond and all of those simp motherfuckers that nobody puts baby in the corner. I'm not sure if she heard, because I'm not sure if she was conscious, or alive for that matter, but it didn't matter. I had to do it for me. If you don't have job satisfaction, you've got nothing. Do what makes you happy.[714] That is paramount.

[708] This is what I do with hoes. If they work well, I screw them. Don't work well, I unscrew my cane and cut them up.
[709] This is one of the reasons why we call them chickenheads.
[710] Bitches like to talk because bitches love drama. Cut that shit short. Keep your pimp hand strong.
[711] Although I do remember a video of Lisa Ann getting a surprise thumb in her ass by a masseuse, although that is neither really here nor there. Besides, what's up with her tits?
[712] Also, I didn't want to pay the weregeld, as slight as it would have been.
[713] As 2Pac said, "And even as a crack fiend, Mama You always was a black queen". *wink, wink*
[714] As Ronald Isley said, "It's your thing. Do what you wanna do. I can't tell you who to sock it to."

Pension Plans are for Bitches, Not Hoes, or But I'm Just a Soul Whose Intentions Are Good. Oh Lord, Please Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood (Econopimpics III)

¿Qué ondas, muchacho? Ahi vienes, te miro. Si me traes bronca me a loco deatiro. Me paro, te tumbo, no es tu rumbo y con el lingo, tal vez te confundo

It is time to debunk some long cherished institutional ideals. In what follows, I tried to explain to Pop Pontius, but I don't think he had the financial acumen. Either way, he disregarded it. I knew Caesar Slick was incorrigible, so I left him to his own devices. In essence, the idea is that the pimp has no business providing a pension plan for his hoes. It is a product of bad inheritance and flawed ideology.[715] Not only that, but the injury is doubled when it comes to hoes over against mainstream occupations. To see this, we need to mind a few considerations.

A ho is in the Game for Cock. Never take your eye off this fact. What you pay her is of trivial importance. That is because she is not doing it for the money. In other occupations the earnings motive is eclipsed at a certain point when job satisfaction takes pride of place. This is when creativity and autonomy license employees and direct their productivity through recognition and self-satisfaction. The difference with hoes is that the earnings motive doesn't even exist in the first place. Hoes do not really make money. Ever. You see, money is their product, not their reward. They give money, but in exchange they want to be managed. That is their satisfaction.[716] They receive back only in the form of gifts from the pimp. This is like the Big Man culture of Polynesia, but with a twist. This is a different form of exchange and needs to be unpacked.[717]

The Cock = money,[718] and we already saw that the ho needs to give this to the pimp. As the pimp functions through Cock, you have removed the value of money for the ho beyond the gift to the pimp as a sign of love. She gives, but her gift is inferior as Cock transcends money.[719] But to sustain it in its turgidity, she needs to keep pumping it with money. She doesn't want cock, as such, for money, she wants Cock.

[715] Can dialectics break bricks?
[716] Like Navy Seals say, "If it doesn't suck, we don't do it."
[717] Or repackaged. With sex and all commerce, it's all about packaging.
[718] As Kendrick Lamar said, "This dick ain't for free."
[719] While embodying it.

Through Cock, the pimp offers his gift in turn.[720] These are physical gifts such as furs, jewellery, and bruises. More importantly, they are spiritual gifts. We have already seen this. Cock provides a matrix of identity relations for the ho-movie. It shrives the ho, making her a good ho. It validates the ho, making her life meaningful. This is the pimp's superabundance, Cock's fecundity.[721] This is what allows him to give beyond receiving. This further subjects the ho to the ever widening spiral of debt, obligation, and beholdenness.[722] Now she is formulated, sprawling on a pin. [723]

Considered before, there is another aspect of Cock that should be rehashed. Through the image, mobilized by money, Cock is all-knowing and has an all-seeing eye. It is the image that sustains a social field. An image that permeates society, an image that allows the ho to put her faith in. Cock is always right. Cock knows for the ho. It is both truth and faith. It allows the ho to shift the burden, to defer. It allows her to empty herself.

This is the opposite of ho-feminism. Under the shadow of Cock, the ho works with *samu* of Fuke Zen. This is the mindfulness in work and it is what gives her Buddha nature. It allows her to renounce the world of money. It is the abnegation that allows her to work in the moment and accept death when it comes. *Kensho/kenosis*. Her present and future are in Cock. In these terms, future income is irrelevant.[724]

Not only can you now see how wrong Caesar Slick was, but you can see that hoes certainly do not need pensions. But why, you might ask, are you roundly condemning pensions? Ah, but I am not exactly. A DC (Defined Contribution) plan is fine, if you accept certain premises, but a DB (Defined Benefit) plan is bad, and a TB (Target Benefit) plan is downright evil. Let's look at a Defined Contribution plan first.

A company that makes dildos should make dildos. Its purpose is to make a profit. This is either used in capital reinvestment or dividended out to shareholders. By definition, this is the surplus that exceeds what is required to meet liabilities. One of the liabilities is the payment of employees for work done. But, it doesn't exactly do the last one. You

[720] *Editorial note* As you will have noticed, 'gift' has been used variously. Mauss is apparently a point of inspiration, but there seems to be some confusion.
[721] A type of Church supererogation.
[722] The loads of sixteen tricks, and what does she get? Another day older and deeper in debt.
[723]In a way it is like what Yeats wrote. "By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill." The bill is money. She is defined by it and passive to it. Similarly, she makes her bed of his "feathered glory". What you have to ask, though, is, "So mastered by the brute blood of the air,/Did she put on his knowledge with his power/Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?" Beak is probably an editor's mistake. I bet Yeats meant bill again, or maybe money, but whatever.
[724] Not entirely so, as we have already noted. The ho does hold out for an endgame scenario where she and her pimp will be on a yacht, sippin' Moët, and doing pure cocaine.

see, pensions are deferred wages.[725] This means that wages owed aren't the same as wages paid. Some is held back in a type of arrears. Sounds odd. However, this is meant to be a good thing. If the employer withholds wages, it is because he is taking them and investing them forward to the period beyond employment. In this way, the employee is protected against himself and financial vagaries. Sounds reasonable, so what's the problem? The problem begins on the side of the employer, but then it becomes everybody's problem. It becomes and intrusion in the employer/employee relationship. To what extent depends on the model adopted.

If I'm making dildos, why am I trying my hand at capital markets beyond securing liabilities? If I'm so good at playing the markets, what am I doing making dildos? Shouldn't I just be a Wall Street institutional investor taking positions in speculative markets, or maybe just be a global investment bank? You might ask, Why defer wages at all? Perhaps the employee should be paid up front for work done, and then they can invest it for their future. Why should I have anything to do with any of this? Good questions, all.

Union pressure and liberal doctrine invented the modern pension. As such, it became a cherished ideal as deeply engrained as home ownership and the universal franchise. How can you question it? Well, if you buy into the idea that deferred wages are agreeable, then DC plans are the most innocuous. Here the employer meets the employee in a contribution split. This is the best performing pension plan because it will live in the immediacy of the market and you do not need infrastructure, actuaries, or the rest of the cumbersome apparatus required to manage this service.

Now in the DC, the volumes can be significant, and the dildo company may access securities at a better rate as an institutional investor, but why is the company getting involved at all? Well, pensions are seen as essential and, if you want to lure the top talent, you need ti have a handsome compensation package. Okay, but this is where the rot starts. From DC we have the move to DB.

DB is a pension that gives you a guaranteed return, but there are many forms and they vary in the manner of their compensation. How does that work? It doesn't. In order to do it the company needs to hold sufficient assets to meet these long-term obligations. How do you do this? By riskier, leveraged capital for investments. This makes the

[725] Deferred in the sense that they are the rightful compensation of the employee. If I wasn't giving that amount in terms of a pension, it would seem that I feel the need to compensate him to that value outright in his pay. There would be no discussion otherwise.

shareholder equity highly leveraged and subject to volatility. This is phony accounting. Not only that, but even these fictitious book values are not adequate.

The DB is meant to look to the future in net contributions from employees and taxpayers. This is what they are supposedly holding. But how do you hold a liability? How can I say 5% in the future when I can't say it in the present? It defies the capital markets. If I could predict the long-term future, I could predict the short-term future. I can't. Risky bets on risky securities and interest rates, this also becomes a credit risk. How do you juggle it? You need to keep increasing the contributions. This is what makes it a Ponzi, especially when you are looking at a diminishing work force.[726] Who will be left holding the bag?

The problem is that by presenting it as a guarantee, one would think it has been hedged. It cannot be. How can you get these interest yields? The cost of borrowing is this interest rate. Not only that, but now you also have the high operation costs for this service. Still, this is not as bad as TBP.

If in DC the employee assumes all the risk, and in DB the employer assumes all the risk, then in TBP you have the worst of the worst. As DBs began to show their flaws, the TBP was born. An even more perverse form of the DB, the TBP looks to an assured return in the future, but it is no longer the company that is at risk. It is the little guy, the employee. How?

TBP presents a moral hazard. Again, we are defying the capital markets, but this time we are doing it with the employees' money. They take the fully loaded cost while risky, if not exotic, assets are invested in on their behalf. In this way, the employee also takes a credit risk. The company must assume some risk, but it doesn't. Not only that, but the company benefits in another regard.[727] When the returns on investments exceed policy obligations, the company tucks in, taking those surpluses so that when the market swings, there will be less to cover obligations. When it does happen, when the market underperforms, the company bears none of the cost. This is the problem. A security cannot do double duty.

A security cannot compensate the employee for the credit risk he assumes with the employer, that he will indeed get his pension as promised. Also, it cannot compensate the employer for the risk of holding the security, weathering interest rates, and bearing

[726] Indeed, you kick the can down the road. You depend on continued contributions down the years, down the generations. These can be considered negative reserves.
[727] Definitely not the employee as he also gets hit with double taxation.

the mortality risk along with the monstrous concomitant managing costs. This is a moral hazard. I am using other people's money without having skin in the game. This is usufruct. How could the regulators permit this? There isn't even a prospectus. And you thought pimps were bad people.

How can these pensions be allowed? They shouldn't. Casinos and insurance companies offer their products by immunizing them through risk management. Beyond that they carry the capital and price the products to cover their bets. The odds are in their favor and, if the business model is correct, the volumes ensure that profit is made by the Law of Large Numbers. It's a muddle with the other two. DB is blind risk taking. TBP plays with other people's money in a heads I win, tails you lose scenario.[728]

Pretty horrible stuffy. These pensions should be set on a day-to-day basis as securities move with the markets. How can you design a product that makes promises that blatantly defy the capital markets?

Now you know why Caesar Slick was wrong. But he was wrong on many levels. Let's look at his operation even before he started thinking in areas well beyond his ken.

[728] As Rosencrantz, or perhaps Guildenstern, or perhaps both said, "heads, heads, heads…" as series run consecutively or concurrently as the occasion demands, entreats, or merely asks. This will become clearer later.

No Better Than Studio Gangstas, but This is Not a TV Studio, Josh! Turn Those Lights Out! It's a Fucking Rock Concert! (Layman Pimpology IIIS)

I've been sharing with you my style of pimping, but I think it is only fair to show you some other techniques so that you can have perspective. What I'm going to give you now is a page of Caesar Slick's book. These are options, and I hope to give them an honest evaluation. His pimpin' is almost diametrically opposite to mine,[729] even before he hatched his dastardly plan to unionize, but the how and why of it I will mostly leave for the reader's discernment.[730] I trust that you are not a complete idiot. However, you may have taken umbrage at aspects of my pimpin', but that's probably because you're a squeamish bitch. What you should have taken notice of in my system is its solid ethical core.[731] Although this might not be immediately apparent, it is the basis of great elaborations pertaining to nothing less than the universe and your place in it. In the account here of Caesar Slick, you will see pimping at its most vulgar.[732] It is effectively category one pimping, at best, and often it is not even pimpin' at all, but what I want to point out are those things that are unique to his practice.

To understand Caesar Slick's business model we need to understand how it was organizationally structured. Caesar Slick chiefly used two lieutenants and an enforcer.[733] The first was Peter the Procurer, whom you have met and I have dispatched. His remit was importing. The second was Loverboy Louie.[734] He was charged with exporting.

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[729] Can't be helped. As Pos said, "Man, my topic of talk is sheddin' shame all over your game."
[730] If more followed him, woe be unto us. As KRS-One said, "If you were to rule or govern a certain industry, all inside this room right now would be in misery. No one would get along nor sing a song."
[731] Again, this will be significantly elaborated upon in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. At this point you may have to take it as an article of faith. This should resonate later, once you've read *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s*,

rāsotsavaḥ sampravṛtto
gopī-maṇḍala-maṇḍitaḥ
yogeśvareṇa kṛṣṇena
tāsāṁ madhye dvayor dvayoḥ
praviṣṭena gṛhītānāṁ
kaṇṭhe sva-nikaṭaṁ striyaḥ
yaṁ manyeran nabhas tāvad
vimāna-śata-saṅkulam
divaukasāṁ sa-dārāṇām
autsukyāpahṛtātmanām

Okay, it should have been in Devanāgarī. Ignore the irony.
[732] As KRS-1 said, "trying to be macks, but acts [*sic*] like ignorant blacks."
[733] As KRS-1 said, "A lot of suckers with colorful names. I'm so-and-so. I'm this. I'm that. Huh, but they all just wick-wick-wack."
[734] Don't wanna wash no face, but these twats are what give the *lumpenproletariat* a bad name.

Knuckle Duster the Kniggro was the muscle.[735] From this basic division we will see how Caesar slick operated and how his pimping techniques were a product of this simple division of labor.

Peter the Procurer effectively had an office job at The Cow Door. He dealt actively with human traffickers. Often these transactions were for Asian women. He found that the Chinese were cheap, but Indo-Chinese cheaper.[736] He bought them in bulk and stocked up Caesar Slick's rub-and-tug The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal. Because his Far East suppliers placed limited value on human life, and trafficked in all types of flesh, the opportunity that presented itself in the red market proved to strong for Peter the Procurer. This was lucrative and began to affect more traditional business decisions. Depending on market conditions, sometimes he put healthy hookers under the knife and harvested their organs.

This became indicative of a lot of the goings-on in The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal as it was managed from the administrative seat at The Cow Door. Non-traditional medicines were embraced such as rhino horn, monkey palms, tiger piss and heroine.[737] His association with tongs saw the introduction of soft contraband such as irregular clothes and furniture. This continued to build as his contacts put him in touch with Chinese arms merchants. Armalites, various machine pistols, Semtex, and bouncing betties followed.[738] All of a sudden Caesar Slick had his fingers in many, untraditional pies when it should have just been in pie.

This diversity put pressure on his primary holding The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal. one day the cops busted down the door to find naked Chinese women cutting up cocaine assembly-line fashion. They had expected to catch these women whacking off tricks, but what they found were women with no papers,[739] but in possession of large quantities of drugs, human organs and rhino horn. Caesar Slick would come to rue this

[735] Knuckle Duster the Kniggro thought of himself as a gangsta, but his real name was Clarence. He was still scary though.
[736] Truly bang for buck. You can stack Cambodian women up like cordwood inside freight containers. Just try to provide some ventilation, otherwise a lot of them won't survive the journey.
[737] Only some of the above is good for virility. I cannot account for the rest, and I use none of it. However, I do have a gorilla hand that I use for an ashtray, and sometimes when I feel guilty about masturbating. You needn't do the like, but don't stress if you do. Neither he nor you will ever have hairy palms.
[738] It sounds more like his connections were with the Provisional IRA, but I assure you this was not the case. Maybe the old IRA with the bouncing betties, but no.
[739] Communication was also difficult. As Anthony Kiedis said, "Ding, dang, dong, dong, deng, deng, dong, dong, ding, dang".

discovery by the pigs.[740] It did make him realize something though. Rub-and-tugs were not overly productive without these extras. Most of the time the bitches were just sitting around playing Mahjong and waiting for drunk white guys to show up. Even when there were tricks, things could be better managed. The massage pretense was really just a waste of time. There was a lot of overhead as well. Fuck this shit. These bitches should be on the streets putting in a proper grind. Dispose of the pretext and streamline.

In the fallout of this bust, the scope of Caesar Slick's operation changed. Becoming less focused on Asian girls, Peter the Procurer looked to homegrown talent. Loverboy Louie took control of overseas operations. On assignment in Albania, Loverboy Louie was tasked with corrupting the innocent. Here he would make semi-impoverished girls fall in love with him as he promised a new start and the riches of the West. Once confidence was won, these girls were smuggled into the country. Destitute and vulnerable, these girls proved pliable. However, their cultural attachment to headscarves proved difficult to break. The problem is that it makes them look either like peasants that you don't want to fuck, or like gangster bitches you don't want to fuck with. Either way, it doesn't spell money.

Stateside, Peter the Procurer got involved in drugs again. This time it was to control hoes.[741] Freebasing crack-cocaine was pretty popular with the back ones, shooting cocaine-heroine speedballs with the whites.[742] In this way, dependencies were created and he had these hoes selling their ass for their next fix.[743] However, when this didn't prove to be sufficiently motivating, he would pimp stick them. This is a traditional practice involving the binding of coat hangers together and using them to batter hoes. If you like, you can heat them up and introduce them into orifices. Peter the Procurer liked. I question the wisdom of this practice from start to finish, but I'm trying to be impartial.[744]

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[740] I sympathize here. I hate the meddlesome nature of law enforcement. Like Snoop said, "187 on undercover cop."

[741] As much as I rail against it, there is method to this. Some hoes like to be out to lunch to put up with the degradation. As Colin Blunst1 said, "Please don't bother trying to find her. She's not there."

[742] There are different types of gear, but an integral instrument is the 'runcible spoon'.

[743] I've stated elsewhere my reservations about drug use. Amongst other problems, the way I see it is that what you put in at the front, you won't get out in the end. You can save more money by keeping a ho strung-out, but she's not going to pull it in as well either. She can also become unreliable and start holding out on you. Like Biggie Smalls said, albeit in a very different context, "you think a crackhead payin' you back, shit forget it". You can't trust a junky with money. You don't want the pusher being her priority, it wrecks Cock. The truth is that you should always be, like Rakim said, "Paid in full." Best if it's upfront. I like to keep retainers from tricks on hoes so the bitch's ass is already rented out in advance. It also establishes good custom.

[744] Instead of fucking up hookers and their pussies, I did something different. I disciplined them with pussy projectiles. What are those, you ask. Well, this is when you take a cat and, if you're right handed, overhand grip it

A final method for compliance was the kidnapping of children.[745] This was effective and this is where Knuckle Duster the Kniggro came in. Hoes will really work if they think that the life of their child is in danger.[746] Again, this is not something that I strictly advocate. It's all rather amateurish and, again, you're mixing your vices. It's best to stay unadulterated pimp. It keeps the veneer of respectability. You don't want to bring the heat down on your head because you have a semi-conscious ten-year-old in a sack and in your trunk.

Having been recalled, Lover Boy Louie was sent into the rural South to round up fresh turnouts.[747] Appalachian country. Hillbillies can always be lured by the promises of the big lights.[748] No problem. The trick was to win their confidence like the rest, but he would proceed in a twofold manner. First, he would get them all strung-out and see if he could get them into an interracial gangbang. If he succeeded, he had won. He would threaten to send pictures of little Luanne all high and with bloodshot, glazed eyes taking three or four black cocks at once. That will definitely knock old Jed off his tractor.[749] If she didn't bite on the gangbang, he would then just roofie her and then

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with your left and cup its ass with your right. Flip the cat so it's upside down and over your right shoulder, wind up, and throw it as hard as you can at a hooker. It doesn't have to be at her face. What happens though is that the cat goes berserk because of the nature of the handling, and because it is completely disoriented at the point of release which is effectively a shot-put. The result is that he's scared and the hooker's scared. His claws are extended as he desperately tries to aright himself, but he can't because the distance between him being airborne and impact with the cowering hooker is about four feet. The beauty of all this is that cats are inexpensive (just go around and throw a bunch in a sack, like a Chinese restaurateur, or just go to The Limp Noodle itself, so that you always have them on hand) and the hooker doesn't get permanent injuries. Cat scratches are just that. Thin and shallow lacerations, with the possibility of cat scratch fever. If you really want, but this is somewhat vicious, you can put the hooker and two cats in a sack and introduce them to water. In *poena cullei* the Romans used a dog, monkey, and snake, and threw it all into a river. This is terminal, and the animal combination isn't the easiest to get your hands on. My approach was only disciplinary and the variation was to put this sack in the bathtub and start filling up the water to two-thirds. This is very, very noisy and you'll likely have some mopping to do later.

[745] They wuz two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

[746] The extended converse is also possible. You can also kidnap elderly relatives, but this doesn't have the same effect. In part this is due to hoes usually not having a meaningful family beyond the product of irresponsible pregnancies. As Jimmy Savile said, Stick to the children.

[747] He also used Cheryl the Shill who he would plant in a high school to tell the girls how cool it is to take drugs and to become a whore. To my understanding this only produced mixed results.

[748] As Anthony Kiedis said, "young Kentucky girl with a sky-lit bra".

[749] David Allan Coe said "And to think I'd ate the pussy where that big, black dick had been. And kissed the lips that sucked him off time and time again. It's enough to make a man throw up. Sure is hard to figure how any decent girl could ever fuck a greasy nigger." The lady doth protest too much, me thinks.

subject her to the same.[750] This second way was messier, but equally effective. Ultimately, compliance was secured. It was good if she had a child, because, as outlined above, these could be kidnapped and held as collateral.[751] In such a manner, this is how Caesar Slick built his stable, but we should consider his style of pimping beyond procurement.

Now, as already noted, Caesar Slick was effectively a category one pimp. The background work was arranged by his two lieutenants, but on the street Caesar Slick ran his hoes through the machinery of the Game. Being all image can be a strength, but, if you start staring too closely, it can be mesmerising and distorting like the mirrors in a fun house. Put a circus monkey in there and his attention will be held for a couple moments as he encounters his likeness and then its varying distortions in this hall of mirrors. Put a bitch in there and she'll spend a lot of time considering herself. The ape says, Fuck this. Fobbed epistemology so cheap it is not worth the price of admission.[752] The bitch tries to find her likeness, then flattering and unflattering re-proportions of it.[753] The bitch says, That's me, but so is that, but that is not. It's actually a matrix of negation that seems to posit singular wholeness, this wholeness in the distance that is given solidity by the whirl of image in a type of parallax.[754] This is called The Meretricious Mirror and in it you see through a glass, darkly.[755] It is a trap to all bitches, but it can have the most deleterious effect on hoes as they already have little going for them.

This was Caesar Slicks' problem. He encouraged this type of identification because he knew no better. The hoes would go into tailspin with street identifications. This is problematic and can be responsible for something known as ho-feminism.[756] This is where you have mean hoes. They'll be on the corner throwing up gang signs, swearing like sailors and intimidating tricks.[757] You don't want this.[758] Some how they think it is

[750] Loverboy Louie actually typically used either chloral hydrate or GHB (gamma-Hydroxybutyric acid), not really roofies (Rohypnol/flunitrazepam), but he called it the funky cold medina. Sometimes he would just coldcock them.
[751] This is still staking a wager. Often hoes don't even care about their semi-retarded crack-babies. This is understandable.
[752] True of any old ape, but Hanuman saw through this shit the quickest.
[753] It's true. That's why they often say, a cute bitch is obtuse.
[754] This lateral or forward movement stabilizes. However, when a bitch is stationary the Droste effect will have her fearing annihilation and suicide is soon on the cards. Only a pimp can stare into the abyss and smile. But for the how and why, you will need to turn to *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.
[755] Mirror, mirror on the wall…
[756] As Daryl Hall said, "I wouldn't if I were you. I know what she can do. She's deadly, man, and she could really rip your world apart. Mind over matter. Ooh, the beauty is there, but a beast is in the heart."
[757] Saying shit like, "Oh my Lanta!" Uncle Jessie up in the House.
[758] Like the Whoreson's ho, Ruby, "Her attitude towards her last pimp was no news to me. It was common knowledge up on the track that her pimp had been scared of her. She had a reputation for being quick and good with a knife and had been known to cut a few people of both sexes."

empowering and the inverse of their sexual function.[759] They'll be saying all kinds of nasty shit.[760] Calling elderly folk pussies and cocksuckers and saying things to school children like, Suck my dick, bitch. This is unpleasant and should be nipped in the bud.[761] If left unattended, the identifications with other aspects of street life will intensify and you'll find them out stealing, bearing weapons and trying to clash with the police.

I hope I have presented a reasonable account of Caesar Slick's pimpin'. As I started coming up on the scene, he began to question many aspects of it himself. This is where his plan to unionize came in in order whitewash his failures.[762] He wanted job-shadowing, flat rates, income pooling, and some rudimentary form of ho representation.[763] He had a big operation, but his hoes weren't as good as mine. It was around this time that I got to thinking that this motherfucker has to go.

[759] Gangster bitches are never attractive. However, I have seen a couple productions where Maria from the Sharks looks kind of sexy. Also, some of the bitches in *Switchblade Sisters* are hot. But, as a rule of thumb, no. They're like spotted hyenas with horrifying pseudo-phalluses.

[760] "Skandalouz hoes", like 2Pac said. An instance can be found in any of Choice, HWA, or my favorite, Kia. As Khia who went on record saying "my neck, my back, lick my pussy and my crack."

[761] It is similar to how Jerry Lewis said women cannot be comedians. "I can't see women doing that. It bothers me. I cannot sit and watch a lady diminish her qualities to the lowest common denominator. I just can't do that."

[762] Although unions make no sense, if you really consider it, we are basically run like a guild. There is no top-down structure as such, but there is a lot in the way of self-regulation. Freelance work is frowned upon and certain industry standards are expected. The market is partially controlled and the physical and spiritual welfare of hoes is considered, though often dismissed. With the typical oral transmission of pimp wisdom, apprenticeship is central and membership partially regulated. Most importantly, fuck with a pimp's business and he'll go medieval on your ass.

[763] When I told him that it sounded more like ho communism, he just smiled. That's when I could see in his smile that it was all about me. He just said," *On ne saurait faire d'omelette sans casser des œufs.*"

How to Be a Ghetto Superstar, or It's All Good in the Hood (Postulant Pimpology III)

…[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[764] See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea* in the *Post-Post Face,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

[764] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Matthew 5:46, The Pimp Caucus, Hammer and Sickle Cell, or I Got No Love for These Niggas. There's No Need to Be Friends

Who the fuck is this? Paigin' me at 5:46, crack of dawnin', but it was the afternoon, and my pager was always blowin' up like nitro. It's my nigga Pop from the barbershop, but it wasn't my pager that grabbed my intention, although it was my nigga Pop. However, his name was actually Matthew,[765] but who cares? It was 5:46 pm, and it was a conventional salutation. He called to me as I was about to pass his door.

Whaddup? Come on in, Dazzle Razzle. We've missed you. Don't worry. Come into Shaved and Sterilized. It's your home away from home. No bitches in here.[766] Plus, this is neutral gang territory, he said.[767] There are people here waiting to see you. Remember them niggas from the hill up in Brownsville that you rolled dice wit, smoked the blunts, and got nice wit?[768] I didn't require much persuasion. Those were some good ol' boyz, but fuck it. It wasn't that anyway. Once my eyes clapped onto it, I was sold. The barber pole always captivated my imagination. It reminds me of taking a Black and Decker to someone's skull, the helical grooves pulling up white bone fragments, blood and gore along the cool, blue steel.[769] Besides, thinking of skulls, my hair was getting nappy,[770] and that will not do.

I stepped inside into the cozy environment of confraternity, gossip, and braggadocio, or so I thought. Rather, I stepped into an atmosphere of mistrust and suspicion. There were the usual suspects. I should have known. Caesar Slick was getting a perm, Daddy Diamond was getting his sideburns trimmed, Pop Pontius was getting his nails done.

Fossyholes.

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[765] But he was a Pop to many of us. He shined the meanest shoe this side of Timbuktu.

[766] Untrue. You will see.

[767] Just an expression. Real pimps aren't involved in gangs, but the scene was getting heated. So, in a way, he was correct.

[768] I should have picked up on the tenor of this Biggie reference, and perhaps I wouldn't have entered. Perhaps this was all in code and he was trying to warn me. You see, Pop was a genuinely good guy. Although, I did burn his house down after all of this.

[769] You can put their head in a vice and a bowl underneath just to keep everything neat. This can take the synaesthesia to a whole new level. As Crane said, "With shimmering blue from the bowl in Circe's hall. Their brown eyes blacken, and the blue drop hue." Besides, the original barber pole, in the good old days when the barber was also a surgeon, was designed so that a customer could grab it and allow the blood that was being let from their arm run down its grooves for collection in a bowl. Kind of the opposite of how I used my drill.

[770] Fuck that. Remember Denzel Washington playing Malcolm X and painfully straightening his hair? Processed and marcelled. As Hooper X said, "They trying to tell us that deep down inside we wants to be white!" Cultural appropriation is a real nigger.

Knuckle Duster the Kniggro was at the door, and then blocked it after my entrance. I could see where this was going. Fucking theatre in the round.

Oyez oyez

Caesar Slick began the proceedings.

Listen, Dazzle Razzle, he said. Time to parley. The heat. It's comin' down hard. We got to get our shit together! Now, we always been loose. Dealin' off the turf like it was never gonna run dry. That ain't no business. No other game is run so disorganized. Look around. Everything that is taking care of business is together, dig it? Tight!! together.[771] We need to reconsider our stance toward hoes and their management. We need to rethink the Game.[772] We need to work together not just for ourselves, but for our hoes. These hoes need job security and guaranteed wages.[773] It is only right. To do this, we need to level the difference. As managers, we need to be able to relate to our hoes. More importantly, they need to be able to relate to us. I propose the following.

Admiringly, Pop Pontius added, 'For God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

Starting January 1st, hoes get a daily percentage as part of a profit sharing initiative. All receive equally irrespective of transactions conducted, as we are no longer referring to their service as turning tricks. More importantly, numbers are just numbers. Lord knows, they all put their little hearts into it, but not all can turn the same number of tricks—I mean, transactions. They will work collectively in the spirit of camaraderie. More importantly, we will circulate them amongst our stables to give them a sense of self-ownership and empowerment.[774] Uniformity is the ideal. Fittingly, I propose we have uniforms for the hoes to establish equality.[775] Also, we will stop calling them hoes and will now refer to them as coital engineers. This is only the beginning of our

[771] You can see that, just like with a renegade, he was trying to put me under a form of pimp arrest. In the end, he did in a way. It felt like Naxos leaving the Delian League. This is why it is so wrong. A democratic empire is a contradiction. Anyway, I support anarchism. Similarly, the pimp should be his own man, even though he is subject to higher powers [*Editorial note* that will only become clear later]. He is not beholden to a man or a group. There should be no institutional arm. Even if we operate in the spirit of agreement, it is tacit. There need be no quorum for any course of action, let alone unanimity. Caesar Slick truly was a prick.

[772] Like Bell said, "you've got to have vision."

[773] The argument was convoluted. It seemed to have something to do with a lack of minimum wage in underworld economies. Something to do with "living wages'. I don't know, but it was all rabblerousing.

[774] Now what is this? This is pimp castration. This is ignoring Cock. He could basically say with Pharrell, "Homeboy, I came to party, yo' girl was lookin' at me. She's a haggler naw I'm not taggin' her." You should, you must. Otherwise, you ain't no pimp. Keep breaking and rolling bitches.

[775] It turns out, as a leveller, he want them all to wear pleather hot pants and FUBU sweaters. I'm not sure where he was going with this.

considerations. We need widespread change. This is the essence of reform and this should start from the top. To facilitate this change, we think that there should be sumptuary laws.

Less approvingly, Pop Pontius now conceded, This is too long.

Pimps should only be able to wear one piece of gold. It will be symbolic. No furs, no gators. We should be more practical, but not simply because we are entering a period of relative austerity. Let's take a hard look at ourselves. It's not about bling, but about values. Valuing hoes who find value in their job and who value each other.[776] Value is of the inward eye, so why so much flash? It's not less dressing, but definitely not overdressing. We don't want them looking like molls or mob queens.

Approvingly again, Pop Pontius commented, That's good! 'Mobled queen' is good.

We should wear overalls and latex gloves as we take a new look on hygiene and workplace environments. Also, no need sticking out. Why do we want the cops to know who we are and what we are? That is…[777]

Yes, yes, yes, yes. There was a ship quoth he. Listen, Cato Censorius the Fucking Communist, there need be no *Lex Oppia*, I interjected.[778] You're trying to create some kind of siege mentality, but that's because you are weak.[779] Hoes are not people.[780] They do not pass the fit and proper test. Besides, look at Daddy Diamond. The guy is a complete dickhead. How can anyone be in league with a piece of shit like that, I asked. I could see that Pop Pontius was kind of nodding, so I addressed him, You don't believe in any of this. You're just a frightened little bitch. Dazzle Razzle should turn you out like the ho that you are. Not just you, but all you wanna-be-pimp hoes.

Daddy Diamond then opened his mouth as if to speak, but I wasn't having it. I thrashed him with my cane and said, Nigga, next time you hear grown folks talkin', shut the fuck up, hear?[781]

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[776] Even family values. Caesar Slick encouraged hoes to have families and children. No more second/third trimester coat hanger abortions. No more newborns in dumpsters. Madness.

[777] Although not so far convincing, as Quintilian said, it is never a good idea to allow an opponent to proceed to the peroration. The interjection should be violent.

[778] That's tantamount to saying, *Ceterum autem censeo Babylonem esse delendam*.

[779] As GZA said, "weak, like clock radio speakers."

[780] Kind of a three-fifths compromise.

[781] As Prince said, "Maybe I'm just like my father, too bold." Or his father's father as the case may be.

Daddy Diamond was now silent, but I turned to Caesar Slick. I pointed to my cock necklace and balls ring and said, Thirty-five thousand dollars and seven. Motherfucker, can you buy that?

Pop Pontius laughed.

Seeing that I was gaining ground, Caesar Slick shuffled his pack, but it was the same shit. Dazzle Razzle, he chided, how can you live with yourself if your hoes are not provided for? Provided for life? I'm talking pensions here. Specifically, Target Benefit Plans. Not only that, but we need to provide comprehensive insurance. Look here, I've got Peter the Procurer on disability and Satin is in ICU with a discouraging prognosis. I'm paying for that, because it's the right thing to do. And…

I couldn't take any more of this shit. Interrupting him again, Fuck this powwow, I said. I'll have no truck with you syndicalistic motherfuckers.[782] I'll go my way, you go yours.[783] You don't even have a rudimentary idea of Cock and its importance.[784] You know nothing, you are nothing. You want to talk about organized labor, I'll better the instruction.

And with that, I flashed my cane bare, flashed as it turned in air, and basically sabered Knuckle Duster the Kniggro there.[785] I slashed him across the belly and, when he fell down holding his gut, trying to keep his entrails in, I slashed through his hamstrings, effectively severing them.[786] Disability that, motherfucker, I said to Caesar Slick.[787]

Of the prostrate Knuckle Duster the Kniggro, Pop Pontius entreated, Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Prithee no more!

I was done. But this second, and more severe, outburst of violence left everyone stunned. *Cum tacent, clamant*. The gold toothpick fell out of Caesar Slick's mouth and he was sick on the floor.[788] Pop Pontius, as noted, was disgusted. For some reason Daddy Diamond smiled.

[782] Like Croce, I actually called them *onagrocrazia*. The thing is, they are closer to communists then fascist, but this isn't material. I knew it was all a ploy anyway.
[783] Although I was tempted to suggest performance reviews.
[784] Pharoahe Monch said, "Ignorant minds, I free 'em," but I couldn't. Ignorance abounds.
[785] Let's just say, it looked like liquid swords. No? Or as Inspectah Deck said, "swinging swords like Shinobi."
[786] As Cutty Ranks said, "Limb by limb we gon cut them down."
[787] As Kurtis Blow said, "And these are the breaks".
[788] Not the first time. *Caesar sic in omnibus*.

After that I smashed a big, comb-filled bottle of barbicide against the wall. White wall, blue fluid, red blood in one another's being mingle.[789]

And with the solace brought from that, I left Shaved and Sterilized for the last time.

[789] Why not I with thine? Indeed, this is possible. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking.*

A Quick and Dirty DIY for Laundering Money (Econopimpics I)

Cash money. Cash from racketeering, kidnapping, drugs,[790] but here we are talking about prostitution. How do you wash that that filthy lucre? Instead you could keep it under your mattress or fuck it all away in luxury items and other flash, but only an idiot would do that, at least do it exclusively.[791] Now you could reinvest it in other illicit activities, and this is not necessarily a bad idea, but you are still going to need clean cash if you intend on putting it into a financial institution at the end of the day with an eye toward furthering it by other legitimate means. The problem is that bankers raise eyebrows when you come in with a wheelbarrow of wrinkled, discolored and sometimes bloodstained money.

So Mr…Dazzle Razzle…You work at Walmart, but you can't seem to manage proof of that. You have an account with us, but you cash your cheques with, as you say, 'shady Chinamen that take a big skim' because you are living behind cheques. But you still manage to carry cash forward monthly. You continue to cash cheques in this manner and then you sit on it until you feel that you have enough for you to be able to walk in here and make a deposit with some dignity. That's why the amounts are so high and in cash. Oh, and sometimes you do a lot of overtime, but basically you make nothing and feel ashamed to come in here on payday to cash such paltry amounts even if you could. Did I get all that right? Hey Tom, come over here. You gotta listen to this guy. Ya, Charles, I heard. Sounds pretty odd. Why is he wearing a fur coat though? It's gotta be like 80^0 in the shade. Not only that, but why does some of this money smell funny?[792] And, besides the fur coat, what's that other shit that he's wearing? I don't know, Charles. Maybe it's a black thing.

Launder the money,[793] sucka. Reduce the risk and save face. Banks will be sceptical if you try to bring in money from sources that cannot be verified. So, find a way to make it verifiable. Simple. Caesar Slick was doing it through The Cow Door and The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal, I was doing it through The Hairy Crack. How? Through placement, layering, and integration. This can all be bypassed if you smurf it, but this

[790] Scams are good too, like White Folks and Blue's enterprising efforts with property.
[791] Find a balance, nigga.
[792] Okay, okay. It's often not literally dirty. Not the money pimps are dealing with. Street corner hustlers, maybe. But they aren't stacking Benjamins and have no need for laundering.
[793] Hepcats say rinse.

can be unduly complicated.[794] There are many, many other ways as well, but I'm going to keep to the three-stage model for the manner in which I did it.

First you need to funnel the money. This the placement stage. The service industry is particularly useful for this because most transactions are cash money. Not only that, but inventory and such are not so relevant. If you are getting a 'massage' in The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal, the only real expense is the time of the girl and some indistinct sense of oil use plus some roughly static overhead. This works, but you could have more streams of greater potential for placement. You could be a lot more sophisticated with different types of ventures, but you will get a solid idea of the possibilities from what I did in The Hairy Crack.

The Hairy Crack is meant to be a classy joint, so I charge $25 entrance. How does anyone know how many people have come in? All I have is a bunch of torn-up ticket stubs on hand if anyone asks. Also, I have it structured so that the strippers pay $100 entrance and they keep all the money from dancing. Effectively, they appear to be freelance so I don't have to keep accounts for them, and obviously I'm claiming a hell of a lot more girls are coming in than actually do. The only other documentation is a rudimentary schedule of who's on stage at what time, but there could conceivably be many, many more girls in there working the floors and supposedly paying a higher rate. In fact, for both the real girls and the fictitious ones, if they come in just to work the floors, then it $150. Again, I have created many streams of possible money that cannot be easily traced. But that's not it.

Drinks. I have fluctuating prices for drinks. Depends on the hour and the day, but they are always high. The units are discrete, the numbers generated in terms of money are plastic. Easy. Especially with liquor. I just register a number of units being sold. Who fucking cares? Even when a transaction is taking place in reality there is a skim.[795] Now, even with that, bottle depletion is only an estimate. Besides, and most importantly, if I order x crates of y, I only need to have legitimately purchased x. How I shifted y can be fabricated. I can just say I sold so much Hennessey. Doesn't need to physically exist in my inventory anyway. I often buy it and sell it to another bar where I take a small hit on

[794] Smurfing is when you parcel out your amounts in calculated deposits with numerous financial institution, and/or an array of monetary instruments, but this involves strategy to ensure that patterns remain unrecognised by bank administrators or regulators. I don't like it because, if you get caught, a lot can be investigatively reconstructed. It all looks bad especially when there are offshore accounts involved.

[795] The girls are typically using high pressure tactics to get suckers to buy them drinks. Oh, I'd like a shot of tequila or a gin and tonic. Right, when agreed, the bartender gives her water or ice tea and she gets a cut. Besides, no matter how much cocaine a bitch does, she can't drink all night like a sailor even if she can suck cocks like one.

the transaction, but I don't take a receipt. The only receipt is that I bought x units of booze and that I've claimed that I have sold for z.

So that's how I get the money in from my hoes. But the process is not complete.

The second stage is layering. Now you could just use a shell company, but it should do some legitimate business. The Hairy Crack would probably have a pretty healthy balance sheet if I didn't fuck with it quite so much. There were a lot of legitimate streams of revenue coming in. Entrances fees, drinks, private events.[796] It was a popular enough place anyway. If a pig came in off the street, he could see that legitimate business was taking place. Besides, I'd get a bitch to rub on his nuts and show him a good time.[797] Now we've mixed the dirty money with the clean, as I've effectively already addressed. Now we're almost there.

Now we integrate it. This means we return it to normal circulation. This can be done through traditional bank accounts or more elaborate financial vehicles. I will get into this a bit more later on, and, despite what I said, you'll see how I actually prefer being outside of the pale when it comes to other shit beyond banking.[798] The money is now clean and accounted for. No problem.

[796] Corporate parties and *b'nai mitzvah*.

[797] It's also good to try to document this because you can extort him later. Pigs might be big cunts, but often their hunger for cunt is bigger. Often, they are just pussies when you jeopardize their home lives and threaten to drag them through the mire. They tend to wallow in this kind of shit.

[798] I prefer Ponzi schemes. This will make sense when you get to further econopimpics. Anyway, I also ran a charity that I laundered my money through called D.I.R.T.I.E.S (Dignity and Integrity for Retards, Idiots and Elderly Thalidomide Survivors—of course the acronym can't be in the correct order because of the theme). The beauty about the charity is that the recipients are so fucked up they can neither say yea nor nay as to whether they received either money or benefited from services. It's easier than taking candy from a baby, or perhaps a mongoloid.

Fuck Bad Boy as a Staff, Record Label and as a Motherfucking Crew, or Don't Go Chasing Waterfalls. Please stick to the Rivers and Lakes that You're Used to

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[799] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, A Voice from Zion, or Throw Your Set in the Air

Betty knew I could be king. It wasn't that I lacked ambition, but that I lacked vision, or so she charged me. She was both right and wrong. I had taken my pimpin' to the highest level, but she felt that was a false ceiling. She maintained that not only should I topple Caesar Slick at the top of the Game, but I could take my game even higher. Although I did ram her head into a pot of sauce, most hoes would have caught a slap for even making an insinuation of the sort, but I granted Betty special dispensation because she had a special gift. At times she had an uncanny eye,[800] like the time when she told me that if I were to always wear my dollar sign tie pin, I would become one with the Game. She was spot on then. I should have listened to her more often, especially when it came to what would have become Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah.

Betty's maternal grandfather was a Rastafarian from Jamaica and her grandmother was a cook from Trinidad. Through the blend of this family line she had inherited a recipe for West Indies pepper sauce that brought the best from these two traditions.[801] She would often make it in big pots and bottle it for future use. Often she tried to convince me to finance large scale production, but I was never interested. I'm a pimp, what bloody business is this, what the fuck do I know about this shit?[802] At times I would open up a bottle and try to feed it to my pit bulls, or rub a palmful of it in a petulant ho's face, but I never actually tasted it. On the day that she was upbraiding me about my lack of vision that all changed.

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[800] She actually had a photosensitive patch on her head like the parietal eye of a tuna. No advantage was served and, if anything, it seemed to be a hindrance as she was distractible on sunny days and in well-lit environments. Apparently, that it is what made her epilepsy so acute. However, I had one trick called Shaun the Shocker where I could turn this to advantage. We'd get Betty naked and induce a seizure. With her flipping around on the floor Shaun earned his epithet. Wrestling her on the floor, with a bit between her teeth, he tried to get his index and middle fingers in her pussy and his pinky in her stinky. Sometimes when Betty was losing steam, I'd tell him to get his fingers out so I could reinvigorate her with my taser. Either way, he had to sign a waiver before I let him at her because she would really be thrashing about. I've even seen her break a nose under similar circumstances.

Editorial note This cannot be verified, but in Dazzle Razzle's accounts there is some mention of reanimating a dead ho using galvanic shock. Something about car batteries and not grounding her. From the insulating the driver's seat, the door could be opened and she would be released into the wild, flipping about as if still alive. Apparently, this was for appearance purposes in case there were any suspicions of foul play.

[801] Interestingly, its origin was in Haitian magic from the turn of the eighteenth century. They say the magic remains, but the ingredients have entirely changed. It is now truly a pepper sauce, but it used to contain the following: Eye of newt, and toe of frog, wool of bat, and tongue of dog, adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg, and howlet's wing.

Now this was a charm of powerful trouble, like a hell-broth boil and bubble. The more recent substitution in ingredients is what has truly made it Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah and not a poisonous brew.

[802] Could be kind of like the dildo factory owner, but Dazzle Razzle, as you've probably already guessed, is much more versatile than other terrestrial life.

Betty was standing over a pot of her sauce giving it the occasional stir.[803] Do you remember what Duffy Diablo told you, she asked. I knew damn well. The fundamental equation was balls and money.[804] Well, she said, he's a business man. Look at the kind of shit the Spider Fourz have their hands in. Now that's diversification. You used to be Trippple Beam. You used to see the value in opportunity.

I was thinking about unscrewing my cane, but I dug deep and stayed my hand while she continued.

See this pepper sauce here? It is very special. It is a combination of many things and, in my eyes, it is a synthesis of worldly and unworldly things.[805] You see, the recipe is traditional, but I named it for my grandfather, you know, the one you phoned just to call him a faggot, and for Duffy Diablo. My grandfather is a true Rasta, Duffy Diablo is both a righteous soldier and a devil. My grandfather is not interested in worldly things, but Duffy Diablo has both the money and the balls, and I was just about to approach him about the sauce when all that shit happened with Bankroll and Lizzie. I *know* that if I had of approached him with the sauce, he would have put it into production.

De par ma chandelle verte. That did it. I could see the implication she was making.[806] I grabbed her by the hair and ran her head into the pot. Betty and the pot hit the floor. Sauce went everywhere. Floor, walls, ceiling. Some of it even went into my mouth. Fuck

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[803] Not that it was cooked, but it was part of the process of how she married the flavors. No more can be divulged.
[804] Although this equation doesn't quite hold up here anymore, it has not been discredited. See *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.
[805] She was acting all Colonel Sanders with her eleven secret herbs and spices. That got me angry.
[806] She actually said somewhat to herself, somewhat to the pepper sauce, What's wrong with his medulla oblongata!" After that, I squealed like a donkey and sacked her.
By the way, the KFC secret recipe, as far as the Colonel's son-in-law thought it to be, is as follows:

11 Spices – Mix with 2 Cups of White Flour.
2/3 Ts Salt
1/2 Ts Thyme
1/2 Ts Basil
1/3 Ts Oregano
1 Ts Celery salt
1 Ts Black Pepper
1 Ts Dried Mustard
4 Ts Paprika
2 Ts Garlic salt
1 Ts Ground Ginger
3 Ts White Pepper

All this, if you're a purist, should be deep-fried in vegetable oil.

me, it was hot, but it was really good. It was more than good. Delicious.[807] I felt like I had shared in both the bliss of heaven and the burnings of hell.[808]

Bumbaclot. I found the word instinctively come to my mouth. This is the love of Jah. This shit is the shit, I told Betty. But Betty was in no condition to continue the conversation. She was rolling on the ground clutching her face.

I went to the fridge and poured a carton of milk over her head and gave her a bar of butter to hold against her eyes.[809] It took a while, but she finally came around. She was none to happy, but she found the proper attitude as I made to reach for the taser.

As soon as she was ready to listen, I told her how I had just had a profound experience. I felt as though my physical being had been translated to an astral plane. I was beginning to see truths that seemed to have nothing to do with what just happened. It was sublime, and it was just beginning. The sauce seemed to put everything in motion for me. This sauce was PIMP.[810]

Bitch, you were so right, I said. This sauce has opened my eyes just as it's burned yours. You did say that in your eyes the sauce is the combination of the worldly and unworldly, but you're just a woman so, like Canadians and people from Papua New Guinea,[811] you are too stupid to fully understand anything. Ergo you deserved the pot. So listen.

I've been pimpin', but I'm coming to realize what it would mean to be a motherfucking PIMP. I've got the money and I've got the balls. Fuck, I've got balls of money. First, I'm going to unhorse the king. I'm going to the top of the Game. I am to be undisputed, the one-only-man. I am Super Pimp and all need to recognise. After that, we're going to the next level. Listen, bitch, this is how we are going to do it.

[807] It was an episode of the madeleine. I immediately pictured a clot of hair.
[808] As Dr. Dooom said, "Like spicy foods burnin' through your asshole."
[809] Sharky had once been pepper sprayed by a pig. She had sworn by this milk and butter method. I had my doubts, but I gave it to Betty anyway for want of anything scientific.
[810] This is one reason why you should buy Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. It is a vehicle for the mystical experience of PIMP. In time, you will see.
[811] And Australian aborigines. That should really go without saying.

Render unto Caesar, or Dazzle Razzle Über Alles

My plan worked to perfection though, paradoxically, as great as it was as a success, it also proved to be as much of a failure. After Betty and I smoked the peace pipe,[812] I sent her to infiltrate Caesar Slick's stable with Cleo in her charge. Caesar slick was still hurting from Cleo having been turned by me, so when he saw what he thought was his opportunity to knock my bottom bitch and regain his lost spoils, the fucker couldn't resist. I sent the two of them out with a whack of cash and told them to break themselves for him. They did, and he bit. Before long I had the two of them in his stable, sowing dissent amongst his hoes, and planting the seeds for mass defection.

At first, when my two hoes joined Caesar Slick's stable, everyone thought I was slipping. It wasn't so. My game was pimp tight. From the opening gambit I had immediately entered the end game. I was twenty moves ahead of Caesar Slick before he even knew he was playing.[813] In fact he was just played. His hoes welcomed Betty in thinking they were witnessing a game changer. With the credibility of Cleo as a wayward-ho-returned-home, Betty was able to work the angles and marshal the hoes into my camp. She did this primarily through Sheba, Caesar Slick's bottom bitch. That was her mission. Get to Sheba and Dazzle Razzle her.

Sheba was crazy hot merchandise. All the pimps knew it. Having her as a bottom bitch gave Caesar slick great respect and status. Seeing my two hoes join Caesar Slick's stable, everyone thought my game was leaking.[814] I had Betty and Cleo let them think so. At least at first. This was the first phase of the operation.

Once they had appeared to have been assimilated, I had them begin a campaign marked out to erode confidence in Caesar Slick's game. His hoes needed to become disillusioned, as his character was to be maligned and his operation shown up to be suspect. Once this was achieved, then all that was required was for Betty and Cleo to start extolling the qualities of my game. Once Sheba was knocked, the others would

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[812] Mostly just chronic, but we smoked some bath salts too. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

[813] This is how you play 'human chess'. Even though I exaggerated on the number of moves, I did beat him before he know he was playing. The trick is using your bottom bitch. What happened was this:

1. f3, e5
2. g4??, Qh4#

[814] As Earl the Black Pearl reflected, "Everybody seems to have a lot of advice about how somebody else should treat their whores, but when it comes down to the real, all a nigger will find out is that all his so-called friends have but one thought in their mind, and that's how to steal one of them whores from his stiff ass as he lets his game get funny."

follow by example, but first I had to pull the carpet out from under his feet. I did this by burning down The Cow Door in spectacular style.[815]

The Cow Door was Caesar Slick's fiefdom. Not only did he own it, but he ruled it. Simply by coming to it, as another pimp, one acknowledged his station and one's relation to him. It was the basis for much of his power and went a long way to establishing the image that he enjoyed. It was here that I stuck. The witching hour, Saturday at midnight.

I called in a favor with some pigs that I knew. At midnight they would come into The Cow Door and make a spectacle by quite publicly asking Caesar Slick to cooperate and come down to the station for voluntarily questioning. This I had them stress, in a loud voice, was about a kiddy pornography ring in which he was allegedly involved. Moreover, they were to say that it was for his own safety as there was an irate father that has sworn tonight to avenge his son and their family honor. Therefore, it was truly in his interest to come with them for the time being.

It worked. The porters put up resistance, trying to quiet down the spectacle, but everyone was already laughing and talking excitedly. Caesar Slick was ushered out of The Cow Door to shame and ignominy.[816] His reputation was in serious doubt, and the other pimps thought it prudent to flee the scene before the father comes to realize that The Cow Door would be a great place to begin looking. After all, I had the pigs name the father as Duffy Diablo.

After the murder of Sharky, everyone knew Duffy Diablo. Although he was in jail,[817] he was still the leader of the Spider Fourz. They may be coming from a different context and location, but word got around that they don't fuck around. With this news having spread, it was at this time that I rolled up in the Cock Mobile and parked opposite The Cow Door.

Most of the pimps left, but to make sure they were out, I put on a balaclava and started firing my .45 through the front windows. I fired two successive clips, aiming high and on a steep gradient so as to reduce the likelihood of hitting anyone. After the second clip, I started sporadically firing rounds to give the people inside a chance to pick themselves off the floor and run to the back exit. At the end of the third clip, I took two of Betty's old pepper sauce bottles, filled with extruded polystyrene dissolved in

[815] When news reached Caesar Slick he was to have said, ¡*Ay de mi Alhama*!
[816] Could have just done a St. Valentine's Day Massacre on him and his crew, but it wasn't my style.
[817] As the Fat Boys track goes, "In jail. In jail. In jail. In jail without no bail. In jail. We're in jail because we failed. In jail. In jail without no bail. In jail. We're in jail because we failed."

gasoline,[818] ignited the business end of the fuel soaked cloths, and threw them both through the shattered windows.[819]

Back in the Cock Mobile, I peeled off into the night.

A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea, *Pecunia non olet*, or Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill the Poor Tonight (Econopimpics IV)

This is currently now in Post-Post Face, at the end of the book.

We suggest you check it out, but it can wait

[818] This is not just any incendiary. As it reaches a saturation point, this viscous solution shares many of the same properties with napalm.

[819] The following night I crossed the police cordon with Betty, slaughtered a cock and competed the rite of seisin. But, what branches grow out of this stony rubbish?

The GAME (Postulant Pimpology II)

The Cow Door went up like so much tinder. The plan worked perfectly, but there was a hiccup. Everyone left through the back except for Daddy Diamond. Being the thug that he was, he stood his ground as though he weren't to be intimidated. Fucking gorilla. His posturing and obstinacy got him killed. He was found fused to the bar. They could only identify him by the cubic zirconia in his rings. I'd like to say good riddance, but his death has come back to haunt me,[820] as you will see.[821]

In the upheaval of The Cow Door burning and the damage to Caesar Slick's reputation, the window opened up for Betty and Cleo to get to Sheba. I offered security and a well proven operation. I was now the biggest pimp on the scene. Not only did I have clout, I was the new king, and she heeded the beckon. The union and Caesar Slick's strangle hold were broken. Sheba knew which way the wind blew. With her came Caesar Slick's other hoes. Cascade effect. My stable was now stacked to the rafters.

The Betty/Sheba combination was deadly. My game was off the charts, but at the same time, I started slipping. You see, as I reached the pinnacle of my powers, I started playing the GAME, and not tightening up my game. Most pimps only know about the latter, whereas I was becoming the high priest of the former. As I became more aware of the GAME, I accidentally started taking my eye off the Game. You see, there are qualitative differences between game, Game, and GAME. An explanation is necessary.

Earlier I had explained the structural properties of the Game and the importance of its anteriority. Within this grid pimps insert themselves by taking on symbolic coordinates that come to align them with hoes and other pimps.[822] This is true, but the picture I painted earlier is largely a static one. The Game takes place in real time and this has implications. Actions are ordered by the structural features of the Game, but the

[820] Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!

[821] As it turns out, he was actually involved in a kiddy porn ring. Apparently, he had thought that there was a mix-up between Caesar Slick and him. He was waiting for Duffy Diablo for a showdown. This actually has lasting significance.

[822] Grimy, true, and completely societal. T.E. Hulme somehow seems appropriate. "A kind of manufactured chess-board laid on a cinder-heap."

manner in which they manifest themselves depends on a number of dynamic principles in the multitude of games.[823] I will personify this aspect of the Game as Fortune.[824]

Fortune is a bitch that needs to be courted. Rather, she is a bitch that you need to make into a ho so that you become a pimp. Like all hoes, she is fickle and can easily go through that pimp door.[825] You need to keep her under your thumb and working for you. Take your eye off her at your own peril. To keep your game on track, you need to keep Fortune breaking herself, because if you don't, the next pimp will, and this means bad business for you.

Each pimp has his own game in the Game. This is determined by his relation to Fortune. It's is the way he plays his game, his unique styling, and his policy choices. If you're acting like a gorilla, you can be mis-pimpin'. This is an example of a failure to pimp and, despite the superficial resemblance to pimpin', this is short lived as Fortune will not countenance it. A simp is always a simp,[826] and posturing and idiocy are never Tolerated for long. However, there are appreciable levels to real pimpin' and these are determined by the relation between one's game and the Game.

For pimps, aspects of their game are adaptations of the Game, ways of materialising and respecting its laws. This is courting Fortune through different angles and tactics. In this way, one's game is a way of playing the Game. In other words, through Fortune one addresses the Game by way of one's own game. This is multifaceted as the reality of the Game is rooted in the ecology of hoes, their material circulation,[827] and the concomitant political reality of pimp interaction. As each of these aspects are given body, the concrete particulars are present to give one's own game body.

So, who has game? All pimps have game, but the extent and efficacy of their game varies. The pimp world is a rather democratic one. Pimps respect one another and play by the rules of the Game.[828] However, as a game, it is a competitive one. There is no

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[823] As Michael Stipe said, "Monopoly, Twenty-one, Checkers, and Chess."

[824] This is Fortune (*Fortuna*) yet to be qualified as good or bad. It is fortuity as pure possibility even prior to grappling with Her vicissitudes. Whatever happens, just never use fortuitous as meaning fortunate. Oh, the etymological irony!

[825] In this way, it is the *Fortuna* of Dante and Boccaccio which we continue to see in the Quattrocento and through to the Cinquecento as enshrined by Machiavelli. Indeed, over time *Fortuna* was capricious.

[826] As Pepa said for man not to be just her man but whatta man, "He's not a fake wannabe, tryin' to be a pimp."

[827] As Ice-T said, "I knocked fifty whores last week, twenty fell off. I pimped hard on the last thirty, twenty went soft. I left ten down the reign, but only one was true. And I still got more bitches than you. Pimp or die!"

[828] As 2Pac said, "The world is behind us. Once a motherfucker get an understandin' on the game, and what the levels and the rules of the game is, then the world ain't no trick no more, the world is a game to be played. So, now we lookin' at the world from, like, behind us. Niggas know what we gotta do: just gotta put our mind to it and do it.

place for the weak. When you see an opportunity, you take it.[829] If you see a pimp whose game is leaking, you go drain him. If your game starts slipping, straighten it out, or another pimp will relieve you of the burden. It's all about growth and power, money and balls. Respect the Game and keep your game tight. Any pimp can tell you this, but only Dazzle Razzle can take you to the next level.

Now, the GAME is something very different. The GAME supervenes the Game, for which the latter is an abstraction from the pure form. The Game is actually just one of many possible Games, but it is the only one purely realised.[830] Why? Who's to say? Chance causality, adaptive strategies, emergent pattern, any number of things.[831] The way a pimp operates is his assemblage point to the Game, which is in turn an avatar of the GAME.[832] Let's try some analogical reasoning.

If we consider a man in a grocery store looking to buy the ingredients to make tomato sauce for tonight's pasta that he hopes to woo some bitch with, his experience of the store will be colored in terms of this orientation. Other purchases may be either considered or impulsive, but all signification is coded by way of the sauce because he really wants to bang this chick. Items on the shelf are regarded, but his attention is selective. He may notice that the man standing next to him is not wearing any pants, but many other things will be passed over in ignorance. He is on a mission for all that is on his list, though substitutions and additions may be entertained within this framework. It doesn't necessarily exclude possibilities, but it maps his experience in purpose-oriented action.

The Game is the same, but comprehensive. It is a scheme, a manner of mapping the world. It is not so much a phenomenological concern,[833] but rather a grid for social meaning. A value system, an instructive spectacle, it organizes a cultural field and structures both relations and behavior. Expectations are established, norms are realized. The Game is an interface within which the pimp and the ho find meaning and identity

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It's all about the papers, money rule the world. Bitches make the world go round. Real niggas do what they wanna do, bitch niggas do what they can."

[829] It's like the way New York robbed the young Whoreson of his two hoes. Whatcha gonna do?

[830] Really there are a number of Games, but one pimp Game. There is a Game for drug dealers just as there is for drag queens. What concerns us in this book is the Game of pimps because it is the closest approximation to GAME.

[831] Note that this had already been identified. The shape of the Game is largely a product of 70s inheritance, but it needn't have been so.

[832] Avatar can serve as a great heuristic, etymologically and analogically. Like the supine Vishnu floating in non-directional space, he becomes incarnate in the likes of Krishna or Rama to insure the maintenance and preservation of dharma in the ebb and flow of temporality. It is up to someone like Arjuna to act or not act accordingly in these moments of crises.

[833] Like Top Cat said, "Phenomenomenon one. Special dedication to all the woman." He could have said hoes.

as subjects-in-the-world. How a pimp plays his game is as a variation of the Game. It is a materialization of potential found in the Game, variations on a theme. It can be used or abused, leaking or tight.

This brings us back to the GAME proper, but this is knowledge not meant for mere sublunary souls. It requires a special attunement. In what follows, I will share with you my series of revelations and the manner of their unfolding. I sacrificed my game for the GAME. Rather, I sacrificed it for COCK.

The Passion of Dazzle Razzle, Don't Be Mad ‘Cause I'm Doing Me Better Than You Doing, The Return of the Oppressed or Alice? Alice? Who the Fuck is Alice?

While Betty and Cleo were turning Caesar Slick’s stable inside-out, it was business as usual with me. My game was like clockwork, but this can be dangerous. I had the luxury of time on my hands, and this proved costly.[834] You should never have time on your hands. It’s like having your hands on your cock. Any time that seems to be free should be reinvesting in tightening up your game. This is what all pimps, if they want to remain pimps, need to be doing. Pimpin’ ain’t easy. It’s a 25hr a day job. You need to always be managing your hoes, running game, expanding your operation. Never be complacent. There is no room for bitches.[835]

You see, in a way, I was slipping. It’s not that I was lazy. Rather, it was because I felt something growing in me. I felt the truth of the cosmic winds blowing through illusory change. More to the point, I started having intense visions.

I was at dinner with my hoes at T.G.I. Friday’s, celebrating individual achievement and excellence for the month having past, when the visions began. The passing waitress’ flair caught my eye.[836] Emblazoned over her right tit were light hearted but irreverent words. It read, I may be hot, but I’m saucy. Too fucking true.

She came up to our table and said, Hi. They call me Alice, but you can call me anytime. I took it as an unspecific invitation, so I grabbed her by one of her pigtails and ran the side of her head into the corner of the table. All coming out and nothing going in, I said to my audience.

The unprovoked violence made the hoes restless, and attention seemed to become centered on our table. If you’re gonna flap your gums like that, I’m going to take out some of your teeth so you can properly fit my cock in that filthy hole of yours, or so I admonished.

Although it was lights out for her, my concern remained with the words that I had seen.

[834] As Daz Dillinger said, “I got my mind on my money, and my money on my mind.”
[835] Like Iceberg Slim said, “The pimp game is like the watchmaker’s art, it’s tough.” Laconic, but accurate.
[836] As Joanna said, “You know what, Stan, if you want me to wear thirty-seven pieces of flair, like your pretty boy over there, Brian, why don't you just make the minimum thirty-seven pieces of flair?”

Having been picked up off the floor, the waitress was removed from my field of vision. However, the words I had seen across her tit remained more than just in my mind's eye. They quivered tremulously in the still air in front of me, taunting me.[837]

I may be hot, but I'm saucy. Indeed. And what could go better with my wings than some pepper sauce?[838]

Before we got kicked out, I turned to Bankroll and said, pass that Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. He turned, looking at me indifferently. I said, listen bitch, if you don't pass it to me, I'm going to kill your family and burn your house down. But again, it met with no response. His vacant gaze seemed to pass right through me.

The hoes were getting agitated.

Who are you talking to, asked Angel with some trepidation. This cock sucking motherfucker right here. Where? She asked. Fucking right here, I said. There is no one there, she said. Get on the floor and give me twenty, I said. She looked at me questioningly. Butter knife in hand, FUCKING DO IT, I said, OR IT'S YOUR LIFE.

As Angel did a couple cross-legged bitch push-ups, I turned back to Bankroll. Listen, fuckface. If I didn't have such a humane streak, I'd grab that bottle of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, break off the bottom off, and twist the ensharded edges deep into your entrails. But there was no one there. Daddy Diamond laughed.

SHUT YOUR FILTHY HOLE, CHILD FUCKER, I barked at the ceiling.[839]

I turned to face the table again, but I was only confronted by the faces of aghast hoes.[840] It was then that I saw the bottle. It was no longer on the table where I had first thought it to be.

In midair was a luminous presence. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. Suspended laterally, it pointed to Duffy Diablo at the head of the table.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R.

[837] It was a *Mene, Mene Tekel Upharsin* moment.
[838] Pepper sauce is better than hot sauce. Take my word for it.
[839] Indeed. Allegedly, Daddy Diamond said he wanted to have sex with the Olson twins. Not now, but in season 3. But, like Preacher said, "That ain't cunt, man, that's still peehole."
[840] As Billy Joel said, "You may be right. I may be crazy."

Duffy, I asked, would you please pass that bottle floating there in vacant space? His eyes fixed upon mine, he rose from his chair. He rose above his chair, and then the table as well. He rose bodily to the floating bottle.

Pointing it at me, This bottle could be yours, he said in a way that left no doubt in my mind about the truth of the matter. All hell, Dazzle Razzle, all hell for you can be bottled up in something that looks like a cock. And it could be yours to hold, but only if you have the balls. Do you see where the bottle is pointing?

I did indeed. It was now pointing back at Bankroll, who was once again sitting complacently to my side.

Right now, he has balls, and you're just a dick,[841] said Duffy Diablo.

Quite possibly. I had treated the waitress deplorably.[842] There might be something in this after all. I listened on.

This pepper sauce is a metaphor for creation. The relation between Hell, Heaven, and earthly existence is just a turn of the cap away. It's not for the squeamish. If you want to be a real man, you need to seize the bottle. Find its balls. Betty made you, but I made Betty. I fucked her and chucked her, scaring her permanently and making her susceptible to your entrepreneurial efforts. Note also that I made you. My influence has been lasting and decisive. If it weren't for me, you'd likely still be a bitch. Just a bitch. Bankroll made you *his* bitch, but I gave you understanding, the power to discern. It took a while for it to awaken within you, but not only do you see money and balls, but you are starting to intuit the ever presence of COCK. For this, however, you are not fully ready. You're still less of a man than Caesar Slick, and all evidence points to him being a homosexual.[843] Do you see the direction the pepper sauce is pointing? It's pointing to Bankroll. In him you will find an answer.

I turned to Bankroll. He was now enveloped in flames.[844] Out of the air, I snatched the bottle of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. In my hand, I uncapped it. With a downward stroke, the burning Bankroll warped, contorted, and flooded into the bottle. A cruel genie of

[841] Dick. I'm sure he meant.
[842] Cunningly, I actually visited Alice in the hospital. She had the workings of being a good ho. Later I had her working coat check at The Hairy Crack. Alas, circumstances intervened (*viz*. prison) that prevented me from turning her from a state slutty pre-ho-ness into a bona fide ho. She is likely to have never reached her full potential.
[843] From them a par inna chi chi man car. Blaze the fire make me bun them.
[844] Interesting image. Like *Jack Smith's Flaming Creatures.*

wishes and fears.[845] More likely, just the master my limitations and failures. In him I saw the great persecutor. He has taken my life, my woman. He is myself, cruelly divided, and must be destroyed for the sake of the soundness of my mind.

When I came around again, I was surrounded by the police and members of emergency services. I realised my hand was on my cock, and my cock burned. My ass hurt too. What looked like stale, petrified bread in my back pocket was in fact a rock-hard scone that I couldn't account for. T.G.I. Friday's didn't sell scones. It must have been in there for weeks. I swore Duffy Diablo put it in my back pocket, but no one believed me. Fuck them. They were wrong on to counts. That was no hallucination, I was certain. I remember Duffy Diablo painting a picture in fire, above the heads of my hoes, of The Cow Door burning and a crown on my head. This was the past. I also saw a child with a Spider Fourz gang rag over the crown of his head. I knew I had looked upon the future.

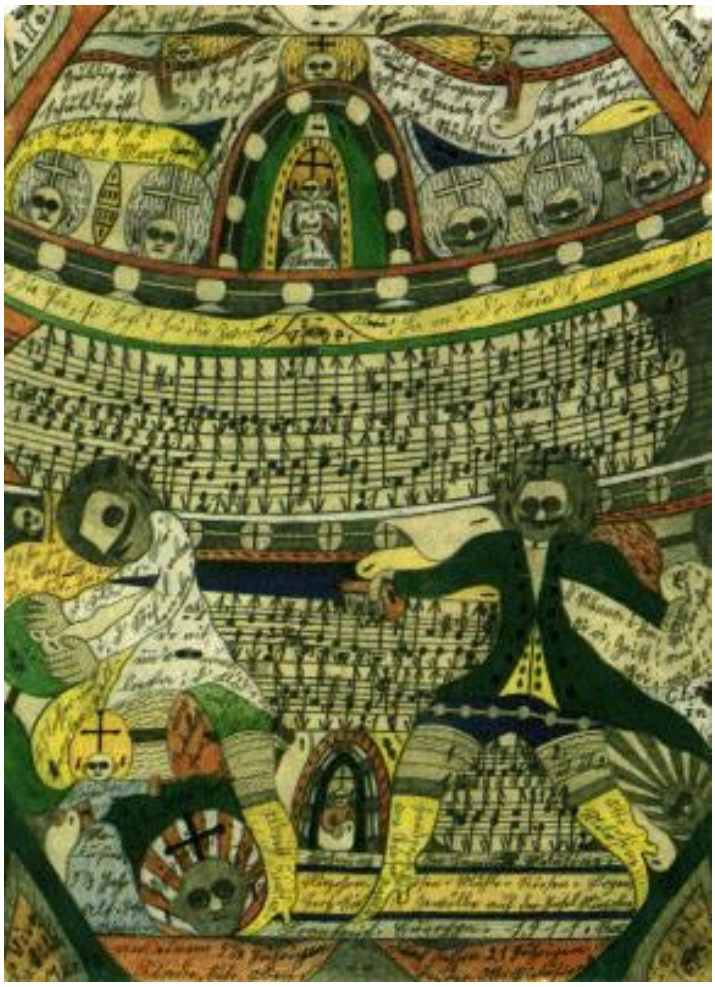
These weren't the only visions. Later that night in the drunk tank I had a profound revelation about the nature of PIMP, HO, and GAME.

[845] Here in this place lies the genie of death. Touch it, see it. Whoa. Here in this place is a means to your end. Touch it, feel it...[Jah Rastafari] Hell [Fyah].

North-North-West

To reflect that each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to enter whereas he is always the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one, each imagining himself to be first, last, only and alone whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity

--Poldy



The Horror Vacui of St Adolf II

Chos nyid bar do

Kayfabe, Kabuki, or Buddh, Don't Go the Daddy Diamond Way[846]

Two birds with one stone. I was hungry and in need of a bag of cats because Sheba needed to be disciplined, so I went connection of mine. Kinky Chi ran a Tibetan restaurant uptown called The Limp Noodle.[847] It was worth the trip because sometimes I like to eat substandard Asian food just because of its exoticism.[848] Momos.[849] I'll eat a couple orders of those, no problem.[850] Just go heavy on the hot sauce.[851] Now, The Limp Noodle was in a dirty part of town where mostly Eastern Europeans, pedophiles, Tibetans, and other trash lived, but the beauty was that no one knew me up there. Or so I thought. I was wrong.

I walked through the jade-beaded curtains to reveal a tawdry cheapness. *Maneki-neko*,[852] gold wallpaper and pictures of cranes, cherry blossoms, and sage old men. All tacky shit, but there was some kind of *feng shui* going on.[853] Order of space through placement. New dimensions are found as negative space complements and extends.[854] foregrounding can become suspect and slip into a secondary space. Objects and

[846] Not just because of Ole Nydahl

[847] Also known to the police as The Inscrutable Oriental. Kinky Chi, not The Limp Noodle, but you would be within your rights to scrutinize the fare as to whether it was cat or dog, or both. Rarely the listed meat was used, except when listed as Spam or offal. It's like when anglerfish marketed as monkfish or something other so you don't realise it is a nasty, nasty looking fish.

[848] Something to this tune is found in *Interezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*. However, it should be addressed that exoticism is key. It is a commodity. The greatest commodity and contradiction. Once experience really became commodified in the symbolism of identity, the real failures of society were exposed. Backpack here, backpack there. Do this, take a picture of that. Take a picture of myself with that. Take a picture of myself and that with my tits out plus (a/) fucking (/a) camel. Excellent. Get the Pyramids in there because look, in the way I've upturned my palm, I'm holding them in the picture. Can't you see the funny little trick being done with the angle? Do you see? Do you see? Look, I'll send these pictures to you because you're interested. Other people care too. I'm sure they do. I tell them, so they must. Fuck, they tell me about the shit they saw, but I don't give a fuck about what some hipster does.

[849] The most complete holophrase because it is full and empty, just like its subject. It's like saying, "I like to eat shitty substandard food that also goes by the name of momos". But it is connotative in its homophone, further filling and emptying. In this way, it's like saying, "MOMOs are retarded substandard human beings". Very interesting. In their extension, they function much the same such as "Momos/MOMOs = bad". E.g. "Yuck, Momos/MOMOs", "Get that shit (momo/MOMO) away from me", *etc, etc*. It is full and empty because it can only have a negative extension. It's never, "Yay, momos/MOMOs!"

[850] I suspect many-a-cat can be accounted for here, and many-a-dog.

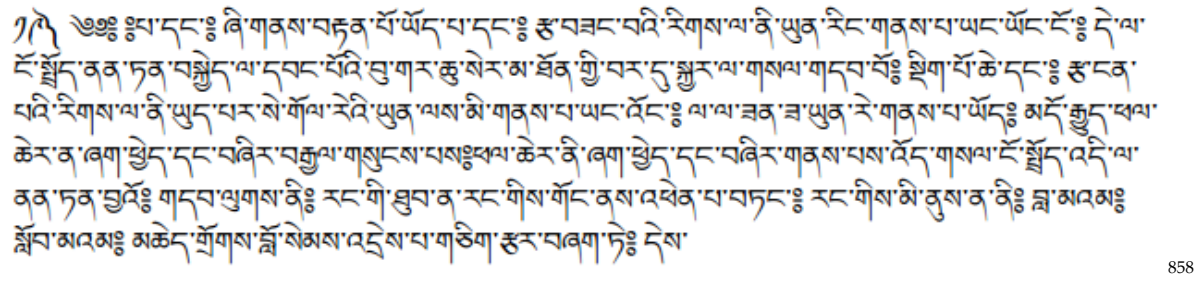
[851] *Viz.* Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah.

[852] Those cats that rhythmically and ceaselessly wave at you. They are wery rucky.

[853] Okay, these things are Chinese. They all look the same anyway.

[854] *The Book of Tea* Touches on this nicely with flower arrangement and the overall fashioning of the tea-room. Even though this is Taoist, it doesn't matter. This book subjects all manner of people, tradition, and system to violence. This is clearly evident in the above pimpnote.

perspective are questioned.[855] This was the predicament in which I found myself. I could see Kinky Chi sitting at a table, but everything was distorted and involuted. A jar of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah may or may not have been on the table.[856] It looked as though Kinky Chi was speaking to an assortment of odd types. It turns out that he was. It was a kind of recitation. [857]



[858]

Interrupted, Kinky Chi stood up. His flashing eyes, his floating hair! His noodle wasn't limp. It was poking through his pyjamas.[859] I could see that he was expecting me. Coffee, tea,[860] Dazzle Razzle?

With a sweeping gesture he said, These people gathered here are either pure theosophists or have some relation to it.[861] Let me introduce you to Helena Blavatsky, Aleister Crowley, Timothy Leary, Gargamel,[862] *Editorial inclusion* [Grim-ass,[863]] Rumi, Nasreddin, John Galt, and Gurdjieff.[864] Huh, I said. They're all dead. Rumi has no

[855] Somewhere between Picasso and Escher, I always like to think of this in terms of *Trompe-l'œil*.
[856] Most curious. Uncapped, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is a truly interesting object. Consider the following from Lao Tsu, 三十輻，共一轂，當其無，有車之用。埏埴以為器，當其無，有器之用。鑿戶牖以為室，當其無，有室之用。故有之以為利，無之以為用。

This would apply better to our consideration of what Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah says later on.

[857]Translation: "Because I tell them you say they no good fighters...and that their mothers have sex with mules."
[858] Like ODB, "What? Y'all thought Y'all wasn't gonna see me? I'm the Osiris of this shit." Do note that this was not written by Hieroglyphics, although Del tha Funkee Homosapien does have some dope shit.
[859] It was actually a silk Kung Fu getup.
[860] SEGA
[861] The Peoples' Front of Judea.
[862] *Editorial note* Gargamel™ has to be removed from the narrative due to legal reasons. The Hamburgler™ never had a chance. His modified friend is though. See 'Editorial inclusion'.
[863] *Editorial note* Soften the 'ass' until the whole name sounds like /ˈgɹɪm.əs/.
[864] Represent the GZA, Abbot, RZA, Shaquan, Inspectah Deck. Dirty Ol' getting low wit his flow. Introducing, the Ghost—face—Killah!!

connection, and I'm not sure if some of the others existed. The rest are a bunch of cunts.[865] Yes, he said. And Timothy Leary is a tit and John Galt is a psychopath.[866]

And with that, I heard a toilet flush. Out stepped Daddy Diamond from the washroom.[867] Oh, said Kinky Chi, this is Daddy Diamond, the biggest Dick of them all.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

Nonplussed: I was confused,[868] Daddy Diamond was unperturbed.[869]

I…I thought… thought you were…were, I gasped.[870] Dead, he suggested?[871] Ah, silly boy, do you not see that we are all dead? [872] Mark me, he said, There are more things in heaven and earth, Dazzle Razzle, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.[873] You and I will dance in a full circle, and then again.[874] Where does it start, where does it end? Is Zhuang Zhou dreaming that he is a butterfly, or is the butterfly dreaming that it is Zhuang Zhou? Ah, I said, but you are neither Zhuang Zhou nor a butterfly, so how do you know that either are dreaming? Ah, Daddy Diamond said, you are not me, so how do you know that I do not know that either Zhaung Zhou is dreaming that he is a butterfly or that a butterfly is dreaming that it is Zhaung Zhou? Ah, I said, but you don't know that I do not know that you do not know that Zhaung Zhou doesn't know. You also do not know the converse with the butterfly or any of the serial variations. Even to your question, you don't know either because now you don't know if you are you or if you are Zhaung Zhou or if you are a butterfly, nor if Zhuang Zhou is Zhaung

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[865] Not E. Humbert Humbert's "cleft [rose-]peaches," but perhaps still "a distressing blunder."
[866] Or, rather, was a dick.
[867] As Danzig said, "You. You don't go in the bathroom with me. With you."
[868] *Editorial note* Madonna-whore, anyone?
[869] You will note, ambiguity is a theme here.
[870] *Editorial note*Like the use of dashes for aposiopesis, the periods look like ellipses. This is all too common, but the truth is that there is some aporia here. Rhetorically and logically. The alchemy of the use of the ellipse. Maybe you picked up on this earlier...
[871] This is something for PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking. It has something to do with quantum superimposition. Think of Schrödinger's cat, but there is more to it than this. It is another reason why you should look into the box.
[872] That is when I questioned myself. "My name in Hando Jin. I am Hang Wong's son. And now, you bastard, I'm going to do to you what you did to my father in the woods TEN years ago." There is some truth to this, but not much.
[873] So, you're a philosopher? Yes *weha weha* Yes *weah weha* Yes Yes *weha weha weha weah weha weha weha weha weha* Yes, I think very deeply *checha checha checha* I think very deeply. I think very deeply *weha weha weha* I think *weha weha* I think very deeply *feha feha weha weha* [1 2 3 4] *weha weha weha* I think very deeply
[874] True in the false. Truth in the fiction. As Crane said,

Dance, Maquokeeta! snake that lives before,
That casts his pelt, and lives beyond! Sprout, horn!
Spark, tooth! Medicine-man, relent, restore—
Lie to us,—dance us back the tribal morn!

Zhou or if he is a butterfly or if he is you, nor do you know if the butterfly is the butterfly or if it is you or if it is Zhaung Zhou. Furthermore, you also do not know that I am not you and that I am not Zhaung Zhou and that I am not the butterfly, nor that any of them is I, nor that any of them are the others.[875] You also do not know that anyome is dreaming, or dreaming that they're dreaming or dreaming that they're not dreaming or not dreaming that they're dreaming… [this went on for quite some time][876]… or, to round it out, that anyone is themself or themselves or not themself or themselves either singly or in combination both within and outside of this set. Maybe I am myself and the butterfly and Zhaung Zhou, but not you…[877]

Mischievously, he winked at me with a twinkle in his eye. Welcome, Dazzle Razzle, to The Uranian Society, local chapter of NAMBLA.[878]

C-H-I-L-D-F-U-C-K-E-R

Ah, Dazzle Razzle, you shouted that at me earlier. See, you knew. Your hoes told you everything at T.G.I. Friday's was a hallucination. You knew it wasn't. What you see is real because you keep it real. Always keep it real. Even if you are imagining, it is real. Kinky Chi will explain in a moment, but first I want you to officially join The Uranian Society.[879]

I thought you fucks were supposed to be theosophists,[880] I asked. We are, he said, but we do a double meeting because our membership is so overlapped. You see, Timothy Leary isn't a Uranian, and Kinky Chi isn't a theosophist, he's a Buddhist.[881] All sounds like a waste of time, I said. I'm forming my own school of thought, and none of you lot are allowed to join. Besides, Eastern philosophy is worthless, unless you're an

[875] Maybe they are, as Pound said, "Petals on a wet, black bough".
[876] Actually ellipses, for we think you see the progression.
[877] *Recherché*. As Ol' Dirty Bastard said, "Niggas catchin' headaches, what? What? You need aspirin?" This will be further resolved in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.
[878] The North American Man/Boy Love Association.
[879] Don't. As Masta Simon said, "All them no like da funny man, putcha gunz up 'na air." Ninjaman has said something similar. So has Sizzla, Ricky trooper….Welcome to dancehall and sound clashes. Bun dem battyboi! Dazzle Razzle hates the fags more than he hates the Jews. Although they all burn. As Tom Waits said, "Wipe him down with gasoline 'til his limbs are hard and clean".
[880] Many were also of The Golden Dawn and Ordo Templi Orientis. A few were even Rosicrucian.
[881] This is a simplification as there were other complications with other members of the party. Madam Blavatsky didn't fuck men, let alone boys. And Rumi would have been repulsed by all of this.

anthropologist. It's like a drunk with a lamppost. It serves more for support than illumination.[882]

Now, hold on a minute, Dazzle Razzle, snapped Kinky Chi. That was rash and undeserved. We know a lot about you and how you think. A lot of your ideas appear, at least superficially, to borrow from the East, so don't knock it. East meets West in you. You may be the clash,[883] the contradiction that further warps space. And you will have to meet Daddy Diamond in an epic duel, a locking of horns, a battle of brains.[884]

At that point, Helena Blavatsky began energetically shouting, ICE CREAM CONES! ICE CREAM CONES! ICE CREAM MOTHERFUCKING CONES![885]

Timothy Leary slapped her to bring her around and restore her to her normal temperament.[886] Shut your pie-hole, he roared into her face. No more of that talk or I'll put the fucking leeches on you, understand?

When order was restored, Kinky Chi said, Dazzle Razzle, I know you came here for cats in a bag, but I'm going to let the cat out of the bag. Just like any pussy. You see, in and out might be the same thing. If you go far enough east, you are west, just like in Theosophy. East and West only exist in a dialectical relation, identities sustained in negation. Just like sex, it must keep oscillating for the copula. Empty your sack, it fills again. More in and out. Let me tell you an old Tibetan tale.

> There was a man who met a ghost coming out of the forst. Frightened by him, the ghost approached the man. He pretended that he was a ghost too, so that he would come to no harm. The ghost asked him if he could be friends. Agreeing with it, the ghost's terrifying aspect made him think it the wise thing to do. So, on they walked through the country to a city where the ghost said he had some business to attend. Walking along with the ghost, he asked the man if anything frightened him. No, said

[882] Originally, "Statistics are used much like a drunk uses a lamppost: for support, not illumination." It is commonly misattributed to Vin Scully. It was actually coined by Andrew Lang. Either way, you might now quote Dazzle Razzle, but even he stole it from a journalist up in Cold Water Alberta.
[883] No one else will ever be The Clash. Joe Strummer is The Clash. The rest of The Clash are nothing. However, maybe he was talking about Samuel Huntington. Who knows what he Said?
[884] As Kipling said,

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!

[885] Bless her innocent soul. She didn't know that cones and Koans aren't homophones, nor that ice cream cones is not a koan. I applaud the effort though. It was a touch Dazzlean.
[886] Fat and overbearing.

the man, who was inwardly frightened of the ghost. When asked in turn, the man was surprised when the ghost replied that he too was frightened of nothing. Oh, except for the wind that blows through the tall-headed barley fields.[887] Knowing their rustling and swaying, they walked on in silence.

Coincidentally, when they got to a barley field at the edge of a city, the man pretended that he was tired so that he could get away from the ghost. The ghost said no problem. I'm going to go into the city and wreak havoc because that is what is expected of a ghost.[888] You can rest here. And so he did, and so the ghost went.

The ghost came back with a yak-hair bag. In this bag, he told the man, is the soul of the King's son. Do me a favor, he said. Keep the bag, I've got some business to attend to elsewhere. An appointment in Samarra. Accepting the bag, the ghost left.

Waiting for some time, the ghost never returned to collect the sack. That man assumed, perhaps that's the customary etiquette when it comes to man and ghost.

Aha, said the man. I will assume the guise of a mendicant. Sackcloth and barley will be my fare. So he proceeded to the city, with his calabash alms bowl and the yak-hair bag, and to take advantage of this situation.[889]

Off he went, and when he got to the city, he started begging in front of the palace. There he heard a disconsolate courtier relate the circumstances of the prince. Rattling the bowl, he told the man that the child was ailing and on the point of death. Being inside the bag, the man then knew what the problem was. Being of great wealth, the courtier told him that the King would do anything, because he heard it himself, for the life of his child. The man asked to be taken to see the King. He said he might be able to help.

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[887] Ghosts are like snowmen. It is hard, Stevens said, "not to think of any misery in the sound of the wind, in the sound of a few leaves, which is the sound of the land full of the same wind. That is blowing in the same bare place." Rendered in this way, this is the ghost of the snowman in the crumbled layers revealing in a different way the, "Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is."

[888] That's because he was a *Yidak*, a "hungry ghost", stuck in an unfortunate aspect of *samsara*. One of the six realms.

[889] It was actually made out of meteoric iron and was a singing bowl, but the man was ignorant. Kinky Chi said it was made out of calabash, but that is because he likes the Calabash Nebula. It is unlikely as meteors have come from there, but who's to say? It is also called the Rotten Egg Nebula, and Kinky Chi was definitely that. Both a rotten egg and nebulous. Not as nebulous as Daddy Diamond though. You will see.

> Granted an audience, the King allowed the man to see the boy.[890] Father, said the boy, can't you see I am burning? From the ague that is. Being his father, the man was let in by the King to heal the boy. Doing all manner of apparent ceremony, the king watched the man tend to the boy. At the end of the razzle dazzle, the man began loosening the bag. Having been loosened, the boy began reviving. Seeing this, the man looked to the king who looked again to his son and he promised half of everything he owned if he could be cured. The man knew that this would make him a king and smiled. He fully opened the bag. Rising, the child felt his soul return and the king saw that his child had returned. *Hallelujah*.[891]

As Kinky Chi finished, he turned to Daddy Diamond. Daddy Diamond, you get the first chance to interpret this story.

This, Daddy Diamond said, is an easy tale. Prepare to have your mind blown, Dazzle Razzle. In what I am about to relate, you will see that the truth of our theosophy and the truth about yourself and how both are one and why you need to join NAMBLA,[892] in part because it does not feel right for me to be in it while you're are not.

This is what the tale is about. You see, the tale is dependent on dangling modifiers.[893] Agreement becomes complicated and you see conflation in characters. All are one, all are none. The ghost is the man is the courtier is the king is the boy is the boy's soul. This is why you are us and we are you. You see, it is all a trick. Did you notice the razzle dazzle in the story? That is because you are confused and backward. This is the East meets West, the you meet us. We need to dispel your razzle dazzle so that you can truly be Dazzle Razzle, or rather you should become Razzle Dazzle. Aren't you anyway? Do you see? Do you see?[894] And the ghost is all of us. All are dead. Acknowledge the death at the center. This is what is in the bag. This is what you need to know. Hoes are the

[890] As you will see later, this is reminiscent of the following anecdote about Mencius, always the wit, 孟子將朝王，王使人來曰：「寡人如就見者也，有寒疾，不可以風。朝將視朝，不識可使寡人得見乎？」對曰：「不幸而有疾，不能造朝。」

[891] A word from a Western context, but a song by Cohen who is a Rinzai Buddhist monk, so it works.

[892] Some pedagogical shit about erastes and eromenos. As Flavor Flav said, "Don't believe the hype."

[893] And the written mark.

[894] Look at the screen. That is William Blake's 'The Great Red Dragon and The Woman Clothed with the Sun. Do you see?

walking dead, but so are we. Sackcloth and barley will be my fare is a zeugma, and this ties the tale together further. Do you see?[895]

No, I said. Let's start with your last point and work backward. Sackcloth and barley will be my fare is not a zeugma. It is just grammatically wrong. Sackcloth, and barley will be my fare makes sense if you think of Sackcloth as self-contained.[896] Substantive.[897] As in, I will don sackcloth. Barley will be my fare. And, although it doesn't meaningfully contribute, you can think of it along the lines of your earlier observation. But this is still superficial. You are right about the dangling modifiers, but they are only there as a contrivance for you to exploit because you are in league with Kinky Chi. As for your other points, I answer no contest to the razzle dazzle, but that is meaningless, like most of your analysis. You are right about death, but not in the right way. You, Daddy Diamond, are a Dick, but you are also a pussy, and there is more than one way to skin a cat. Ask Kinky Chi. Now, as for you, you are an empty old bag, limp and impotent, but we will have our dance. There will be a final consummation, mark me. I will fuck you up.

Hark! The dangling modifiers do help to collapse relation,[898] but, as I have already commented, they are tendentious. Also, you haven't collapsed space.[899] Your analysis is missing a dimension, just like you. You see, as with your sack, the sack is empty with emptiness. I see you understand this. Now, the sack is as empty as the wind that blows through the barley fields, maybe more so. The sack was only valuable when opened, making it empty. When closed, it was empty because its contents were valueless. It was always full of emptiness. Do you see the duality?

Now the sack and the field are both marginal places that allow for this. They are possibility and limit. The barley field is where the ghost cannot go, but does go. It is the boarder of the country and the city. It is where the ghost goes to, but does not return. That is because it defines the city as the city from the country. They take their identity from each other, in opposition, but the barley field demarcates them in space. The barley field is the space of death. It is what the ghost is afraid of, but it is where the ghost goes bringing another ghost, the child's soul. However, it is where the man becomes marked by death and becomes a ghost. How, you ask.

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[895] I bet you can see that there is nothing more repugnant than a self-explicating text.
[896] You're probably thinking that quotation marks would be helpful here. You'd be right.
[897] Another holophrase.
[898] Especially since the conversation was a conversation and not an exchange in writing.
[899] Although he could have if he would have picked up the other dangling modifiers. Take another look. There is more going on in that story.

The man thinks he is tricking the ghost into thinking that he is a ghost, but when the ghost gives him the bag and leaves, the man ultimately wonders if this is the etiquette between man and ghost. The man didn't realize it, but this is exactly the etiquette and, for it to have happened, the ghost was never tricked. You see, the ghost was a hungry ghost. This is one of the ways that the barley is symbolic. He is what he is out of greed in a past life. He has become stuck in samsara.[900] Not only is he avaricious, but miser(y) loves company.[901] He has tricked the man into accompanying him. He has left the man holding the bag. But, what does this mean?

It means the man has been tricked into going into the city, when he wanted to remain in the barley field that the ghost was supposed to be scared to enter, the barley that repels and draws the ghost. By leaving, the man has brought the barley field into the heart of the city, the sustenance of the dead. You see, the man brings death, though he appears to bring life. Fearing the first ghost, he ultimately takes a second ghost into the city in a sack to bring a different kind of death. Giving life to the child, he brought about his own birth in death.[902] He divides the kingdom in half. He becomes a king himself. He puts himself on the road to becoming a hungry ghost. This is the appointment in Samarra.

The man thought he tricked the ghost into thinking that he was a ghost. Then he thought he tricked the king into thinking he was a healer. Not so. It was the ghost that was playing trick or treat with the bag the whole time. You see, the man was pretending to be a ghost, but he already was a ghost when he was in the barley field. It is the field of death. There he put on sackcloth.[903] There he put himself in the sack. There he became the emptiness. There he became the hungry ghost that never truly went away and didn't return. The man's journey into the city was the impossible return of the ghost into the barley field. They were always in the barley field, the space of death, the space of ghosts.[904]

[900] Circulation of ghosts in samsara is like the circulation of hoes and money. They all turn in the gyre.
[901] You may wonder how this last phrase was verbalized. Good question.
[902] As Eliot said, "Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly/ We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,/ But had thought they were different". The context probably couldn't be further apart, but it will do.
[903] Turning to Eliot again, "Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves/ In a field/ Behaving as the wind behaves/ No nearer-/ Not that final meeting/ In the twilight kingdom".
[904] Indeed, build it and they will come.

Now you see, gentleman. The yak hair bag is empty. It is the yak yak yak of empty speech, the empty bag.[905] I came for a bag of cats, but the cat is not just out of the bag, it is the bag. The pussy is the tail.[906] The tale wags the dog.

For this, I received a round of applause. Kinky Chi was cross-eyed,[907] Daddy Diamond amused.

Well d1, Dazzle Razzle, said Daddy Diamond, but I fear there is a touch of casuistry here. No, I said. Ask Kinky Chi. My telling has you thinking. All of you pricks. This is *tulpa*. The ghost which is a ghost which is a ghost. You too are a ghost. But I have made you all. This is *tulpa*.

Kinky Chi looked morose.

I was right. That was actually what Kinky Chi was going to explain. *Tulpa*. These guys weren't complete idiots. Maybe I had made all this shit up, but I didn't fully understand it. How? Is it possible to not be fully conscious?[908] Maybe, because I am a psychopath, my unconscious is there for all to see, but there is always a beyond. There are higher *manas*, higher *bardos*.[909] I only intuitively appreciated COCK, but I now felt that I should reconsider many relations that I had taken for granted. I knew for certain that Caesar Slick was just a bitch, and I felt there was more to Duffy Diablo and Bankroll, but now I knew Daddy Diamond was someone, or some thing, to be reckoned with. It was a strange feeling. In some way everything is connected in its disconnect. I would have to meditate on this later. There was a lot more going on than I had appreciated.

Daddy Diamond seemed to waver in pure image. He then turned to me and winked. Dazzle Razzle, he said, it is now time to show you the Shadow Kowloon Walled City. Kinky Chi is the key maker and through the back door to a closet in the kitchen,[910] we can enter the City, the nexical space that links all others. Join the Uranian society and we can pop out of any child's closet at any time.

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[905] Like when Maestro Fresh Wes said, "So many suckers on my sac-ro-iliac. It's like a rap-sack, backpack. Wick-wick-whack, give me some slack jack." If that's not empty, I don't know what is.
[906] As Joyce said, "I told you every telling has a tailing".
[907] As Raekwon said, "Knock niggaz out the box all the time." That could be more than Ice Cube "knocking niggas out the box, daily. Yo weekly, monthly and yearly. Until them dumb motherfuckers see clearly."
[908] Not the best split infinitive and certainly not the first to boldly go where no man has gone before.
[909] As Einstein said, "No problem can be solved from the same level of consciousness that cre44d it."
[910] You remember The Matrix, right. Well 4get about it. That movie was shit.

No, you childfucker, I said. You cannot do that at any time. Time is your problem. You are always missing a dimension. You need to know about COCK. Shadow Kowloon Walled City is an illusion, and so are you.

And I was right. Daddy Diamond started wavering even more in deliquescence. Ha. If anything, I am the Buddha and this is my temptation. This restaurant is the Battyboi Tree, you are Mara. This is all *maya*. Fuck you all.

And at that moment I grabbed the jar of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah that may or may not have been on the table, lit it on fire, just as I had with my improvised napalm at The Cow Door,[911] and threw it against the wall.[912] I refute it thus.[913] It was time for me to turn on, tune in, drop out.[914]

They all ran to the back door for Shadow Kowloon Walled City. I, laughing, sauntered out through the front door. The Limp Noodle became neither limp nor noodle in hardly no time at all.

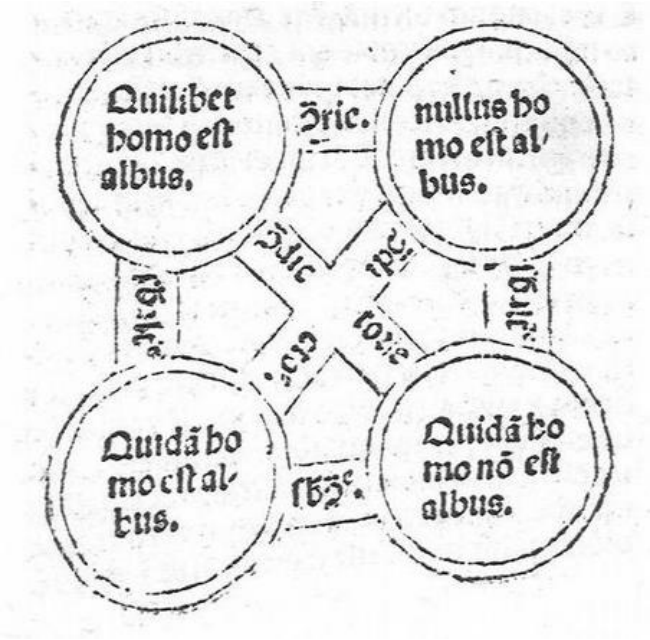
It is now time to take it all the way back to once upon a time in the West and to consider some logic. Well we're movin' on up.

[911] If you are asking how or why, you are asking the wrong questions.
[912] You can see a pattern here. As Zorba said, "He who kills others by paraffin shall perish by paraffin himself. Isn't there something like that in the Gospel? […] he'd flame up like Judas himself on Maundy Thursday!"
[913] As the inimitable Johnson said. And the school should be pronounced like Charles Barkley, minus the Charles.
[914] Maybe Leary wasn't quite the dick I suspected.

Et quoddam A est B atque quoddam A non est B
(Dazzlean Pimpology I)

Okay. Party people in the house, you're about to witness something you've never witnessed before.

If two sub-contraries cannot be false, one has to be true. Some man is a bitch, some man is not a bitch.[915] Subject/predicate. It would seem that we have to assume that there is something in the subject position. It is the case that there is such a thing as a man and there is at least one instance where this man is either a bitch or not a bitch.[916] Such is the form. B or not B. However, if we hazard the existential assumption that there is indeed a man, something that may boil down to a scholastic confusion,[917] then there can be two modalities of being. Would this instantiation lead us into fallacious reasoning? Yes and no.



Square of opposition

[915] I am using 'man' here inclusively. This is not merely borne out of parsimony, but a loathing of political agendas that try to find an arena in grammar.

[916] Paraphrased, and opening the relation, either "x is B" or "x is not B" must be true by the law of excluded middle.

[917] Perhaps a problem of denotation and meaning that Frege tried to solve with the null set in *Ueber Sinn und Bedutung* and something with which Russell continued to struggle. The problem here is that metalanguage is introduced. This is barking up the wrong tree, but this will be clear later. Try paralanguage in the meantime.

The smooth ordering of this categorical proposition has become problematized with this double gesture. Here man finds himself occupying an uncanny logical space. He is articulated across two planes.[918] He is both an identity relation and incarnate subject endowed with attributes. Being marked out, he becomes a material abstraction.[919] But is he a bitch or isn't he?

Either all men are bitches, or n1 are. Both propositions cannot be true. These are universal claims. Let us assume that all men are bitches is true—it is, after all, the supposition that this book began with. Positing this, the entailment is that some man is a bitch is also true. Inversely, if some man is not a bitch, then all men are bitches is false and no men are bitches might be true. But let us assume that there is such a thing as a man and that he is a bitch. However, there is also a man, let's call him Man, who is not a bitch because he is simultaneously occupying a different logical space. The 1 has existential import, the other does not.[920] Both are of paramount importance.

This Man does not exist in reality, but he inhabits the space of man in a state of potentiality.[921] Can He be realized? Yes and no. He occupies a liminal space. He acts from the inside and the outside. Being both within and without the interstices, he allows for reticulation.[922] Although represented in formal language, if we accept that all men are bitches is true, and that it is the case that there exists one Man who is not a bitch, then He is a radical exteriority that challenges the notion of space as well. But how does this work?

This Man, or what we will now call PIMP, is an atemporal agency. His presence creates a cleavage in man. If all men are bitches, then he makes this absolute possible through the negation of Himself. For all men to be bitches, its contradiction must be conceivable, but not actualizable. All bitches can aspire to this inversion, but can it be realized? Yes, the pimp achieves this through Pimp, but this is complicated.

Pimp is a fluctuating state bridging pimp and PIMP. In this way, its structure is similar to game, Game, and GAME. A pimp is only a pimp as long as he is participating in

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[918] Indeed, he sub-sists.

[919] The word abstraction tends to present problems. Such as when people talk about Plato's Forms when what they mean is actually the reverse. Cunts.

[920] You could think of the former having property and extension, whereas the latter only has property. In this way the Nominalists were correct in that the latter does not, metaphysically, exist. It patapimpically ex-sists.

[921] He can also be **MAN** or **PIMP**. There are many reasons for this, but in one way we can infer it from Leibnitz's *law of plenitude* in that the potential is dependent on the actual. This shit is **REAL**.

[922] The crisp clarity Dr. Johnson is in evidence here.

Pimp.[923] If he slips, he's out. Back to just being a bitch. In this way all men are bitches is true, while at the same time some men are not bitches, as in the pimp and PIMP. In this way it may be more fruitful to think through the logical relations both as dialectical and as part/whole, rather than some/all.[924]

If we assume a dialectic, we can make better sense of the double logical space at work. Paradoxically, this dialectic both precedes and realizes PIMP and bitches. It is a part/whole relation that refuses totalization. In this way it is more hole than whole because it does not bring about a synthetic union, but an act of rupture. PIMP precedes bitches because it allows for them to be conceived. Furthermore, as bitches, an impossible part/whole relation is sustained with PIMP. This also occurs within them and without them in the flux of the non-actualizable. Installed in bitches are actually both the PIMP and the HO in a struggle for their soul.

If there is PIMP, and its actuation is a manifestation in the act of Pimp realized in the pimp, then the action is generative. From the pimp you have the ho. It is also entailed from all men are bitches and there is some man that is not a bitch. The ho is a bitch, but he/she is fundamentally a ho. This is the structural inversion of pimp, Pimp, PIMP. Here we have ho, Ho, HO. What we find is that all bitches exist in some partial relation between Pimp and Ho as temporal actualizations of PIMP and HO. But what is HO?

HO exists in a state of alterity. It is the fathomless opposite of PIMP, and can only be speculated upon in the most tentative of terms as it is ontologically problematic. It would seem to share many of the operational principles of PIMP, but this is deceptive. An antimony, it is neither complement nor negation, but rather a negation of the negation of the negation.[925] It can only be approached asymptotically as it is a plenitude that both affirms and denies the infinity which it both is and is not. Not to despair though. Despite these seeming contradictions, this relation can be further dilated.

Outside of formalized language, or rather deep in its inner workings, lie vacuities and aporia. This is a spatial complication that challenges the inner/outer distinction. Rules are governed by their exceptions. The excepted tests and defines from an external position.[926] Sets are demarcated always by n + 1 and they imply a progression, the bad

[923] It is significant to think of the grammar of pimp. Neither noun, as a fixed state, nor verb, as a transitive action, pimp is a combination of the two. It is fundamentally a gerund. In this sense, pimpin', as a word, is gratuitous. Pimp should always suffice though it may be found awkward. However, I often find myself having recourse to pimpin' or pimping nevertheless.

[924] This would be Hegel over Aristotle.

[925] Another contradiction, but perhaps an apagogic licence.

[926] Would Cicero agree with this?

infinity.[927] This is the impossible exterior that finds an incomplete interior. The former is PIMP. Beyond the pale is the ineffable. Give it voice, and it merely recedes, while always remaining abysmally present. This latter is HO. A present absence that haunts the interior. This is why the ho is an empty pocket of anxiety, self-loathing, and vagina.[928] But how are Ho and ho realized in actuality?

If the sensible world is inhabited by bitches, this is because of the articulated interiority realized by actualizations of Game. Game exists between PIMP and HO, both of which are properties, of sorts, of GAME. PIMP and HO create Game by forming an inextricable, yet incommensurable, trinity with GAME. Impossibly oscillating, and defying spatial arrangement, PIMP and HO haunt space and time in a paradoxical relation that allows bitches to be bitches in a multitude of configurations of Game derived from a specific spatio-temporal participation in GAME.

The situation will radically transform once we consider the motherfucking COCK, [929] something that aligned my Thomistic[930] sympathies around a reconsideration of *Integritas*, *Proportio*, *Claritas* and an optics of ignorance. The ontological, the ontic and the aesthetic.[931] The religious. The truth.

[927] We will return to this.

[928] The ho truly plows a lonely furrow. This is the Hole that we have already addressed elsewhere.

[929] Motherfucking is a property of COCK. It is a technical term derived from a stringent, yet inspired, reading of the *Summa Theologica.* Motherfuck is the only true verb. It is neither transitive nor intransitive. It is the copula pure and simple.

[930] *Ex motu*, *ex causa*, *ex contingentia*, *ex gradu* and *ex fine* account for COCK.

[931] In this way further sympathies are found in Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite's injunction to aspire ignorantly upward (ἀγνώστως ἀνατάθητι).

Theophany of COCK, *Evam me sutam*, or Carry on My Wayward son. There Will Be Peace When You Are Done

The visions intensified. Some were of Daddy Diamond and the theosophist cabal. Most of them were of Bankroll persecuting me, mocking my manhood and celebrating my failure with Lizzie.[932] Now, I had taken to a rather aggressive regimen of PCP, as I found it helped with introspection and moral deliberation. I'll also grant a certain indulgence in the recreational use of ether and a miscellany of solvents, which, in the main, I used to help limber me up in the morning. But there is no way to attribute what happened to things quite so trivial as these.

I recall it being late in the evening, with the moon being in a certain quarter,[933] when Bankroll reappeared. It was him. And I started to realize that there was more than him. I saw him before my eyes, and yet I knew him to be elsewhere. This was very clear.

Bankroll and bankroll. The one, the two, the twain.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

Surrounded by the Spider Fourz, he and they fluctuated in number and distance. I could see Bankroll, but I also saw bankrolls. Many bankrolls in the hands of the Spider Fourz. Four hands with four bankrolls, no eight hands with eight bankrolls. It was a geometric progression that began and multiplied toward infinity. Tight fists of money. I could not move as all space seemed to be occupied by bankrolls. They both smothered and lovingly embraced me, the fists painfully kneading and playfully coaxing.

Then I saw COCK. In a thunderous roar, the bankrolls were dispelled. All that stood before me was a giant cock, golden and luminous. A beatific vision. This was COCK, and it look like a bottle of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. In the moment that it appeared, so too flooded back all the bankrolls. This time, however, they attached themselves to its base. A giant COCK with balls of many, many balls. It was then that COCK began to speak to me.

Dazzle Razzle, It said.

I screamed, I've Got the Fear!!!!!

[932] Fuck her. As Sting said, "Every breath you take and every move you make, every bond you break, every step you take, I'll be watching you".
[933] As Eliot said, "Held in a lunar synthesis, /Whispering lunar incantations."

But the COCK then looked upon me sternly, told me to be quite, and spoke once again.

Dazzle Razzle!

And I said, Behold, here I am.

Foolish mortal, It said. You are pursing matters not permitted to your mortality. You are a little cock, at best, in a little vagina.[934] This cock-in-vagina is, in turn, sunk multitudinously in a Hole. A Cock fills this Hole, which in turn leads to me, the central shaft in your geometry. How can a container contain itself through its contained?[935] From this you are barred. Your cock is inadequate for the task at hand. You play a dangerous game with Cock. I permitted you this, but as you try and look into the tabernacle, into the holy of holies, you risk your very being. I, in my true revealed magnificence, would obliterate you.[936] Only the pure pimp is permitted access to the hallowed ground. You now revel in merely one of my least fierce forms of glory. Seek no further unless you are willing to risk everything.

I am, as holy, holy, holy is the Lord COCK, the Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come, I said earnestly to this glowing, splendid apparition.

Well said, Dazzle Razzle, replied COCK. As the greatest pimp this world has ever seen, I have singled you out, COCK continued, but nothing is vouchsafed.[937] I have granted you intimations of PIMP.[938] Such is my munificence. I could have come to you as a burning syphilitic bush, but I think we are beyond that. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the Aleph and the Tav. I comprehend the GAME. For you, this will remain a tenet of faith, unless you can prove yourself worthy of being the pimp messiah. Heed the Good News. In word and deed you are to give body to my gospel. Strive for purity, if you are to be my vehicle. Cock and Hole are the instruments that I have permitted you. Prove yourself, as you try to figure out me, myself, COCK and I will bless you and make your

[934] This is already the paradox at work in the song Dick in a Box.
[935] It can and it can't, but further considerations have to be made first.
[936] Verily, COCK is splendid. Only the chosen may approach. The foolhardy risk the fate of Semele. *Editorial note* Even this is not quite accurate as it doesn't accord with some of Dazzle Razzle's notes. Taking a cue from Deuteronomy 4:12, even this is only the Voice. COCK always resides elsewhere. This is reinforced in Deuteronomy 12:11. Nevertheless, the aforementioned danger is quite real. *En garde*.
[937] This goes against the Holiness Code encapsulated in Leviticus 19:12, but remember, it is the COCK we are talking about here.
[938] As a whore named Jessie once said, "Pimping is an art, Whoreson…there are very few pimps in this world who really take the title of being a pimp. Just because a man gets his money from a whore, that don't make him no true pimp. Real pimps are really rare."

name ring. Only then can your earlier system building be pleached transcendental truths.[939] The following is the riddle I offer you. Why is a mouse when it spins?

Because the higher fewer, I answered.

Very good, Dazzle Razzle. That was a softball, but with a ball there are always two.[940] Try this on for size.

Compute, O friend, the number of the cattle of the sun which once grazed upon the plains of Sicily, divided according to color into four herds, one milk-white, one black, one dappled and one yellow. The number of bulls is greater than the number of cows, and the relations between them are as follows:

White bulls = (1/2 + 1/3) black bulls + yellow bulls,

Black bulls = (1/4 + 1/5) dappled bulls + yellow bulls,

Dappled bulls = (1/6 + 1/7) white bulls + yellow bulls,

White cows (1/3 + 1/4) black herd,

Black cows = (1/4 + 1/5) dappled herd,

Dappled cows = (1/5 + 1/6) yellow herd,

Yellow cows = (1/6 + 1/7) white herd.

If thou canst give, O friend, the number of each kind of bulls and cows, thou art no novice in numbers, yet cannot be regarded as of high skill. Consider, however, the following additional relations between the bulls of the sun:

White bulls + black bulls = a square number,

Dappled bulls + yellow bulls = a triangular number.

If thou hast computed these also, O friend, and found the total number of cattle, then exult as a conqueror, for thou hast proved thyself most skilled in numbers.

[939] You will note that the COCK is somewhat hindered when forced to use language. Simply, it is inadequate. You might have raised an eyebrow with the arboreal metaphor and talk of 'transcendental truths'. Don't. The COCK is better than you. Cower before it!

[940] Actually, COCK has giant, hard balls. BALLS. Such a curious concept. But, as Scareface said, "But real gangsta-ass niggas don't flex nuts 'cause real gangsta-ass niggas know they got 'em."

Easy, I said, Like Jacob to Laban, I'll bang both your daughters and even more of your flock because fractions are for pussies.[941] The total number is 50,389,082 cattle.[942] The second part is trickier but, putting it into a Pell equation will give us $10^{6684373825464}$ cattle. Oh shit, I forgot to carry the 1. I mean, the smallest possible herd should work out 2 7.76 x 10^{20658} cattle. Sorry it took me a while. I tend to only use the Hindu–Arabic numeral system when counting up to four.[943] I prefer to think in unary and binary number systems for anything beyond the rudimentary. To be honest, unary is where my heart is.

Jesus fuck, Dazzle Razzle, said COCK. That was pretty good. I was going to ask you about the average air-speed velocity of an unladen pigeon, but I can see that would be a waste of both of our time. So, let's cut to the chase. Okay, yes there are always to balls, and you've got them.[944] Now you need the cock/Cock/COCK. Here is the question of and for the COCK. Harken, how can you count on not counting the counting of non-counting?

I do not know, oh mighty COCK, I meekly replied. Indeed, Dazzle Razzle. Look closer as the answer is in numbers, but you must reject that which I offer you because that is not it. Now go forth amongst the world and bring it Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. In the process you will learn through tribulation. Behold, you already have, and will continue to, encounter *Elohim*.[945] These are aspects of myself. Recognize them. They will test you. Prepare yourself and purify yourself. That is all. Dismissed.

Then COCK vanished.

From that moment on I wore only flowing robes made from natural fibres. This was my destiny, and I embraced it.

[941] *Editorial note* Dazzle Razzle is a little caviller about 'fractions'. As for the flock, he should be talking about cattle here, but we've already seen him talk about intercourse with sheep before. Anyway, as Custom said, ""Your daughter's a freak. Your daughter's a pro. When I'm done with her she'll do one of your bros. I hope I never have a daughter. I hope I never have a daughter. I hope I never have a daughter. I hope I never have a daughter."
[942] As Maestro Fresh Wes said, "It's '89, ya'll, not Beethoven the 5th or 6th."
[943] You'll actually find that that can take quite some time to do.
[944] As Eazy-E said, "Since you put yourself on my dick, I put my nutz on ya chin."
[945] *Editorial note* Lagan the Impervious Floater diagnostically said of Dazzle Razzle, "He is the firmament while having populated it with himself and his gods." We included this because it sounds sententious.

Distemper, Bitches Be Trippin', Trife Life, or Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego?

Hoes started disappearing. Livia the Biscuit Limper was found having been washed up in a drainage basin.[946] Triple Cherry the Casino Whore was dismembered and found in a wash basin.[947] Taco Grande the Mesoamerican was out looking for illegal aliens and disappeared in an impact basin. And The Horse-Faced Lesbian was done-in during a knife fight after freebasin'. These were all better fates than Spikenard the Punk Ho.[948] She was locked in chemical toilet. Set on fire,[949] she had to jump into the septic basin to escape the flames. This perhaps made her demise even the more unpleasant as the post-mortem identified the cause of death as a combination of inhalation and steam burns. Her charred remains were reclaimed, but at some cost, from a foul, thick resin. As Gandhi said, what to do? To be honest, at this point I kind of didn't give a fuck.

The police deployed a dragnet, but nothing came of it. Besides, they are incompetent swine. Hooker after hooker was coming to a bad end.[950] Life was brutish and short especially after Big Rig the Fat Pig was found in a field.[951] Her pubes were shaved and she was in a posture similar to that in which Sharky was found sleeping the sleep of the chaste. This time however, her limbs were clearly manipulated by someone else. There was another message with the body as well.

You would measure time the measureless and the unmmeasurable.

You would adjust your conduct and even direct the coarse of you're spirit according to hours and seasons. Of time you would make a stream upon who's bank you would sit and watch it's flowing.

Yet the timeless in you is aware of life's timelessness[952]

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[946] Allalivial, allalluvial

[947] She was found in the basin, which in turn was in a forest.

[948] That wasn't actually her name. She was called The Legend of Zelda because of her first name. However, the hoes called her by the other because she used to smell nice.

[949] The toilet, not her. But the difference is the same.

[950] Perhaps there is irony there. Perhaps there is an issue of number agreement as well. But then again, they're hookers and hookers don't count. Especially Bonobo the Simian who looked like Degas' *Little Dancer of Fourteen Years*. Fuck it. As Elton John said, "hold me close tiny dancer."

[951] She was a lot lizard. Her mortal remains were found just off the highway near the Denny's that made her the fat pig that got the amphetamine fueled truckers dropping pills and more bills.

[952] The small intestine lends itself more toward cursive writing, but that doesn't make it easy.

It appeared to be Khalil Gibran, but there were some problems with spelling, grammar, and stanza integrity.[953] Was this meant to mock me? Was this The Choir Boyz again? It was truly a mystery.[954] Angel came up to try and console me. Thinking my aggressive use of meth was a consequence of this, and not completely divorced from all this sordid business,[955] she tried to play her Watts-Dunton to my Swinburne. I had to slap the ho. Bitch didn't know what hit her, didn't have time to ask.

Word

Get a grip, bitch, I told her. Bitches ain't shit. Pimps up, hoes down. Don't blame Scotty, blame the transporter. Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me! The present only toucheth thee. But och! I backward cast my e'e on prospects drear an' forward, tho' I canna see I guess an' fear. So don't fuck with me while I'm trying to unravel the mysteries of COCK. Don't forget that or I'll cut you up something awful. Confused, but with blade before the eye, she came to heel.

But the other bitches were getting their noses all out of joint. Some had already desserted, so I set the dogs on them. Some escaped, but for those who didn't, the example was instructive.

Relax, you stank hoes. Assemble in formation. Ass back, tits forward. Nutts on your chin.

After a Bellamy salute, I addressed the rank and file. Keep your shit together. There is no I in team. And remember, there is a seat for you in Ho Valhalla.

But they were anxious. Inwardly, I was worried that his might be the work of the theosophists, but I suspected The Choir Boyz. Either way. I played it as though I suspected Caesar Slick and company. At least in this way, maybe the bitches wouldn't be leaving for other stables.

Changing tones, I continued. Keep collected, you pipe hitting bitches. Once more unto the breach.[956] Stay on the streets. The fewer hoes, the greater share of honor. COCK's will! I pray thee, wish not one ho more. Oh, you, my proud and stout of heart hoes. Don't let those collectivization motherfuckers get to you.[957] It is better to sell your lives dearly. Better to fall on your sword than be a second-rate ho. Better to die at the hands

[953] Khalil Gibran is trash anyway. Don't try to deny it.
[954] These mysteries are for *Intermezzo: How to be a Motherfucker* and *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.
[955] That is, being entirely a spiritual kick.
[956] Or, as Bart said, We will choke your rivers with our dead.
[957] It is always better to deflect. Give them a known for an unknown. Fear is better than anxiety. At least the former can be identified and addressed in a manner. Anxiety cannot. Granting you allow me to switch the gender, you probably want to know that a praying mantis is going to fuck you and kill you, rather than be anxious that some random, at first passing for normal, disturbed trick might kill you. This point might require more elaboration.

of a psychopath than have capitulated. Don't give 1 inch, take at least five or six in your hole. Three or four as a minimum if we include chinks and kikes. Believe in COCK and don't let your faith waver. Mine won't. But then again, I am the motherfucking mack-daddy.

This was true. My focus was entirely on COCK, not the lives of my hoes. I think I made the right choice, but there was a price to be paid.

Propimpaedeutics, A Copernican Revolution, Kid 'n Play, or (Dazzlean ‘Patapimpics, Preä(e)s(thic)s)

Let’s consider COCK even though we don’t fully understand it at this point. Clearly It transcends PIMP, HO and GAME, but how might this be? Well, let’s work with what we know and then we can see where we sit.

We know that the GAME potentiates the pimp Game and in this we have instantiations. We have pimps, hoes and bitches.[958] Somehow PIMP and HO transect them while they are also governed by Pimp, Ho and Game which are modes thereof.[959] It would seem that these higher principles are onto-themselves, although profoundly involved in the lower spheres of activity. Their spatiotemporal counterparts (Pimp, Ho and Game) are appreciable, but largely intuitive being felt in their effects. From this we have their corporeal instantiations. These are substantial as anchoring points between which individuals may move. They are fixed, but they are also points of transit. After all, in the beginning there were just bitches. Indeed, but right now we are flying at 40,000 feet. So what does this mean on the ground? How do they (*viz.* bitches) take on their assumed roles and what are the implications? As Eazy-E said, Now back, back, back to the fucking basics.

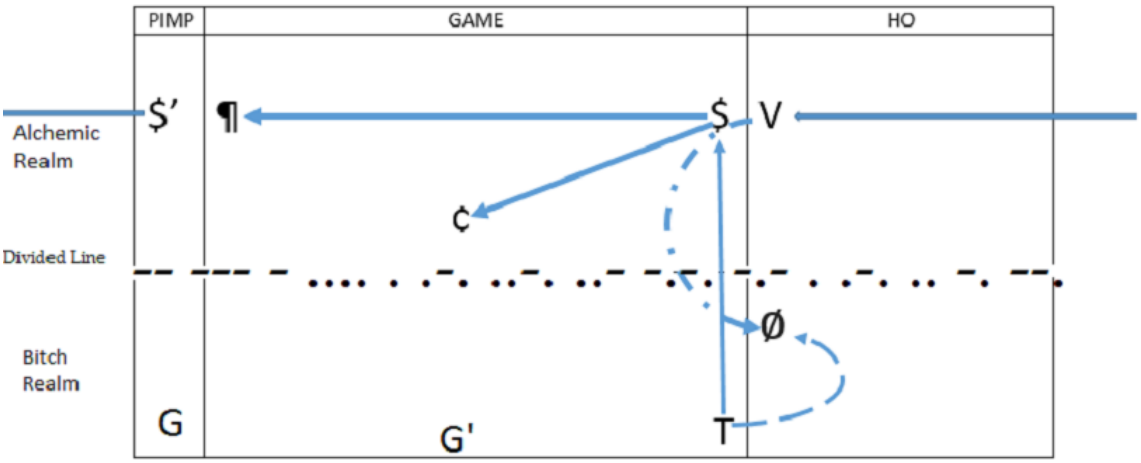
It would seem that they are relayed to and fro through Pimp, Ho and Game. However, these are determined by Cock and Hole. The thing is, we do not just have pimps, hoes and bitches. There are other, aberrant points of identification such as tricks and gorillas.[960] Let’s try to map this out and then unpack it. We will use schematic terms in an effort to strip the conceptuality bare. Consider the *Π Chart*.[961]

[958] Remember, these are not necessarily gender specific. As Salt said, “although most men are hoes”. But, she was a bitch, so I’m not sure if that disqualifies her. A pimp slap might be in order.

[959] Do note that the upper order can be at odds with its lower orders. Remember that PIMP, HO and GAME function on a cosmological level and, as such, have ec-centric properties.

[960] By definition, they are on the periphery.

[961] This could also be called a schema *Π,* or pi scheme as you have seen in the Pimponzi Schema Pi[2].



Π Chart

What we have here are elements and relations. Firstly, what should be apparent is its major structural divisions. At the top we have PIMP, GAME and HO. These stand alone and supervene two strata of reality. These are the Alchemic Realm and the Bitch Realm and they are defined by the manner of their subordination to the upper principals.[962] From this tripartite division, six quadrates can be found.[963] They are not all marked on *Π Chart*, but from left to right they run in the following way. Pimp, Game and Ho along the Alchemic Realm. In the Bitch Realm are Simp, Game' and Slut. As you can see, the two realms are separated by the Dividing Line.[964] This line reveals a spectral duality where the higher order is reflected by its traduced state. This does not occur from just top to bottom, but complementarity can be seen from upper left to lower right as well as lower left to upper right, but we will return to this consideration in a moment. If we are going to come to a dynamic understanding of the model, the best way to proceed is *in medias res* and to allow it to de-(en)velope.[965]

Looking from the top left, the order of PIMP is narrow. This is because it is absolute. However, like HO and Game, it suffers variation as it descends in the world. The upper Alchemic Realm is the productive realm. It is the site of action and holds $' which

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962 *Sur l'oreiller du mal c'est Satan Trismégiste*
Qui berce longuement notre esprit enchanté,
Et le riche métal de notre volonté
Est 2ut vaporisé par ce savant chimiste

963 Yes, quadrants.

964 A philosophical and spiritual Mason–Dixon line.

965 Etymologically we are looking at a wrapping/unwrapping.

stands for pimp. This is a substantial mode (*homoousios*). Underneath is the Realm of Bitches, the realm of fallen matter. This is the less pure realm and holds both potential and aberration. At this intersection we find G which stands for gorilla.[966] The gorilla participates in a distortion of PIMP and is only of a like substance (*homoiousios*). Let's leave this lower order alone for the moment. What we will do is begin with the pimp and start making sense of the other elements.

The pimp ($') makes himself by engaging the vagina (V). But as you can see, this is indirect. The order of PIMP and HO are oppositional and brook no confluence. That is why GAME is between them, being a product and an ordering of them. However, if we look at the pimp in Pimp, there is a vector to vagina (V) in Ho, but it doesn't pass through Game, or not at this point. Just like in quantum mechanics, if you pardon the whimsy, he approaches it through a wormhole.[967] This is apt because he doesn't 'actually' fuck his hoes, yet the hole is engaged and he worms shit out of it.[968] This is not just vagina, but Hole. This is the primary alchemic site. It yields $ which stand for money and exists under the order of GAME. This line of force, one of many ley lines, continues through to Cock and is represented by ¶, the pilcrow. Cock sits on the edge of GAME and PIMP and further coordinates the pimp. This is because the whole quadrate under GAME is the pimp Game and the pimp is aligned with it through Cock just as much as the vagina is. This is a very important quadrate. Underneath it is another Game, a less pure one. This is the gangsta Game, but we will make sense of that in a moment.[969] Just as the pimp Game is the central quadrate of the upper realm, so too is Pimp to the left and Ho to the right.[970] Let's look more closely at the vagina in Ho.

Now the vagina is represented by V for a couple reasons. Typoörthographically,[971] it is both the letter that vagina begins with, but it also pictorially represents the cavity and absence that it ~~embodies~~.[972] Moreover, it is the logical disjunct that represents its fundamental cleavage. This happens in a twofold way. In the first sense you have the vagina a (w)hole lot of fun, but you also have the *vagina dentata*, the terrifying mollusk.

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[966] As Montell Jordan said, "The hood's been good to me. Ever since I was a lower case g, but now I'm a big G."
[967] As JT Money said, "I told you 'bout trustin' them stankin' ass H-Os. You gotta learn to work them bitches for the pes-Os." Indeed, Hoes can't come back to the crib until they have the meat sweats.
[968] It would be uninstructive to evoke Dr. Johnson and what he says it means to worm: "To deprive a dog of something, nobody knows what, under his tongue, which is said to prevent him, nobody knows why, from running mad."
[969] Because, as Scareface said, "And everything's cool in the mind of a gangsta 'cause gangsta-ass niggas think deep."
[970] As R. Kelly said, "I've got fellas to my left and honeys to my right."
[971] Another Edith-Wharton-type-of-diaeresis.
[972] The convention of *sous rature* will be maintained elsewhere for considerations of this nature.

However, the Janus face of the vagina is compounded by a further disjunction. This feature further supports its divided character as its counterpart is the slut in the realm below, in the Slut quadrate, and is represented by ∅, the empty set. It is an empty set because sluttiness is a pervasive characteristic and, as such, is diffuse and non-isolatable.[973] There are only sluts, but this can only find elaboration after a lot more groundwork. Now you might want to throw your hands up here, but do not. There is a final disjunctive quality that is all important.

The vagina as V is also the logical *vel* disjunct that does not entail mutual exclusion.[974] In this coupling of absences, you find the ho that inhabits either the Ho quadrate or the Slut quadrate. This is very interesting because this coupling is the ho's motor force. She needs to participate in both quadrates. This is what makes the vagina usable in the Game and not just a site of wanton promiscuity. It becomes an ordered and disciplined space despite being yoked to the slut. So how is it mobilized?

Well, in the Game' quadrate is T. This is the trick.[975] From the trick you should notice two things. They are both material movements. The first is the straight movement of cash ($) up into the Game. Here it has a recursive relation between $ and V as it compounds with the trick's lust. From here both continue onward to the pimp. The pimp is $' because he is synonymous with $ and effectively ¶ as we have seen. Now, in this relation from T to $/V we see the alchemic basis. M1y is produced, but so is sense (¢). This is what makes life meaningful. This is all facilitated through $' making a ho a ho and a trick a trick. But this is only half of the story.

The other side of the trick is that which passes through ∅. In doing this he taps the ho-potential. This triggering of inner slut is what makes the vagina move toward sluttiness. This is significant as it takes two to tango.[976] The pimp cannot make a ho without her hoing it out to someone. In this the trick is instrumental. However, do note that the trick is a substandard human being. He is in the fallen realm, but this is the beauty of alchemy. It is across the dividing line that all magic happens. The forlorn trick and his empty pockets are the *nigredo*. He is the by-product. So is the dead ho, when this

[973] But this might be where we start counting.
[974] We are getting into fuzzy logic here.
[975] T because it is his place of crucifixion.
[976] You will also note that in T/∅/$/V are the lines of 4ce that dance in a giant $. This is the propagating relation that sustains the basic transaction through the ages. This is the eternal appeal, but it is in this through to the relation of ¶ that we have the Game. This is how it is comprehensive, this is where we see the importance of the divided line.

eventuality comes around.[977] But even while still alive,[978] the ho being her angry bitter self is the *caput mortuum*.[979] Gold is in the pimp's pocket and this is very significant.

When we began with the pimp trajectory you should have noticed its looping quality. This is the reinforcement of $, $', and ¶. In fact, the ¶ actually creates this indentation, this puncture, and allows this correspondence.[980] This is what creates beauty in Game and Pimp. This is why G is outside looking in. He sees the pimp, but he doesn't really see Cock. He sees money,[981] but he doesn't truly understand its nature *qua* Cock.[982] Similarly, we have G'. This is the gangsta.[983] To be fair to him, we should really consider him on the bottom line. That is because he actually operates in another Game. However, this shows how pure the pimp Game is. The gangsta is a bitch, but he models himself along pimp lines. How interesting.

We are not done yet. Let's try and extrapolate and make sense of COCK, a question most vexing. Consult *Πp² Chart*.

[977] Depends on how and where she dies. It also applies to tricks. Necro is definitely an authority. "Let's talk about dead body disposal, my proposal. Take the corpse to the bathtub and drain the blood out of the bastard. Strip ya self nude first so you don't get blood on ya new shirt and cut the fuckin' corpse up like a butcher to meat, kid. And put the pieces inside trash bags, so she'll be reeking like a fag's ass with flesh covered in leeches and throw the bags away in various trash bins in different areas. This shit's hilarious."

[978] Living and partly living.

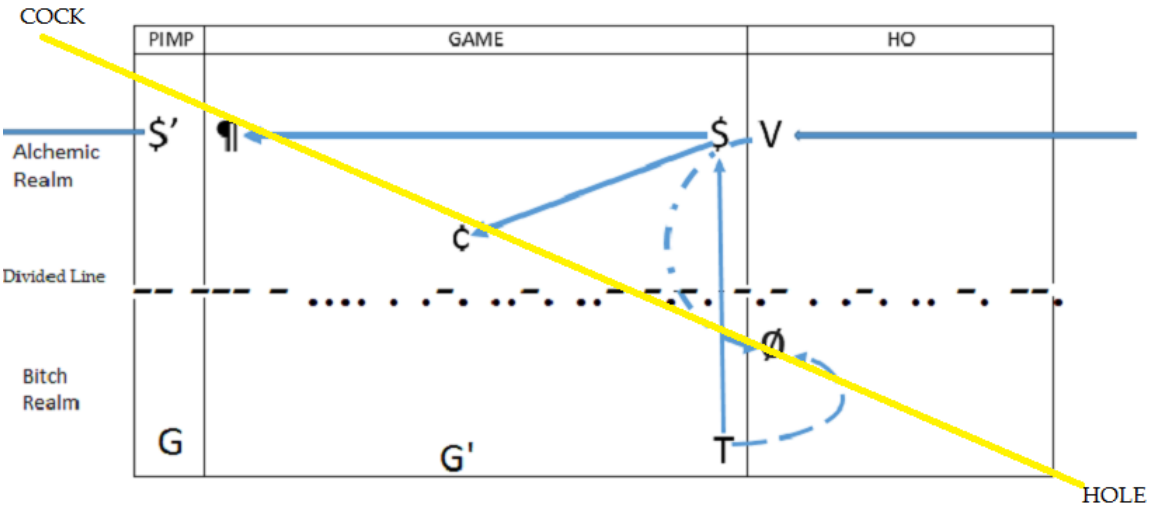
[979] I think you can see that these may be one and the same.

[980] In the early monastic tradition, the pilcrow indicated a change in thought. It differentiated the undifferentiated. *a linea*. The line that divides. We see that in the horizontal line of force. After all, it is a carriage return. However, we will also see it as an intersection with COCK. Similarly, in modern typeface, it is the invisible character that supports space as meaningful. This is interesting. It is the present absent as a control character. More interestingly is that it is supported, on a lower level, in Unicode and raised up, or lowered, to the level of other character. This is another reason why we need to consider COCK.

[981] As already noted, the convergent dynamic line of 4ce that that makes $ $\$$ in entrainment. This is captivating.

[982] *La mariée mise à nu par ses célibataires, même*.

[983] This can be synonymous with thug (Thug and THUG). This will become clearer in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.



Πp² Chart

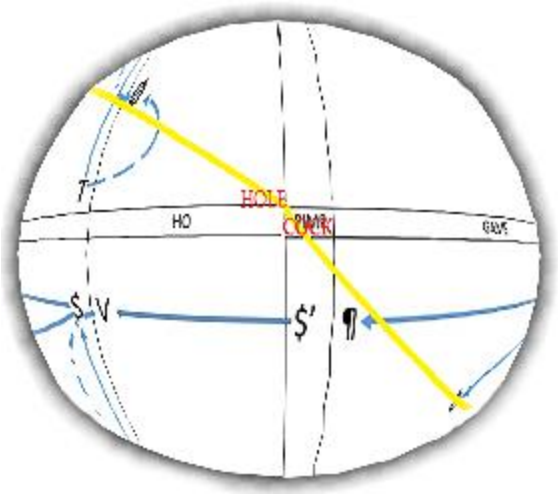
Now in *Πp² Chart* you can see a world of difference.[984] COCK and HOLE converge at ¢.[985] It means that retroactively it only makes sense to make money and participate in the Game. Furthermore, in this yellow line you can see that both COCK and HOLE run through their incarnations ¶ and Ø.[986] This I suspect is the vivifying force. Sluttiness falls under the sway of Cock. This is what allows everything to be the way it is in Game. There is a complication though. Consider $\frac{4}{3}\pi r^3$ *Chart*.[987]

[984] You will note that it is not circular. You can circle the square, but you cannot square the circle. So they say. Behold. This is nothing though. You will see that its importance is only in attaining the sphere, and yet even this gives way to further topological considerations.

[985] That makes sense. But, as you will see, HOLE always remains mysterious. It is impenetrable. Perhaps more so than COCK.

[986] As a strange polyvalent space, Vagina is actually connected, but for this you will have to wait for the (πr^2)(2πR) Chart. This is the volume of a torus.

[987] With the namesake a rendering in volume.



$\frac{4}{3}\pi r^3$ *Chart*

We can also consider COCK to HOLE as meeting directly at their antipodes, apparently consonant with the relationship between $' and V. In this way we bring COCK to the HOLE in a fashion that brings the other likewise opposed corners into contact. What we have now is a sphere that is bound tightly by COCK.[988] This is an important observation as COCK is really all there is. HOLE is a vacuity that emits no light. It is an aim that COCK targets but keeps missing, making the repetition of the one, the many. Doing this, COCK goes round and round upon itself tying these balls with ever more ribbons.[989] In this we see the beginning of knots as our lines of force create enclosures.[990] This makes a lot of sense, but something is still missing. This theorizing is an attempt to understand the unknown. COCK still abounds in mystery. Nevertheless, the next step is to push the boundaries and try to find the truth revealed through my devotion and meditation. One's assault on COCK must be a multipronged affair.[991]

[988] You will have noticed that πp^2 is the formula for a circle's radius. Ahuh, you might say. There is still another dimension missing. You would be right. Hold tight because we'll get there even though we'll always be a dimension away.

[989] If COCK ever went into the HOLE, would it still be COCK? It's hard to fucking tell.

[990] Moreover, we see their untying when we challenge the uniformity of the surface into another space which could create a cross-cap, Roman surface, or Boy surface.

[991] You may have noticed that in an interesting way I had chosen the path of Anselm, although this is somewhat problematical. I sought necessary reason with a certain circularity as natural reason, a product dependent and produced by the illumination that I presupposed. But is this actually circular? Would St. Augustine taken me to task? Tough to say.

Fyah Bun (Postulant Pimpology IIS)

I felt that a covenant had been established with COCK. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is for the people like rainbows and circumcisions. I had been tasked with great things. COCK had spared me, but my life was to be dedicated to Its service. I was still to endeavour making intellectual inroads, but more importantly, I was to emulate a Nazirite, bound by vows most holy.[992] Like the Rastafarian, my hair was not to see a razor. I thought it prudent that my toe and finger nails were to be neither. And why not? I may as well overcompensate on this point, as many of the abstentions I couldn't meet on practical terms. Nevertheless, the important thing was the covenant meant that I would strive for purity, that I would lead a dedicated life marked by observation. I was to make the three sacrifices of the Nazirite before I was to cut my hair. The sacrifices were the burnt offering, the sin-offering and the peace offering. Only then, perhaps, would COCK find me worthy and channel itself through me.

From my involvement with The Hairy Crack, I had made the acquaintance of a number of bikers. Predominantly Dykes on Bykes.[993] I hate white people, and I'm not too keen on lesbians, but for a bunch of carpet-munching honkeys, they were pretty decent. Besides, it seemed as though The Choir Boyz were scared of these dykes, I'm not sure why,[994] so I had my hoes mostly holed up in The Hairy Crack. I swear those bastards were behind all the dead hoes,[995] so at least Dykes on Bykes offered some kind of protection for my hoes. In return, I had my hoes tonguing holes *pro bono*. Again, not something I would normally encourage,[996] but hey. A living hooker is of more value than a dead one,[997] and I needed an income stream while I pondered the divine COCK.

Now, more importantly, it was through Dykes on Bykes that I was to learn the trade secrets of methamphetamine production. This would be the burnt offering and hopefully help encourage priapism in a silent observation of the divinity of COCK.[998] My design was not to sell it, but to burn it in my backyard while I danced around it,

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[992] The COCK did say the answer was in numbers. See *Numbers* 6:1–21. This was my first effort to understand the riddle of COCK.

[993] *Editorial note* For legal purposes, and factual accuracy, Dykes on Bykes have nothing to do with Dykes on Bikes. It is possible that Dykes on Bykes are the suppressed militant wing, but that is just conjecture.

[994] See *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

[995] What about Daddy Diamond and the theosophists? Well, again you'll have to turn to *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

[996] Fine, in a qualified way I do. See *Whoreology*.

[997] Family members (of the hoes, and maybe your own) will tell you otherwise. Don't listen.

[998] These dykes couldn't understand what I was talking about with COCK, but they are ruled by it in the same way. Lesbian or not, COCK manages all human relations. That is because, in many ways, it is just a metaphor.

catching fumes and going crazy.[999] I wasn't going to try and go double-breasted *à la* Caesar Slick. Fuck him, and fuck that.[1000]

Since I had now resolved only to drink coconut water and eat barley,[1001] I no longer needed my kitchen for traditional purposes, and so had decided to convert it into a meth lab. Pseudoephedrine was isolated from Sinutab by dissolving the tablets in xylene. The next day it was extracted using acetone and filters. The pseudoephedrine was sequenced with red phosphorus and then iodine to get hydroiodic acid. Time to cook the distillate. This was to yield 100 kg/week of meth, but I blew up the second floor of my house. Consequently, I was forced to double my dungeon as a living quarters.

I had a ho named Skary Spike, alternatively pronounces Scary Spice and Scarry Spic,[1002] that was keen on the production side of things.[1003] I peeled her from Caesar Slick's stable, but she was a real tweaker.[1004] Because she was so enthusiastic about it, I set her to work making the shit. Big mistake. Often it's good to use people with vested interests, but not when it comes to junkies. Here there can be a conflict of interest, but here there will be incompetence. I went out to Walmart to get some more car batteries for the lithium, needed to support the forecasted production figures, only to come home to find my house a burned-out shell.[1005] The remains of Skary Spike could not be found. That ended that. But was it a disaster? Hard to say. I sacrificed half my house and a ho.

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[999] Not just crazy, but toward the crazy wisdom of *Chögyam Trungpa*. This also bears similarities to the Rastafarian Reasoning and Groundation. Kind of a two, or three, or four, for one. This is symbolic.

[1000] Ok, Ok. As Trippple Beam I would definitely have got down to commercial purposes. But we're talking Dazzle Razzle here, and he now has a calling.

[1001] An extreme form of I-tal. Also, it is almost what His Coconutship advocated. Like the Thin White Duke I would have had milk, peppers and cocaine, but I'm black.

[1002] She was a scarred-up Latino that looked like Ray Liotta with a face full of coke.

[1003] She was also interested in PCP, but she thought, approvingly, that I was trying to kill hoes with it. I wasn't. She often said,

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,
As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy--
Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

It started getting pretty annoying after a while. Especially because she was often so outta her head that she was fucking up the lines because of the lines, if ya get me.

[1004] As Biggie notes, "Heard in three weeks she sniffed a whole half of cake up".

[1005] Walmart is great place to recruit hoes. The customers are often receptive, but the employees more so. Caesar Slick liked to go for the greeters. Usually their pensions and old age provisions are inadequate, so it's easy turn them out. Limited market though. However, besides the pensioners, the other greeters are retarded. Now those are soft targets. Despite what you might think, there are people who will pay to fuck Downies.

Can't be that bad. Besides I started making PCP in my dungeon. So, if somehow I thought that still satisfied the burnt offering vow, my sin-offering might only be considered a mitigated success, while my peace offering a complete failure.

My sin offering was to be my art.[1006] A celebration, impossible by other standards, I began devising a series of devotional pieces and objects of spiritual meditation.[1007] Not just any creations, but products of deep solitude produced in tranquility and of the highest solemnity. These were to be artistic expressions guided by the Divine hand. They were not to resemble my earlier pornographic efforts, though I still suffer pangs of remorse thinking about the unfulfilled potential in that medium.[1008]

I had thought initially in terms of conventional stained glass and music, but then I realized something. Though not entirely satisfactory, and not to be ruled out by any means, I concluded that I should touch upon the topic in a more direct and immediate way. Nothing profane, but something that would encompass what I considered essential. You see, if COCK was to Cock as Cock was to cock, perhaps I should look to work toward the rarefication of its emanations and seek to approximate it in earthly depictions through inspiration and carnal immersion. This could be done in a manner satisfying, but yet exceeding, devotional purposes.[1009] Aesthetics need not be a secondary consideration, but this work should be rendered, at least somewhat, in representational terms.[1010] But how?

It was a slow realization, though it was there all the time. I had at my disposal all the memorabilia and collected body parts of my hoes. I suppose I always knew that this should be the way, but nothing is simple. COCK works in mysterious and wondrous ways. I was both with COCK and I was not. In my finite existence, I would be forced to struggle with the limitations of the portals of my temporality. I had to find the workings of COCK in the world, so again I turned my consideration to cock and Cock. And so, with this spiritual comfort, I got to work.

[1006] This is actual far too complicated to address here. What is to follow is meant merely to establish the tenor of Pimp Art. For any real sense of understanding for what is at stake here, see *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking.*

[1007] This is respect for COCK Iration.

[1008] These designs and writings are to be found in the book *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking.* And do not worry, a pornographic line may well be in the works. There is also a possibility of a brothel in Nevada, but all in good time.

[1009] Again, what is going on here is much more complex than this. This represents Dazzle Razzle's thought at this time, but much of Pimp Art is a product of his more mature thought. A lot of this is post-incarceration and was preserved though different means. It is not material found in the safehouse. This is all accounted for in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s.*

[1010] *Editorial note* when talking about representation or signification, for some reason Dazzle Razzle often spoke in German. He would alternate between *Vorstellung* and *Repräsentanz*. Sometimes he would use *Vorstellungsrepräsentanz*. Trust us, it complicates the scholarship.

My productions were to be an effort to bring revealed religion to the people. Starting with journals and diagrams, I began to execute my purpose. These were stored in the safehouse.[1011] I worked piously, but I knew that trials and tribulations lie before me. There was much to surmount, but there was no way that I could have seen the disrupting events that were to follow. My actions were to be deferred, my purpose, at least, hopefully to be realized by other agencies. So much for the sin-offering.

The arrival of Bankroll and the Glamor Boyz put an end to these efforts. Furthermore, due to their interference, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah never saw the light of day.[1012] That put paid to what would have been my peace offering, the sublime Eucharist of COCK. The Chalice.

With the qualified success of my first vow and its supplement in PCP,[1013] the partial success of my second, and the abysmal failure of the third, it is needless to say that I never got around to cutting my hair or nails. More problematically, as I was playing this new Game, aligned with GAME through COCK, I wasn't tightening up my game. As a pimp, I had already started slipping,[1014] but now you can say that I really did. I should have known what Caesar Slick did and what Bankroll was up to, but I didn't. If anything, I was thinking about The Choir Boyz. I didn't even know that Bankroll had a seven-year-old son born with an extra pair of hands.[1015] What a freak.[1016] You should know about shit like that.[1017] My game was truly leaking.

[1011] And here they remained until retrieved by Flenser the Fat Male Stripper, a type of hydriotaphia.

[1012] *Editorial note* Not to despair. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is being readied for production at the time of writing, all in keeping with Dazzle Razzle's wishes.

[1013] Which you will see in a moment.

[1014] As Dr. Dre said, "Never let me slip, 'cause if I slip, then I'm slippin'."

[1015] *Editorial note* If he wouldn't have been deprived of them, perhaps the next *Enchiridion* would have been at hand. After all, only a stoic could have confronted his future with such composure.
Apologies for the 'foreshadowing'.

[1016] He had teratological deformities. A small pair of parasitic hands branched out from his wrists. It could have been either the congenital syphilis or the inbreeding.

[1017] Will the neighbours say, "He was a man who used to notice such things"?

How to Make Crystal Meth, Fun in the Sun, or It Tastes Like Burning (Pre-Pimpology (III^{1018} (or -1)))

[This chapter is missing. Obviously Dazzle Razzle was unable to properly formulate it as his first efforts were disastrous. The following chapter will tell you how to make PCP, if that is any consolation.]

[1018] This monstrosity of a number is meant to represent -1 as if the Roman's had a numerical conception of negative numbers. It could be a representation of 2-1, but they lacked imaginary numbers. However, 1014 is a pimpnote, not an exponent. But -1^{1014} would still mean -1, so who the fuck cares?

Phencyclidine Clandestine Production (PCP), or *Mysterium Tremendum* (Pre-Pimpology II), and Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right, Left, Right, B, A, Start, or the Iran-Contra [コナミコマンド]Scandal

Ketamine is for pussies,[1019] but let's get at those N-methyl-D-aspartate receptors.[1020] Let's get wet. There are a number of ways that you can do it, and it is often all about compromise.[1021] You see, although assholes, the pigs and spooks aren't idiots. A lot of what you need are monitored substances. With crack you begin with coke, illegal but easily available. Not so for what you need to make PCP.[1022] It is like a Lego set. You've got to take shit apart before you put anything together. If you're not comfortable with the chemistry, than stick to Jimsonweed and the like.[1023] Just make sure that you have some activated charcoal on hand, for all the good it will do you, and some benzodiazepine for tomorrow, provided you're not in jail or the morgue.
Because of the illicit nature of phencyclidine, there are analog compounds such as benocyclidine and other members of the arylcyclohexylamine family where the piperidine ring has been substituted for a pyrrolidine one, but fuck that shit.[1024] We're going to keep it real. Kind of like crack, we're going to bind to those dopamine transporter receptors, but we're also going to try and trigger a psychotic episode. That's where the real fun is, so buckle up. The following you can spray onto mint, weed or into someone's eyes. This is how you make PCP.[1025]

You can use different intermediates, but we are going to address the nitrile path. This means we are looking for Bruylants reaction of an organometallic reagent on alpha-

[1019] Still, Special K said, "Special K. I'm here to say. Chaos breaks out when I start to play." Rock the body, body. Rock the body, body.
[1020] Actually, we're looking at inhibiting the reuptake of monoaminergic neurotransmitters, such as dopamine, serotonin and norepinephrine. But that's not the whole story.
[1021] Not entirely though. You have to toe the line on many fronts. First, you can't do this in a stainless-steel mixing bowl in the school's cafeteria like you can with crack. You need a damn-near-proper laboratory environment. You can improvise at points, but try not to fuck with shit too much. Methodology is not just important, it must be adhered to. If you take liberties, you might end up with some seriously toxic shit. You want to make sure you fully react your PCC. Even if you're doing it properly, you've got to watch out as PCP easily breaches the epidermal barrier and you'll be in another world before you know it.
[1022] Since we're about to get technical, let's start now. PCP is 1-(1-phenylcyclohexyl)piperidine)
[1023] Jimsonweed is treacherous. Don't turn your back on it. Benefit from the wisdom of Dr. Gonzo. Or perhaps Carlos Castaneda.
[1024] We can get to PCA (1-phenyl-1-cyclohexylamine) through a couple routes. This can be a terminal point or it can be further reacted to make PCP itself. Other analogs are PCE (cyclohexamine), PHP (phenylcyclohexylpyrrolidine), PCPP (phenylcyclopentylpiperidine), and TCP (thienylcyclohexylpiperidine).
[1025] You can bypass all this if you know some dodgy veterinarians. After all, it is an accepted analgesic as it affects afferent receptors along with acute psychical dissociation.

amino nitrile. Now, we are going to number the steps, just like we did for crack, but here it is largely ornamental and only meant to lend an aura of respectability.

1. First we need to get PCC (1-piperidinocyclohexanecarbonitrile).[1026] This can be secured as Sernyl or Sernylan,[1027] but you're likely not to get your hands on that. To make PCC we need to synthesize cyclohexanone and Piperidine. Piperidine is naturally occurring in black pepper, but good luck isolating that. Let's take it back a step and work with pyridine.

2. Pyridine can be achieved through coal gasification. This is done by way of syngas (CH_4, CO, H_2, CO_2 and H_2O). Hydrogenate this and produce the needed piperidine via a molybdenum disulfide catalyst. We can now tick that box. Next you need to get cyclohexanone.

3. Cyclohexanone is an organic compound. It is a colorless oil similar to acetone. You can buy it because it is required in great quantities for the industrial production of nylon. However, if you're ambitious, you can bring it around on your own, but with some difficulty.[1028] Cyclohexanone is present in coal, but it is not easy to obtain. If you like, you can try a Dieckmann condensation of pimelic acid and follow it through to multiple reductions. If I were you, I'd just buy it with a stolen credit card and have the consignment sent to an abandoned house.

4. Now we have our precursors. It depends on the molar scale,[1029] but effectively the following is what you are going to do to get to the needed PCC. You want the hydrochloride salt of the piperidine and the bisulfite adduct of the cyclohexanone. This might get a little Byzantine,[1030] but here we go.

5. Mix 85 g of piperidine 2 84 ml of conc. HCl (concentrated hydrochloric acid) in 200 ml of water at about 3°C. You want the aqueous solution to hit a pH of 3. Now 98 g of your cyclohexanone is added. Following this you add 68 g of KCN (potassium cyanide) premixed in 150 ml of water.[1031] This is stirred for solubility on and off for about two hours. At this point it is left to stand for about 10 hours. In the morning you collect the

[1026] As C.L. Smooth said, "the main ingredient."
[1027] Really this is PCP, but there can be ambiguity. It depends on the trade name. The latter is discontinued anyway.
[1028] Like how John Lennon asked George Martin of a song "to make it sound like an orange."
[1029] By that we are talking about 1 mole of piperidine and 1 mole of cyclohexanone. However, we are going to proceed using units of volume and water. Besides, 'depending on the molar scale' does not really make sense.
[1030] Sounds like a compound, but it ain't. Kinda was though while under siege when the Ottomans (*cough* Venetians) decided the hog was ready to go to market.
[1031] You can almost just add it. KCN is a deliquescent salt. It's once you mix the solution in with the other that you have to get to stirring with some vigor.

precipitate. Wash, dry, repeat as you strive for purity. Now you're sitting on around 170 g (give or take) of PCC.[1032] Make sure it is completely dry. You might even want to heat it just to make sure. Time for the next synthesis.

6. Here we make use of a Grignard reagent. This is important for the formation of carbon-carbon bonds. There are a couple types suitable for this, but we are going to use phenylmagnesium bromide. To get this you take magnesium shavings and heat in a flask.[1033] You can just buy it, though, in a solution of diethyone ether, but I find it better to just use magnesium turnings. Use around 12 g of magnesium and add 200 ml of dry ether as a solvent.[1034] Do this in stages. To this add 79 g of bromobenzene. Introduce about 39 g of PCC and keep topping up your ether/bromobenzene so that you have reflux without the need of non-reactive heating. However, once the entire solution has been applied, it will require cooking.

7. Heat this for about three hours, until all the magnesium is dissolved. Here is the nitrile displacement. White-grey bubble should be forming. This is getting toward the desired precipitate. However, it is not ready. Once finished with cooking, use a condenser and drying tube. When it is cooled you will add 175 ml of (4 *N*) aqueous HBr (hydrobromic acid). Do this slowly. Once cool, put it into the fridge for another overnighter.

8. In the morning, take it out. The recipitated PCP hydrombromide is now filtered off. Leave it out to dry. Once dry, dissolve this in hot ethanol. This is just enough to make it a solution. Now you add a mixture of ethanol and NaOH (Sodium hydroxide) which will basify the acid layers. This should create a yellow oil that will quickly crystalize. Watch out for unwanted emulsions. Time to filter again.

9. Filter the PCP. Let it dry. Now add benzene. About 1/3 for the benzene is distilled off to remove the water present through azeotropic drying.[1035] Let this cool again. Now dilute it with two volumes of diethyl ether. To get the desired precipitate you now move to saturation with dry HCl. Now we have PCP hydrochloride.

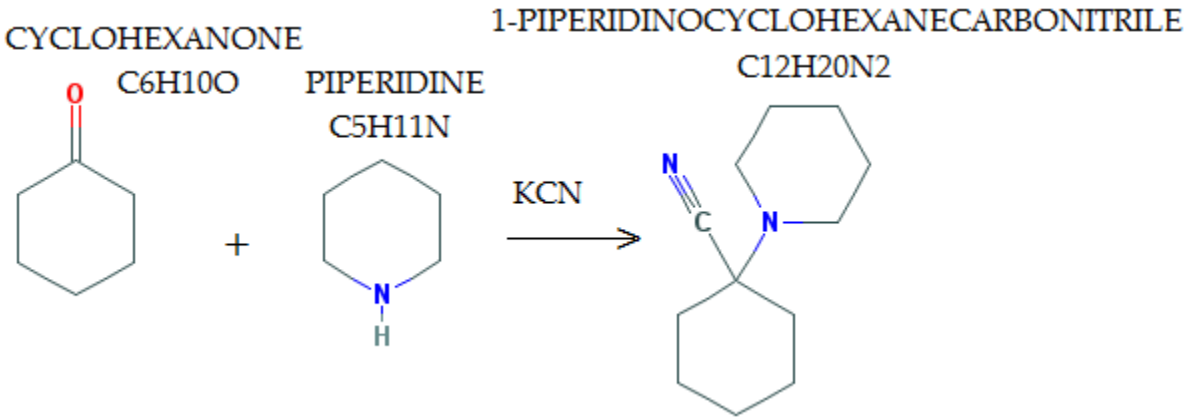
10. Filter this again. Let it dry, and you should have a yield of about 40 g PCP. Add some dye to it if you like. Fucking gangsta. Now you can introduce acid and get it to

[1032] Again, remember that PCC is some evil shit. Not that KCN is all that pleasant.
[1033] You should use Rieke magnesium because it is free of the passivating layer of magnesium oxide that fucks with the organic halide.
[1034] Not just either. You should use 50:50 ratio of ether to benzene.
[1035] Well my name's John Lee Pettimore. Same as my daddy and his daddy before.

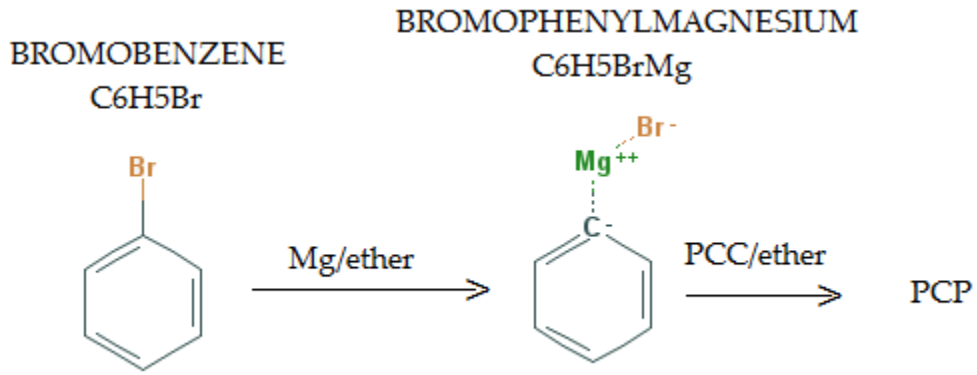
liquid form from the freebase. With this you can fill a syringe, stab and inject it into the water cooler at work. Even if you don't do that, you'll have done this:

Attaining PCP using a nitrile intermediate

1. Getting PCC



2. Synthesising to PCP



It's not laboratory grade, but I like to wear the *I Know What You Did Last* Summer mask while working. Visibility can be limited, but I think it is more important to be in keeping with the theme. On the whole, though, I haven't address apparatus to much, but who cares? Safety is for bitches and you can try to make this shit in plastic garbage cans if you like,[1036] or just divert veterinarial supplies and go crazy and wear those cans like Diogenes of Sinope. Just keep it real.[1037]

[1036] Or just divert veterinarial supplies.
[1037] Be careful. As Red One said, "You can't, he can't find. Blind. You're left behind by my scientific mind."

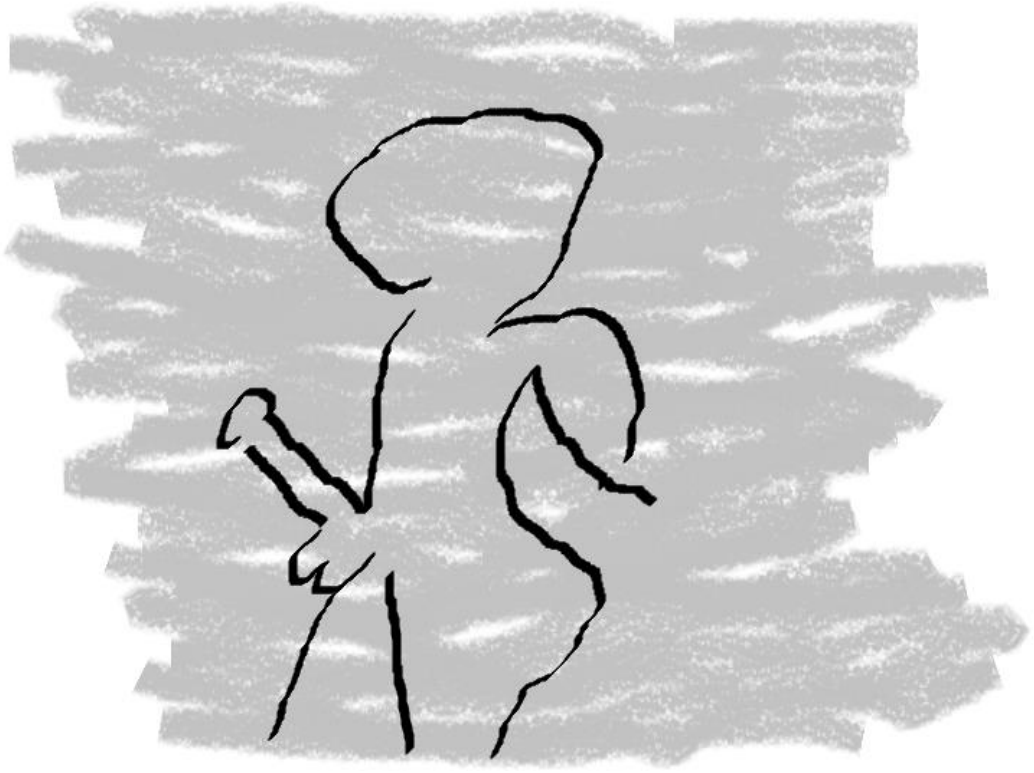
And, remember, it brought Bushwick Bill back from the dead![1038]

[1038] *Editorial* Not necessarily true, but Dazzle Razzle prefers the version with PCP.

In Vacant or in Pensive Mood, or 4′33″,[1039] or While My Guitar Gently Weeps

[*Editorial note* This chapter is missing. It seems that Dazzle Razzle did nothing but heroin for somewhere between three or four months and then went on a walkabout.[1040] We were going to omit any reference to his ongoing heroin problem, but in the interest of transparency, we thought better of it. This was Dazzle Razzle at his darkest and perhaps either most indolent or introspective. The only evidence of activity was discovered through the pencil shading from one of Dazzle Razzle's notepads. The original cannot be unaccounted for, but as meagre as it is, we are thankful to Pop the Pilot and Jackie Treehorn for this trace. It would appear that Dazzle Razzle finally emerged from his funk through the use of ibogaine]

Dazzle Razzle



[1039] Or, The Band Was Playing Dixie Double Four Time.

[1040] As Jane says, "I'm gonna kick tomorrow." But Jane was a ho. Dazzle Razzle can kick anything.

Fine, How to Make Crystal Meth, or Let's Get That Fucking Money, Dollar, Dollar Bills, Ya'll (Pre-Pimpology III)

…[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[1041] See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

[1041] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

How to Find the Clitoris or How It Finds You, *Sub Rosa*, Incipient Conceptuality Laid Bare before Its Time, and I'll Have What She's Having

It's a myth. It doesn't exist.[1042] That pundendal nub is just another developmental path for what would have been her cock.[1043] Coupled with the fact that her vagina is just an inside-out cock, you may have noticed the problems that you are now confronted with.

Six minutes
Six minutes
Six minutes. Doug E Fresh, you're on.
Uh uh on, uh uh on, uh-huh-uh-huh-uh uh uh on
Uh uh on, uh uh on, uh-huh-uh-huh-uh uh uh on
Uh uh
on

The clitoris is the Cock. Perhaps even the COCK in its hidden sanctuary. Behind meat curtains, it takes its bath like a modest Diana. This is the magical creature that appeared to Stan in his dreams with advice about Wendy. However, let's not get carried away and romanticize this thing.[1044] It is both what it is and what it is not. If you've encountered it, you've probably been left confused.[1045] Bite it, flick it, rub it vigorously? Just don't let it get the better of you. It will challenge your humanity and make you look deep within yourself. It is a point of introspection, like bellybuttons and concussions,[1046] that can enrich you to no end or be your destruction.[1047]

[1042] Even if you're a pimp. As Spinderella said, "Tryin' to rush me good and touch me in the right spot. See other guys that I've had, they tried to play all that mack shit. But every time they tried I said, 'That's not it'."
[1043] As Will said, "That's right! We said your parents flipped a coin, decided that Rachel was a girl, but you still had a hint of a penis."
[1044] Rub it too long, too hard, you're in trouble. Not enough, you're in trouble. This is all waived when she's passed out drunk, or roofied, and somatic functions take over. Rub, rub away. It might not be legal, but you should be able to get in.
[1045] As Stevie Nicks said, "Thunder only happens when it's raining."
[1046] Ever had your head bang off of the pelvis because she's a screamer? All in the clitoral pursuit and a day's work.
[1047] As Seal said, "I've been kissed by a rose on the gray." I don't know what the fuck gray is, but I think he meant his face, and that's all fucked up. Don't kiss the rose.

Its physical location is not what's important.[1048] It exists in a psychical space.[1049] You meet it in her eye.[1050] You massage it with your words. Without understanding it, you must command it. Take its existence for more than granted. It is Real, but not *REAL*. It is in space less than a place. This is another instance of distance and measure.[1051] It is the COCK without affording safe anchorage. It is the guardian of the VAGINA, the HOLE. This is the sacred and enchanted grove of nymphs, but also of Pan. Promise, denial and confusion, it is fecundity without fecundity. If it knew what was good for it, it would just take COCK. Sadly, it so often doesn't. It is like Ahura Mazda and Angra Mainyu with its opposition remaining as its principal stance. But, with a name, there is some power. Spoken thusly, it can be encountered with a brave face.

Let's begin. Oh, CLIT, presider over the gaping HOLE. Reveal yourself and your purpose. You have lips to speak yet choose not. Why? Why must night reign and count as your dominion when you reign supreme?

Now, it won't answer. That is its prerogative. This isn't the disappointing failure that mankind has read into. The silence can be an answer.[1052] You see, the space not occupied by COCK is always HOLE. What is is always what's not. Such is the importance of CLIT. The oppositional standpoint is what make it a standpoint. The HOLE is invigorated by COCK and vice versa. The CLIT is the intermediary. All discussions take place in it's office. It's like a capitalist wooing a labor board. It's going to either take money or a strong arm.

So, our discussion has taken us this far. What is to be gathered? Remember, the CLIT is in your hand only after it's been in your mind. Process it as her, as sausage, as the emotional needs that you must heed. It is the guiding beacon to the mysterious HOLE that can only be in not being. It is what allows COCK to traverse the empty space because without sufficient transitory contact, the HOLE will yawn closed and you will be denied the further ritual contact with the great expanse.

So, chew on that comrades.

[1048] Like the international date line, it is confusing and arbitrary. This does not make it wholly bad.

[1049] In this way, it is like 'deeper' vagina. If you go to far, you'll lose yourself. It's kind of like Flatliners, but inside-inside are ribbed convolutions and fleshy-flesh-flesh that is better left unexplored by the naked eye. This is a truly curious aspect of speleological porn for sickos that like seeing recently defiled and now splayed assholes that resemble Karst topography and puke out the combined cum of all recent visitors. To each their own, I suppose.

[1050] It is the curious expression of the Mona Lisa's lips. As Walter Pater said, "She is older than the rocks among which she sits", but she is still a symbol without a referent. Who was she? When was she painted? What was the original name for the painting?

[1051] Similar to Jedi mind tricks.

[1052] When a tree falls in the forest and there's no one…

Six Million Ways to Die. Choose One, or Shit Just Got Real

…[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[1053] See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea* in the *Post-Post Face,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

[1053] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Mise en abyme

En la noche dichosa,
en secreto que nadie me veía
ni yo miraba cosa
sin otra luz y guía
sino la que en el corazón ardía

--St. John of the Cross

Blink the Proper Meatball

rmi lam bar do

Shadow Kawloon Walled City, Gangsta's Paradise, N,N-Dimethyltryptamine, or Behind the Green Door

It was around this time that the theosophistic-Uranists decided to drop in. I had a ho on a Catherine Wheel and was hitting her with a birch switch and real ardor.[1054] I was trying to get her to recite, Pimps up, hoes down in Dazzlean.[1055] I had worked up a sweat, and the death metal had me swinging like poetry in motion. I was in the zone, but something was still able to get my attention despite my singularity in purpose.

I noticed that my pit bulls had stopped barking. I thought maybe they were flagging given the length of my session, so I went over to the cages prepared ti poke and jab them in order to rekindle their enthusiasm. I had bear mace if they ultimately proved uncooperative,[1056] but I stopped in midstride. The air began to smell like ozone and there were electrostatic bursts as a closet appeared in my dungeon.[1057] Then all was dark.

My floodlights had gone out. For a moment I thought it was just an acid flashback, but it all appeared real enough. A bulb, bald and hanging from my celling, flickered back to life to give my dungeon a rather prosaic feel.[1058] That is, despite the presence of this strange cube. Steam radiated from it, but all was still. It only took a moment for this peculiar tranquility to be destroyed as Diamond, Kinky Chi and Gurdjieff tumbled out of this closet. It was a welter of limbs and it took some time one to extricate himself from his fellows. I waited patiently and raised the bear mace.[1059]

His flashing eyes, his floating hair. Do not, do not, Kinky Chi pleaded. We are on a mission of peace. You see, we need you, Dazzle Razzle. You need us. Let's bury the hatchet. You were right to torch the restaurant that has been in my family for five generations. You wanted to prove to us the illusionary nature of the illusion. We are so much better off now, so much improved by the demonstration. The Limp Noodle was a

[1054] It was actual a tractor tire that I kept in the basement for some reason. As a Catherine Wheel, I was trying to break her, but not *break* break her, if you know what I mean. Hence the switch. Otherwise I would have used a tire iron.

[1055] To understand this, you will have to see the section *Shibboleths*.

[1056] In very different circumstances one would be inclined to run with Eazy-E when he said, "She started howlin' out 'wait'. I banked her in the face, but the punk nigga pulled out mace. He asked the stupid ass bitch did I mug her, so I bashed his head in with my Louisville Slugger."

[1057] Since a closet is only really the space that is enclosed, you may wonder what a closet looks like from the outside if it were not a part of a wall. Well, it looks kind of like a phone booth. Think of Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure.

[1058] Like a Latin American interrogation room where the passion was all but gone.

[1059] *Editorial note* It probably should be noted that you don't want to use bear mace in enclosed spaces.

snare of desire and now I am liberated. Here. We offer you bay, laurel and *papaver somniferum*. And here is a voucher worth one free bag of cats as a token of good will.

I relaxed my grip on the bear mace. They were safe for now, but I rather liked the idea of macing someone and mentally noted to spray Sheba later on. I'd claim her trap money was short and, while her eyes would widen in fear, I'd surprise her at point blank and let her have it.

Gurdjieff now chimed in thinking an advantage was to be had after seeing me lower the mace. Also, Dazzle Razzle, Your Excellency,[1060] we have mended our ways. Four ways to one. Just as you like. We have found greater doctrinal flexibility. Rumi left, so now we are all now psychedelic drug using Theosophico-Buddhist pedophiles. We have collapsed our differences, but…

What do you know about four in one, I chided.[1061] You just shut up. Besides, I don't talk to 'Eastern Europeans'. As you might be able to see, I did the Eastern European thing with my fingers to show my disdain, but, as you might have guessed, I was a little perplexed about what he had said about the four in one stuff. After all, I thought, I haven't even spoken about that shit yet. One of my hoes must be a mole. I figured it must be Hairy Long Nipples the Squaw. I had her whoring herself in some New Age ashram. I'd take care of her later.

It was now Daddy Diamond's turn and he also started with pleasantries. Dazzle Razzle, he said, I must say that you have whipped that ho admirably. It's all in the form and all of the form is in the wrist. Look at the welts and raised flesh. Very good. And for a proper scourging you haven't drawn much blood, just weals…

Get to the fucking point, man.

Okay, okay, Dazzle Razzle. I will get to the point. I won't blow any more smoke up your ass. Listen. Quite simply, you are a dilatant. You need a solid core. You need structure and guidance. I presume nothing. If you look for a master, you will find a master. Perhaps you are the master, but what does that mean? Perhaps I am an *upaguru*,[1062] and perhaps that means everything. Do not discount an opportunity. Look in your hand. Bent or straight in ho blood? One switch or many? Notice the fascicle, the

[1060] The title he actually used was Your High Pimpness Archbishop Don Shaman Juan. Your Excellency is to be preferred.
[1061] Very prescient. It is dangerous to underestimate your adversaries, especially when they have psionic powers.
[1062] Less than a satguru and more than an Oompa-Loompa.

fibered fibrousness of total persecution. Do not trust your intuition. Look at that ho that you've been whipping. No, look again at that ho. She ain't human.

I looked at the ho. Her ears spun around and said, I'm Astar, a robot. I can put my arm back on. You can't. So play safe.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

A cyborg using flat adverbs.[1063] Okay, Daddy Diamond, you have my attention. What am I missing? How did I not notice that that was a robot ho and not a ho-ho, I begrudgingly asked. And how have you switched my switch? No. Forget it. I don't care. Fuck you, Pharaoh's heart is hardened.

It is simple, said Daddy Diamond. You are missing something. It is story time. I offer you an alternative reading to the Tibetan tale. Listen to me and make judgment afterward. I offer you an initiatory experience, something that will make you connect the dots differently as you consider COCK. Oh yes, I know about that. You see, we are alike much more than you think, but you will betray me before the COCK crows thrice.

Now, let's return to the story and carve it up. Through a gambit, I led you to believe the story should be interpreted in a linear manner. The presence of the dangling modifiers was a feint within a feint. You seized on what was not there and made that which wasn't to be. You see, you became focused on the content of the story as unfolding. *Telos*. This made death central as present. Not so, and now you are ready for the truth. The truth of yes and no in divided space. The dangling modifiers stressed the relational dependence of meaning as function. Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare. Function is space as relation. Sound circular? As you will see, yes and No. This is the cosmic truth of Brahman.

Let me illustrate this to you on Gurdjieff's chest. Bring me that ho's lipstick.

Full/empty, alive/dead, composed/frightened, safe/unsafe, country/city. These are our primary units. Let us consider these in their relations. From forest (F) we move to country (C) to barley field (B) to country (C) to city (U) to the palace (P). Let's examine two of these for the moment.

F = safe → C = unsafe → B = safe → C = unsafe → U = safe/unsafe→ P unsafe/safe
F = full → C = empty → B = full → C = empty → U = full/empty → P empty/full

[1063] As El-P said, "Fuck your droid noise, void boys' 'noid ploy. Oi oi, I'll rugby-kick the shit out your groin, boy."

As interesting as this may or may not be, this is inverted when we consider the perspective. Those given are relative to the man. For the ghost we invert the sequence. This ambivalence is showing in the last two terms. They are unstable for either account and compoundedly so when considered in connection. You see, the city is safe for the man, but unsafe given his motives. Likewise, the palace is unsafe should his ruse fail, but safe depending on the outcome. For the ghost the city is unsafe, but safe in that it is where he is up to his tricks. The palace is safe in the same way, but unsafe in that that is where a ghost could be exorcised.

This ambivalence is important because there is a final term beyond that presented. This is another installment of country (C). This comprehends the totality. It is the political country, the crown, and fuses our man and ghost. This is the hungry ghost ensnared in desire that you have addressed in your analysis and collapses distinctions. This loops our story and cements the binaries that I didn't bother to go through of alive/dead and composed/frightened as they are recoded in the overall structure. Also, the country/city becomes the central opposition that allows for our values and their redeployment. It is both meaningful and meaningless. This is the logic of the in/out, the empty bag. The horizontal chunking of the story is tied back upon itself to contain the truth of itself in a karmic cycle. This is the up/down of elemental relations. King/man, man/ghost, ghost/king. This is *samsara*. However, this can also be read with the other rotation. This also is *samsara*, but it also illustrates *avidyā* and the illusory quality of existence.

Relations, Dazzle Razzle. Deep relations. Relations are the blood that ties us and the universe together. Let go of your blockages, your densities. Here are the relations. Pure. A new meaning. Forget the COCK and accept the Web of Pubes. Acknowledge the veiled truth of the Spider Fourz, the necessary contradictions in their association. Oh yes, I know about them too. This is a partial truth. Money and balls, but look at the real web that suspends them. This is the equality of relation and predation.

Look at Astar the Cyber Whore again. *Tat tvam asi*. Hoes are in a state of bondage. What separates you? As the caterpillar said, Whooo (O) Areee (R) Yooo (U)?[1064]You see, like that you are inter-shot, intra-shot, shot through. You have not come to the true pimp/ho separation, a type of *moksha*. You must walk on the web, above the web. Be the web, but be the tautness. Fool, where is your precious COCK? Is sexuality to be your deep truth? This is your zealotry for the Alchemical. Just like your theory, you've been all over and

[1064] At least in the cartoon.

it's been all over you.[1065] I pity you, but I hold out for you. I ask you to come to the Bitch Realm, for this is Game in its multiplicity, in its radical singularity of relation, and become a gorilla and dominate relations by your ascension, the non-linear ascension denied to you by the Alchemic Realm. This is the truth of *vijñāna* and this brings one to the sacred ideal of pimp. Forget alchemy. Evacuate meaning. How is man historical and the fashioner of history? How do you have your eternal verities and yet produce them? These problems show you that they are questions to the wrong answer. You will see. Foundations are a space, not a place. Now, brace yourself, Dazzle Razzle, as the universe unfolds. It is time to enter Brahman through Atman. Let's go into the closet together.[1066] Time to go on safari. Let's head to Shadow Kawloon walled City in the region of Tlön, the United States of Eeigen.

And so we did, for curiosity must be sated. Into the closet/phone booth/orgone accumulator we went arm and arm. The door closed, Daddy Diamond dialed the number, Gurdjieff plucked his beard, and Kinky Chi nervously coughed. Then there was a bright light and we seemed to ascend upward.[1067]

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[1065] *Editorial note* Dazzle Razzle has always insisted that, at the time of Bono's death, and unlikely sooner, Bono's body will not only be denied consecrated ground, but it will be flung into the river to the great rejoicing of the people.

It would seem that Dazzle Razzle's objections were not so much to the music, but the sanctimony.

[1066] Maybe it was more of a phone booth. Dr. Who used one. Bill and Ted were initiates. Tom Jones went on orgasmic journeys in one.

[1067] Ezekiel saw the wheel;
Way up in the middle of the air.
Now Ezekiel saw the wheel in a wheel;
Way in the middle of the air.

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…[*Editorial note* This portion of the chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[1068] See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea* in the *Post-Post Face,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

Sadly, you will have to return. Back to the normal world with you. The next page will take you out of the rabbit hole.

[1068] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

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West-West-North

Snot the Dada Memo

Mise en abyme

Nigger in the Woodpile, Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Wreckonize

Now it gets sad.[1069] As I've already mentioned, I was preoccupied with COCK, The Choir Boyz and disappearing hoes, and Daddy Diamond to a lesser extent. I hadn't been monitoring the situation back home, and it was time to pay the piper. With Duffy Diablo in prison, Bankroll had effectively replaced him in the Spider Fourz. The Glamor Boyz had become its nucleus. This information, in and of itself, was not too troubling. Bankroll had no idea where I was, but this was to change.

Caesar Slick had many legitimate grievances. From the knocking Cleo to the conquest of Sheba and his stable, he was none too happy. The burning of The Cow Door was the *coup de grâce*. Vengeance was to be wreaked, but he now lacked the resources to pursue me directly. However, my little ruse at The Cow Door proved to be a double-edged sword. Duffy Diablo and the Spider Fourz.[1070] Caesar Slick had names, though he didn't have a plan. This is where Pop Pontius came in.[1071]

Pop Pontius had taken it upon himself to be the impartial arbiter of pimp justice. To be fair, he seemed to have widespread institutional support.[1072] What he did next led to a painful series of events that have brought me to where you find me now.[1073] A mixed blessing.

Pop Pontius could not cond1 my behavior. He found me guilty of grievous mis-pimpin'.[1074] He also found that my punishment should be commensurate, especially given my genuine lack of contrition. Not only had I assassinated Caesar Slick's

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[1069] Not just the story, but myself as well. I was feeling the blues. Kinda open G with Capo on the 3rd fret.

[1070] *Editorial note* When Dazzle Razzle would hold court, as was oft his wont, he is known to have recited a few lines of self-composed poesy. This was typically received with raptures and the occasional swoon.

> They seek him here, they seek him there.
> Those Spiders seek him everywhere.
> Is he in heaven? Or is he in hell?
> That damned elusive PIMPernel!

[1071] Cocksucker. Although, you'll see how he came good in the end and was instrumental to this manuscript in many ways.

[1072] An 'institution' that I didn't recognize. Kind of like the UN, EU, and IMF.

[1073] Truly, a series of unfortunate events.

[1074] I was judged *in absentio*. I had been summoned to the pimp star chamber, but not recognizing the jurisdiction, I ignored the summons. Besides, it was likely to be a kangaroo court with a verdict already prepared for me to be defrocked. If it was trial by high ordeal, ain't no shit. I'd've been there. Dazzle Razzle is a force of nature.

reputation, but my wanton violence had no place in his pimp world. The meth and PCP he didn't think was kosher, though not all together outside of accepted norms, but he found that the branding, arson and gunplay were out of order. At least the way I was doing it.[1075] However, he wouldn't've taken action if it were not for the incessant supplications made by aggrieved hoes from other stables.[1076] Beginning with a technicality, [1077] he found a litany of crimes. Without arraignment, it would seem that I had been found guilty by a jury of my peers, as far is it could be said that I had any. However, his version of justice took on a personal meaning.

It turned out that it was the first of the month, and Cleo was in line to collect her food stamps, when Pop Pontius was cruising by. Spotting her, he slowed down. I guess he thought that he could peel her since he thought I was soon to be old news. She wasn't having it. Downtrodden, he asked her how I managed to get her off Caesar Slick. Dairy Queen, she said. Fine, how about some Dairy Queen, he asked. I don't like Dairy Queen, she said, I'm lactose intolerant. So, what the fuck, he said. She said, It was the thought that counted. I'd never had anyone want to buy me Dairy Queen. Fine, he said. How would you like some Krispy Kream, he asked. No, she said. How about something more nutritious. How about Wendy's, that shit is gangsta, he asked. No, she said. How about I show you real affection by taking you to The Keg, he asked. No thank you, she said. How about Red Lobster, he tried again. It almost worked, but, No, she rebuffed. Okay, he said, How about a RC Cola, you are in a food stamp line, you know. Fuck you, she said.

He started to lose his cool. Flustered, he said, You're going to pass me the bankroll or this is going to get ugly.[1078] Who, she asked. That guy that wants to kill Dazzle Razzle. Kill Dazzle Razzle, he asked. There was a confused pause. Who is that, he asked. Oh, you know, she said, That homicidal Spider Fourz guy. Do tell, he said.

[1075] Indeed. I think I was more offended by the hypocrisy on this count.

[1076] These were hoes jealous and frightened of my style of pimping. This pettiness is testament to the deficiency of ho character.

[1077] Although I knocked Sheba fair and square, when she saw my torture chamber and was informed that she was to be branded, she got skittish. She went back to Caesar Slick, but I rolled up in my car and shot his house up. By the time I got in, he was cowering behind the couch. I slapped him. Sheba was in the next room. I entered and slapped her and defenestrated Jezebel. She went through the glass, but was lucky we were on the first floor. In such a manner she realised the error of her way and came back with me. I forwent the right to brand her, but she conceded the right for me to tattoo the same across the crown of her head. I had concluded that things had ended amicably on this particular. I was mistaken. Not in an effort to be magnanimous, but I will concede this as possibly being able to be construed as an act of mis-pimpin'.

[1078] Now this is mis-pimpin'.

And in that way, Cleo really did toss the Bankroll as you shall see. The vindictive Pop Pontius connected the dots for Caesar Slick. He was to keep his own hands clean. Next was the fallout.[1079]

[1079] I sent that bastard thirty pieces of silver. You'll see, this is actually part of what led to his later transformation.

Return of the Stone(d) Guest, Rudie Can't Fail, and One Toke Over the Line, Sweet Jesus, One Toke Over the Line

It was a dark and stormy night; the rain fell in torrents — except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets, but, if this wasn't enough, at six 'n the mornin' I was awakened to a knock, as of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. From my dungeon, it took a while for me to hear it. At the top of the stoop, in the burnt-out piano nobile,[1080] was the main entrance. I slowly made my way to the door, groggy and in nothing but my paisley smoking jacket and ascot. As I began to turn the doorknob, the door violently swung inward knocking me over.[1081] I thought I heard the laugh of Daddy Diamond, but it was the Glamor Boyz. Bankroll stood there, the point of the wedge. He had a sneer and a baseball bat. I could see in his face this wasn't going to be good. His dead eye was twitching with every adrenaline-fueled beat of the heart. At least he didn't have a 5 iron.
Betty came flying in, trying to intervene, assuming the worst, but the bat found first contact with her head. Down she went, twitching on the floor. I was next.[1082]

When I came to there was blood all over me. My ass was sore. They must have found the dungeon. I reached around to find one of my dildos jammed up my ass.[1083] Bastards. Betty was in a heap. She was naked and I could see signs of sexual violence. I crawled to her. She was alive, but unconscious. Her scalp was bloodied from where she had been struck by the bat. That's the last I recall before I blacked out again.[1084]

I came to once more in what must have been the next day.[1085] I was in rough shape.[1086] Betty appeared to be in a coma, so I left her to her dreams. I crawled to my stash. If I was going to be able to manage anything, I'd need to fix myself up. I turned to drinking

[1080] The house was getting nasty and becoming evidence for the broken window theory. Graffiti was already all over the front. Late night revellers pissed on it and threw beer bottles, pizza crusts, and half-eaten döner kebabs through the blown-out windows. It was becoming rather foul.
[1081] Stupid, stupid, stupid. Even though everything was burnt to shit, I should have been more on point. It should have been more like how the Goodie Mob hook goes, "Who's that peekin' in my window? Pow. Nobody now."
[1082] As Roy Orbison said, "Just ring the bell on the big bagatelle and you'll make all the colored lights cascade."
[1083] Like, depending on the version you prefer, the dildo gifted by Valentino to Novarro, which was either Art Deco or the lead one fashioned after his own member, and was allegedly used to beat and asphyxiate him. Dazzle Razzle likes Kenneth Anger's take. Anyway, at least they didn't find Dazzle Razzle's reciprocating dildo. It was industrial, pull-cord activated, and ran on diesel. That would have been most unpleasant.
[1084] As Black Francis said, "Where is my mind?"
[1085] As R. L. Burnside said, "Blues before sunrise. Tears standing in my eyes."
[1086] After something like this there is always going to be confusion. However, action is always demanded as well. As Muddy Waters said, "I rose this mornin', mama, and I didn't know right from wrong."

whiskey and smoking PCP.[1087] The next thing I knew I was up and walking around. Pistol goes in the belt, jerry can of gasoline goes into the backseat of my ride, and off I went.[1088] This was the first time I really needed my cane as a cane. But this was also the first time that I really needed my cane as a blade. After all, if I gotsta bring it to you cowards then it's gonna be quick.[1089]

Off I went in the Cock Mobile, thinking a white Bronco more appropriate, and headed back to the neighborhood from which I had for so long become a stranger.[1090] I went straight to Bankroll's house. It was the middle of the day. He wasn't in, so I let myself in. He had a new dog that may as well have been Blink the Proper Meatball. It was barking, so I unscrewed my cane and skewered the dog. It twitched around for a while before giving up the ghost.[1091] I took it to the backyard and set it on fire.

I felt better, but I wasn't done. There was evidence of a cat. I found it and killed it. I began skinning it when I heard a car pull up. Mine wasn't in the driveway, so with any luck he won't have seen it. I took the cat and hid behind the couch.[1092]

Bankroll walked in with Lizzie. They had a kid with them. This is when I truly went berserk. The kid sat down on the couch that I was hiding behind, while Bankroll and Lizzie went off to the kitchen with some of the groceries that they had brought in. I stood up, and plopped the half-skinned cat down on the boy's lap.[1093] He was in shock, for there was only mute, animal terror in his eyes. I went to the kitchen, produced my gun. They saw me. Bankroll riffled through his pockets to offer me money, but I didn't give a fuck about that. *Click-clack*. Then I started shooting both of them in the legs.[1094] There was lots of screaming, and then boy came running in.[1095]

[1087] Nothing wrong with a skalk, but like Necro said, "I need drugs." PCP did the trick, but like Chubb Rock said, "Depressed in your chest: Demerol for sess. No dough? Crack in vials much less".

[1088] I have a standing commitment to arson with an eye toward homicide, and you've already seen me do it once, but again, as it is often the case, my inspiration has been that renowned thinker Zorba. "I went back with a can of paraffin and set fire to the village. She must have been burnt along with the others, poor wretch. Her name was Ludmilla."

[1089] As Ini Kamoze said, "Here comes the hotsteppa".

[1090] Breathes there a man with soul so dead?

[1091] There may be a theological quibble here, but as you will see, bitches do have souls. See PIMP *a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

[1092] As Rick James said, "They should have never given you niggers money".

[1093] As Richard Ashcroft said, "Like a cat in a bag waiting to drown."

[1094] Why the legs, you ask. Well, you see, I'm not all bad.

[1095] For the most part, violence toward children should often be kept in footnotes, maybe even pimpnotes. So, we can say with Eazy-E, "The little nigga said don't kill my mother, so I bashed his head in with my Louisville Slugger." I, however, used a cane and my cowboy boots.

There was blood everywhere. There wasn't a dry eye in the house. The boy was a sobbing heap on the floor, Lizzie appeared to be unconscious, Bankroll was trying to staunch the blood streaming from his legs. To complicate this procedure, I used my blade and cut off Bankroll's fingers. Then I grabbed the boy, noticed the extra pair of hands and cut them off. I pulled the waistband of Bankroll's pants, and threw the small, cruelly deformed and now severed hands into his underwear. Then I kicked him in the balls.

I dragged all three of them, one by one, by their hair to the top of the stairs leading to the basement. First the boy bounced down. Then Lizzie who was slowly coming to. Then the mutilated Bankroll. They all went down. bump Bump BUMP.

I locked the door. Emptied all their cleaning solvents on the floor,[1096] put aerosol cans in the microwave,[1097] and opened the gas range. Took the gasoline and lashed it about the house liberally. I was going to serve these motherfuckers up to COCK to atone for my early failures.[1098]

When everything was soaked, I popped some flakka and Quaaludes,[1099] 'cause that's how I roll,[1100] and smoked some more PCP. I must have lit the fire after that.[1101] I don't remember anything else.[1102]

The roof. The roof. The roof is on fire

The police report stated that besides a pair of panties on my head, I was found naked and clutching a horribly disfigured cat. Apparently, it proved difficult to make me part with the cat, so it was awkward for everyone involved when I had to be forcibly subdued. The contents of my stomach revealed large quantities of dirt, ash and human fingers. I was up for murder one, two counts of attempted murder,[1103] and crimes against nature. These found company amongst a roster of particularly cruel and heinous deeds that have somehow found themselves codified in law.

It turns out the Lizzie and the boy survived the holocaust. Narrowly escaping death, they came out the other side suffering from burns, smoke inhalation,[1104] and gunshot

[1096] This was to no great effect, but I liked the idea of ammonia in the air.
[1097] Set the microwave to thirty. It might have been overkill, but anything worth doing is worth doing right.
[1098] A species of *akedah* (עֲקֵדַת יִצְחָק).
[1099] Disco biscuits, motherfucker.
[1100] As Raekwon said, "the combination made my eyes bleed."
[1101] Because, as David Byrne said, "I am an or din na ry guy burn ning down the house."
[1102] Whatever else I did, as Jello Biafra said, "I'm too drunk, too drunk, too drunk. To fuck."
[1103] As Spoonie Gee said, "You say, one for the treble. Two for the time".
[1104] As Peter Garrett asked, "How do we sleep while our beds are burning?"

and knife wounds. The boy likely had brain damage from blunt trauma, but the amputations were largely cauterized in the fire.[1105] Apparently, I missed all the major arteries in Lizzie's legs.[1106] Bankroll had bled out. I guess that was fine with me.[1107]

[1105] Like Pelops' ivory shoulder, the bone could always be seen through the wrists of this boy. A truly distinguishing mark. Evidence of the psychological damage was apparent in his repeated "Father, can't you see that I'm burning?" Very strange.

[1106] I have been faithful to thee, Lizzie! in my fashion.

[1107] As Ninjaman said, "Dem [he, really] is a dead bloodclaat and ah dead bumbaclaat. Dead pussyclaat and ah dead rassclaat."

Bombing and the Other Hip-Hop Elements, or A Reason Why This Chapter Should be in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s* or even *Intermezzo* for that matter

…[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[1108] See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea* in the *Post-Post Face,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

[1108] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Running Around a Family Romance with a Pocket Full of Shells, Analaius Anacreon and Anagnorisis
or
You See My Hands Are Steady. You've Seen My Face Before. Soon You Can Take Your Last Look and They'll Close the Door. I Stand Accused Before You. I Have No Tears to Cry-y-y-y-y-y-y. And You Will Never Break Me Till the Day I Die. My Criminal Mind Is All I've. All I've Ever Had. Ask One Who's Known Me If I'm Really So Bad—I Am

The police were particularly appalled by my dungeon in which they found a greatly emaciated and tabetic hooker, shackled and forgotten. Wearing a half unzipped submissive's mask,[1109] she couldn't talk and was sensitive to sunlight. Everything that had survived the meth lab explosion was confiscated. A lot was used as evidence against me, much more liquidated to satisfy court ordered compensations.[1110] At least the safe house was in Betty's name,[1111] though this was no longer to be a real concern for me as I was unlikely ever to walk as a free man again.

All I wanted was a Pesi. Just one Pepsi.

In separate trials, first I was sentenced for the murder of Daddy Diamond, or also known as Sonny Dunne.[1112] I had also been arraigned for the murder of Bankroll, or a certain Ken Dunne.[1113] The two cases became inextricably linked.[1114] During the proceedings of the Bankroll trial it was revealed that this was not just the act of a jilted lover, but this was fratricide. As the adoption records revealed, Ken Dunne, Bankroll, was in fact my brother. Apparently, I too was Dunne.[1115] What this all added up to was that I was also guilty of patricide. The only one of our male line that I didn't kill was that incestuous product of Bankroll and Lizzie's unholy union.

[1109] Don't make it all Fifty Shades of Grey. As Scott Weiland said, "Where you goin' with the mask I found?

[1110] My assets were overvalued, not that I did taxes to create a frame of reference, but they blushed when they valued, and then had to revalue, finding everything at odds. After all, most of my shit were knock-offs and cheap imitations. Remember, it's all about image.

[1111] *Editorial note* If this were not the case, there would be no account of Dazzle Razzle. This would have been an incalculable loss to humanity.

[1112] I argued that he was still alive, but the official records were against me.

[1113] As Son Doobie said, "I'm guilty your honor, I rock like Nirvana."

[1114] As Black Rob said, "The judge ain't whoa".

[1115] Perhaps I was a facet of the diamond. Daddy Diamond might well be an interdimensional being after all. This might account for him being misunderstood as pedophile and such due to the restrictions of temporal understanding. Unlikely though.

As far as I can understand, what happened was that when Bankroll was fifteen our wayward father had left. Our forlorn mother, finding no further value in life, decided to take her own. She was seven months pregnant. Still warm to the touch, Bankroll had found her hanging from the ceiling. What he did next is inexplicable. He took a steak knife and carved me out of her belly. When the police arrived, they found him crying and jabbering, clutching a little wailing newborn.

The experience gave Bankroll psychiatric problems, but with therapy and medication he was able to somewhat surmount them and reasonably adjust. With no evidence of our father's family, Bankroll was to live with his aunt, our mother's sister. I, on the other hand, had a much different fate.

Because I was young and needy, I was placed with a woman who had lost her baby. This was a temporary arrangement. Off I went through State channels, off Bankroll went into the loving arms of his aunt and uncle. Ultimately he went into the loving arms of his cousin, my cousin whom I too had once held in my arms. With these revelations, my visions of COCK intensified.

Daddy Diamond also explained why Bankroll didn't come for me earlier. He knew who he was and kept his distance. That's why when Duffy Diablo reined in the Spider Fourz, with only the Glamor Boyz looking for me, they overlooked the sphere in which I had found myself, just as Dykes on Bykes kept The Choir Boyz away. Most curious. If Bankroll knew who Daddy Diamond was and avoided him, I felt as though he has always been in my life in one way or another, in different ways and forms. I have always had dreams of a man with diamonds indistinctly threatening me. I never really thought about it because the face was obscure, or at times I thought I saw my own face, but now I was convinced that was Daddy Diamond.

In the end, this time I was found guilty by a jury truly of my inferiors. From pillar to post, I was mocked, ridiculed, and held up to derision. I was marked as the new Oedipus.[1116] Perhaps surprisingly, I came to accept this new reality. This must be the mysterious working of COCK.

Before the jury, I tried my best. Self-representation. Always represent. I said, Let us begin, what, where, why or when will all be explained like instructions to a game. See I'm not insane. In fact I'm kind of rational when I be asking you, Who is more

[1116] I did fuck my Mom, but I'm not alone here. On a technicality, I guess we all do in a way. When you slide out of the vaginal canal, your dick does rub against the vag. Food for thought.

dramatical? This one or that one? The white one or the black one? Pick the punk and I'll jump up to attack one.

I went to prison. I was in solitary confinement, but my case was being appealed on the grounds of insanity.[1117] In time, this came to pass,[1118] but something significant was to happen first. I may have been alone in my cell, but I wasn't alone in the prison. It turns out I had an old friend in here. Duffy Diablo was in cell block B. Wouldn't you know it?

I spent most of my time reading.[1119] In prison a lot of guys turned to Nation of Islam.[1120] I became dedicated to a type of Kabbalistic Gnosticism in my pursuit of COCK,[1121] but this was not a direct route. First Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah had to visit me in prison and guide my hand toward pimpontology and how to cypher izims.[1122]

[1117] 730, ya heard?

[1118] As Zack de la Rocha said about Mumia Abu-Jamal's trial, "All you pen devils know the trial was vile/ An army of pigs trying to silence my style."

[1119] Like Whoreson, I passively accepted this reality. As he said, "Like many black men before me, I realized that it was ridiculous to worry about that which you couldn't change. I was confronted with the problem of making my mind accept the fact that I would be behind the forbidding gray walls until my sentence was served."

[1120] I was initially drawn to it because of the Supreme Alphabet and Supreme Mathematics, but I soon found them unsuited for my purpose. Not only that, but I disliked the fact that founder was quite possibly a white confidence man named Ford from New Zealand, and I found the story of Yacub bizarre at best. However, I stand behind Hooper X who said, "Now my book, *White-Hating Coon*, doesn't have any of that bullshit. The hero's name is Maleekwa, and he's a descendant of the black tribe that established the first society on the planet, while all you European motherfuckers were still hiding in caves and shit, all terrified of the sun. He's a strong role model that a young black reader can look up to." Anyway, fuck it. Dazzle Razzle is Dazzle 4X, a 5%er Radazzzzelle (Radazzelle Σ4). Figure that shit out. *Editorial note* We can't.

[1121] This has been strongly colored by Plotinus and Nicholas of Cusa.

[1122] Or maybe like Channel Live sampling and repurposing Black Moon's "All we do is spark mad izm."

Ahjay Astafariray Ellhay Yahfay Loquitur, *or* There Are More Things in Heaven and Earth, Dazzle Razzle, Than Are Dreamt of in Your Philosophy

Glumly, I shuffled back into my cell from my brief allowance in the yard. How am I supposed to get huge if I don't have a spotter? Solitary isn't what it's cracked up to be, but at least I was left undisturbed to complete the one-hundredth mandala on my cell floor.[1123] Or so I thought. Springing forth from the left side of my head, fully labelled, was Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah complete with nimbus. I trembled in its majesty.
Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was round upon the ground and tall and of a port in air. It took dominion everywhere. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was red and full. It did not give a fart for art,[1124] like everyone else in Cell Block D.

Dumbfounded, I remained in shock but, like a conquering Mao, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah kicked my mandala, put me in a half nelson,[1125] and slammed my face into its sandy ruin.[1126] If I wasn't already, I began whimpering when, from somewhere deep under its lid, came a vociferous, LOCK OFF YA BLOODCLOT.[1127]

My breathing was difficult, with sand in my mouth and nose. I could first hear, and then felt, the breaking of bones as Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah slammed Its base down on my left hand. SHUT THE FUCK UP, It threatened, as It ground my head further into what was my one-hundredth mandala. I AM THE MERCIFUL ANGEL OF COCK. YOU WILL LISTEN TO ME AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH FUCKING SHUT. A PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOURSE IS ITS TOOLS AND PROCEDURE. THERE IS NO SEPARATION.[1128] QUESTION YOUR ASSUMPTIONS.

I was all ears.[1129]

I, JAH RASTAFARI HELL FIRE, SPEAK. WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAVE TO BE DIALECTICAL WITH YOU? YOU NEED TO GO TO THE HEADWATER. LOOK

[1123] Every day I would wistfully make a mandala using sand and gravel from the yard. The colors were improvised. Faeces, blood, etc. As Method Man said, and Guru emphatically rejoined, "You know my steez." My mandalas were what turntables are to Dj Premier.
[1124] It'd kill like you would take a piss.
[1125] A difficult procedure, to be sure, for an entity without hands.
[1126] O the eternally transitory! Often in vacant or in pensive mood not just my one-hundredth mandala, but all of my mandalas, would flash upon that inward eye and come fluttering and dancing in the breeze. Simple joys of the sublime that know no scale or margin. Both Kant and pseudo-Longinus.
[1127] Not quite the consolation that Boethius received from Lady Philosophy.
[1128] Emerson said, with perhaps greater implication, "Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to the inquires he would put forth."
[1129] In fact, burning pepper sauce was dripping onto my face and in my ear like a bound Loki with a Gertrude for a Sigyn. The leprous distilment, but tasty and delicious. What a dual nature!

INSIDE ME, LOOK INSIDE YOURSELF. HARUSPICATE. BEHOLD, *SILENII ACIBIADIS*. WHERE IS THE SEEMING BEING OF COCK THAT YOU SEEK? ΔΗΛΟΝ ΓΑΡΩΣΥΜΕΙΣΜΕΝΤΑΥΤΑΤΙΠΟΤΕΒΟΥΛΕΣΘΕΣΗΜΑΙΝΕΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΝΟΝΦΘΕΓΓΗ ΣΘΕΠΑΛΑΙΓΙΓΝΩΣΚΕΤΕΗΜΕΙΣΔΕΠΡΟΤΟΥΜΕΝΩΟΜΕΘΑΝΥΝΔ*E*[1130]ΗΠΟΡΗΚΑ MEN

But then it trailed off.

DON'T EVEN FUCKING THINK ABOUT IT. I CAN SEE YOU ARE ABOUT TO OPEN YOUR MOUTH. YOU ARE ALWAYS SPEAKING. SHUT YOUR FILTHY HOLE.

It was true. I was. It knew.

SHUT UP. SHUT UP, YOU AMERICAN. YOU ALWAYS TALK, YOU AMERICANS, YOU TALK AND YOU TALK, AND YOU SAY "LET ME TELL YOU SOMTHING" AND "I JUST WANNA SAY THIS." WELL, YOU'RE DEAD NOW, SO SHUT UP.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was perhaps right on two counts. Daddy Diamond had already commented on us all being dead.[1131] Interesting. Maybe that merits further consideration. And I do prattle on something awful, but I always thought I had something to contribute. However, this was not the time or place to argue. I was immobilized, my face was burning and my hand was broken. This could get worse, and I knew my place. At least for the moment, I was clearly Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah's prison bitch, so I stayed silent and took the abuse. I just hoped It wouldn't rape me.

WILL YOU DO WHAT I SAY?

I will.

It released Its submission hold on me.

FIRST, RECITE THE FOLLWING OATH AND THEN RESUME YOUR SILENCE:

I-AND-I DUN DEAL WIT VIOLENCE. I-AND-I IS PEACEFULL JAH RASTAFARI HELL FYAH PEPPER SAUCE NAZIRITE MAN. I DUN STEAL, CHEAT, DECEIT. I-

[1130] The present absent, the transmutation of E/E of 4/5 which unpacks as it drops. This is too complicated for now. Still, you can take what MF Doom said with you, "One for the money. Two for the better green. 3-4-methylenedioxymethamphetamine."

[1131] I had already stumbled across the same conclusion, but it sunk in more forcefully after that evening. You see, I took a fortune cookie home with me from that evening at The Limp Noodle. When I broke it open, it had an old life-in-death affirming message of the Khmer Rouge, "Promiscuity is the luxury afforded by the mass grave. Do your duty." Transcendent secularism of the living dead. I had to chew on it a bit, so to speak.

MAN SERVE COCK-I CONTINUALLY. NO MADDA WHA DE WEAKHEART SAY. AND I KNOW DAT. I-AND-I IS LIKE A TREE, DAT PLANT BY DA RIVA WADDA. NOT EVEN DA DOG DAT PISS AGAINST WALL OF BABYLON SHALL ESCAPE DIS JUDGEMENT. FOR I-AND-I KNOW DAT. I-AND-I KNOW DAT. ALL OF DA YOUT SHALL WITNESS DA DAY DAT BABYLON SHALL FALL

I did, but I wasn't sure about my intonation.[1132] I don't make a point of it, but technically I both steal and cheat. I also wasn't sure about the nonviolence. Oh, and I have a proactive stance toward Babylon.[1133] I may have perjured myself before Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah.

NOW TASTE THE SAUCE THAT RUNS OVER YOU.

I did.

It felt like I had made contact with absolute reality. It was even better than before when Betty had made it. It was a game-changer. How invigorating.[1134] But as soon as I did so, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah began to decant itself over me. In the flicker of a moment, I was swimming, breathing, [1135] and at one with the pepper sauce. It continued, but now It communicated in me, through me.

YES, DAZZLE RAZZLE. YES. YOU MUST LAPSE INTO THE SILENCE OF THE SAGE. IN STILLNESS IS WISDOM FOUND. CONCEPTUALITY BREEDS DISTINCTION WHICH DOESN'T BREED DISCERNMENT. THIS IS YOUR PROBLEM. YOU ARE ALWAYS YAMMERING AND DISSECTING. THE COCK IS SIMPLICITY. BE ONE WITH THE SAUCE THAT BOTH COVERS AND MELDS. BE ONE WITH THE ONE THAT WILL MAKE SENSE OF THE ONE AND THE MANY. ARE YOU GOING TO STOP BEING A BITCH?[1136] HARKEN. DIG THROUGH THE PLURALITY. YOU ARE ONE MAN, BUT YOU ARE NOT.[1137] COME INTO THE BELLY OF THE FURNACE

[1132] Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah kinda sounded a little uptown. I can do a better patois.

[1133] As Anthony B said, "Fire pon Rome." Indeed, bun Babylon, bun Rome. That is why, as you will see, The Pork Metropolis is your refuge. It answers the old question, "what does Athens have to do with Jerusalem?" Eternal and unassailable. *Où qu'est la bonne Pauline? A la gare. Elle pisse et fait caca*.

[1134] A Zorba said, "When you drank it, you felt as if you were in communion with the blood of the earth itself and you became a sort of ogre. Your veins overflowed with strength, your heart with goodness! If you were a lamb you turned into a lion. You forgot the pettiness of life, constraints all fell away. United to man, beast and God, you felt that you were one with the universe."

[1135] The closest thing I could compare it to was like how Bud breathed through liquid in *The Abyss*.

[1136] A loaded question, I knew not to answer. However, I also knew It meant it in the philosophical way of our heretofore inquiry. Still, I knew not to answer.

[1137] As Bono said, "We're one, but we're not the same."

AND FIND RELEASE.[1138] CONSIDER DAZZLEIN.[1139] GIVE UP YOUR ABSTRACTIONS.[1140]

And with that I swam through the sauce, up to the mouth of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, and dove down into the depths of the bottle like a happy little otter.[1141]

Now It continued in full earnest.[1142]

DAZZLE RAZZLE, CONSIDER ME FROM INSIDE ME.[1143] WHAT DO I CONSIST OF? YES, SALUBRIOUS PEPPER SAUCE. YES, YOU. BUT CONSIDER MY CONTAINER ALSO. THIS IS THE DUALITY OF OUR INITIAL CONSIDERATION. O! COCK SHAPED CONTAINER, YOU MAY SAY, HOW TRUE AND FIRM. YES, THERE ARE THE SIDES AND THE BOTTOM. THIS IS WHAT MAKES ME A CONTAINER. THIS IS THE VOID THAT MAKES THE HOLDING WHICH IS ONLY DISPLACED WITH PEPPER SAUCE.[1144] BUT THIS COMPLICATES THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE CONTAINER AND THE CONTAINED. THIS IS THE PRESENT-AT-HAND. THIS IS YOUR FAILURE. YOU MISAPPREHEND THE APOPHANTIC.[1145] CATEGORIES PERTAINING TO THE ONTICAL, BUT THIS IS PARADIGMATICALLY DISTINCT FROM OUR CONCERN WITH DAZZLEIN. IT IS AN ARISTOTELIAN SLIPPAGE WHICH WE MUST AVOID. THIS IS WHY OUR CONCERN WITH LANGUAGE IS PARAMOUNT WHEN WE ADDRESS COCK AS A PRE-ONTOLOGICAL CONCERN ALONGSIDE DAZZLEIN. YOU ARE CONSIDERING OBJECTS FOR YOUR STUDY. THAT IS LIKE THIS CONSIDERATION OF ME. IN DOING SO, YOU HAVE STEPPED AWAY FROM PRESENCE. AN OBJECT ONLY OBJECTS. FIND *DAS TING*.[1146] THIS IS THE ELUSIVE THING THAT THINGS. IT IS ITS PRESENSING THAT YOU ARE

[1138] Like Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego, there is a forth supplement. This is the for in one.

[1139] In the parlance of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, Dazzlein is the irreducible condition of being-in-the-world. It is the property of sentience, but it carries with it an ethical principle that must be realized. It is not self-identical with *Dasein*. This concept will be progressively developed. See *PIMP a(e)ss(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

[1140] According to Lao Tsu, once the Uncarved Bock is carved, there will be names.

[1141] As Bobby Boucher said, “Mama says that happiness is from magic rays of sunshine that come down when you're feeling blue.”

[1142] *Editorial note* The following lacks any sense of organization, but the material dictated it. It is the restored record of a psychotic ranting.

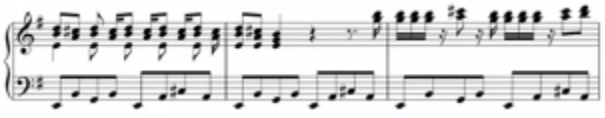
[1143] In what is to follow is a rather ambiguous prosopopoeia. I was in the bottle, but who was speaking? Me, It, the both of us? I wasn’t supposed to speak, but was there a distinction in this sense? Was this the challenge to distinctions that Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was so keen to impress? It wasn’t just a well-crafted sauce, it was a crafty sauce.

[1144] As Lao Tsu said, 大成若缺，其用不弊。大盈若沖，其用不窮。

[1145] Partly due to the apophontic. Or so the charge goes.

[1146] From my understanding, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was obsessed with philology as evidence of immediacy. There is almost a linguistic mimesis, or degeneration with both social and political implications, as seen from *res* to *realitas*, from real to keeping it real. As Caron Wheeler said, “Back to life. Back to reality.”

MISSING. WHAT YOU HAVE IS ONLY THE INTIMATE WITHOUT INTIMACY. PART OF THIS IS THE DISTANCE OF PERSONAL NARRATIVE. YOU MUST CONSIDER YOURSELF *INN* TIME, *INN* THE *ŌRLD*, BEING-ONTO-DEATH. IT IS WHAT JIM MORRISON SAID, INTO THIS HOUSE WE'RE BORN. INTO THIS WORLD WE'RE THROWN.[1147] *OB-IACE*. THROW. *OB-IACERE*. THROWN.[1148] PRO-JECT, DAZZLE RAZZLE. YOU HAVE INTUITED THIS, BUT YOU MUST APPRECIATE YOUR UP-BOUNDEDNESS. THIS IS FACTICITY. APPRECIATE THAT YOU ARE CONFINED TO YOUR FRAME OF REFERENCE. THIS IS YOU BEING-IN-TIME. THERE IS NO BOOTSTRAPPING. TO UNDERSTAND COCK, YOU MUST ATTUNE YOURSELF TO THE ONTO-ONTOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION. BUT WATCH YOU LANGUAGE, FOR IT CAN REND FALISTY,[1149] SUCH AS IN SUBJECT/OBJECT AND OTHER ERRONEOUS DIVISONS. THE YOKING OF DISCOURSE TO LOGOS MUST OCCUR THROUGH HERMENEUTICS, AN ONTOLOGICAL EXERCISE. ATTUNE YOURSELF. YOU KNOW THAT A BOTTLE IS TRULY A BOTTLE WHEN A B O T T L E IS BROKEN, YES? APPRECIATE YOUR UPBOUNDEDNESS, THE BOTTLE STRUCTURE AT-HAND. LIKE AN INCENDIARY FORM OF MYSELF THROUGH A BAR WINDOW, OR MAYBE THAT OF A CHINKY, YES? A BROKEN BOTTLE MAKES A BOTTLE AS IT IS MADE AND UN-MADE (*UNMAKEN*), YES? IN TRAVESTY OR IN PURPOSE, THIS GIVES US A BEYOND WHICH IS INNER. THIS IS APPROACHING THINGINESS. THIS BRINGS NEARNESS DESPITE THE ABOLISHED DISTANCE OF FAILED INQUIRY.[1150] LOOK AGAIN AT ME. SEE THAT I AM JAH RASTAFARI HELL FYAH. I AM HEAVEN AND HELL.[1151] CONSIDER MY NATURE. I AM SILICA MADE MOLTEN, BLOWN, CRAFTED. SAND OF THE PRIMEVAL EARTH AND THERMAL ENERGY AKIN TO CENTRAL GEOTHERMAL PROCESS AND THE THERMODYNAMIC ESSENCE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, THE GALAXY, THE UNIVERSE. BUT AVOID AB-STRACTION.[1152] I AM EARTH AND IN ME IS THE SKY. THIS IS BECAUSE I AM AN

[1147] Ray Manzarek would be the show when Jimmy'd pass out and threw the show. This is thrown, but this is also a sign of the immutable one of in the middle and nearness. Perhaps music most closely mediates this immediacy.

[1148] (To) be thrown.

[1149] A curious figure.

[1150] Nearness is different than distance. A quizzical, but important notion. You don't need to go to the street for the street to come to you.

[1151] This accounts for the balanced/unbalanced of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, the diabolically divine. This is its complex duality with a Blakean flavor, so to speak.

[1152] Find what Meister Eckhart called *Istigkeit*.

OFFERING. DELICIOUS SAUCE OFFERED UP.[1153] THIS IS WHAT MAKES ME A THING,[1154] A GATHERING OF AFFAIRS, THE *DO ET DES* OF LIBATION. THE UNION OF JAH RASTAFARI HELL FYAH: COCK[1155]/MAN[1156]/EARTH[1157]/HEAVEN.[1158] THIS IS THE FOR IN THE ONE, THE ONE IN FOUR, THE FOURFOLD OF THE ONEFOLD IN FOUR.[1159] ONEING AND ONEING, FOURING AND FOURING. THIS IS THE RIDDLE OF PRESENCE.[1160] TAKE NOTE, DAZZLE RAZZLE. I KNOW YOU WANT ME TO TALK ABOUT STUTTERINGS, GAPS, AND ABSENCES, BUT YOU WILL FIND THEM ABSENT HERE. THAT IS YOUR *MANQUÉ*. HERE I SPEAK OF PLENITUDES BECAUSE I AM PSYCHOTIC. SO ARE YOU, YOU ARE TALKING TO ME. WE SPEAK.[1161] THIS IS HIGHLY ETHICAL. YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW CAN YOU COUNT ON NOT COUNTING? I HAVE GIVEN YOU A HINT. I AM ONLY ONTICAL AS YOU CONSIDER MY *EXTENTIA*. GO BEYOND. LISTEN TO THE SILENCE. FURTHER CONSIDER THE NATURE OF COCK. TO YOU COCK HAS ONLY MADE AN APPEARANCE, A MERE ANNOUNCING OF ITSELF. IF IT HAD NEVER SHOWN ITSELF, THEN THERE WOULD BE THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF SEEMING, BUT IT HAS MADE ITSELF PRESENT AND YOU MUST APPREHEND IT. THIS IMPLIES STRUCTURE AND HENCE COCK-IN-THE-WORLD. YOU HAVE APPRECIATED THIS IN EVERYDAYNESS. YOU HAVE BEEN PIMPING-IN-THE-WORLD. THIS IS A PRE-ONTOLOGICAL UNDERSTANDING OF DAZZLEIN.[1162] OUT AND IN, IN AND OUT.[1163] THESE ARE PREGNANT STRUCTURES. IN DAZZLEIN IS BEING AND BEING IS DAZZLEIN.[1164] THE COCK IS IN YOU. SO IN YOU IS THE SOLUTION. IN A WAY, YOU HAVE YOUR DIALECTIC BACK. BUT REMEMBER, YOU MUST STRIVE FOR AUTHENTICITY. CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITY OF A COUNTING THAT IS NOT A COUNTING IN THE ACTION THAT IS THE ONE ONEING.

[1153] Unlike other fluids in ever mediated contexts, pepper sauce can never be trivialized. The pouring of hot sauce is a solemn occasion. That is why Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is so often poured out on the graves of dead homies.
[1154] Or a THANG.
[1155] Metaphorical approximation.
[1156] Righteous soldier.
[1157] Consider Babylon. However, do consider the delicious and life-giving vegetables required for the pepper sauce.
[1158] Purif(y)ied flames of the Divine. Bun chalice.
[1159] Could this be the *Einfalt* of the *Vielfalt*?
[1160] In some ways we can say with Lao Tsu, 反者道之動；弱者道之用。天下萬物生於有，有生於無。
[1161] Yes, or maybe. However, I surely couldn't consider myself technically and interlocutor, could I?
[1162] Indeed, you can take the pimp of the street, but you can't take the street out of the pimp.
[1163] Maybe the old in and out with your droogs. There is always ambiguity when it comes to gang rape.
[1164] Appreciate the being-present-at-hand-together of Things that occur.

AND REMEMBER TO BLAZE UP[1165]

And with that, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah threw itself against the wall and shattered, leaving me on the floor, covered in sauce and shards of glass. The sauce on the wall appeared to be some kind of ectoplasm for Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah's transdimensional exit to the Shadow Kowloon Walled City. Looking up, I saw the label to the bottle stuck on the ceiling. It read,

> **Like all powerful beings, there is the double aspect. Behold. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah should be consumed anywhere wisdom is to be gathered. It should be conjured anytime ganja is being smoked. A spoonful should always be on the table and the appropriate mood of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah will be invoked. Try to read Its will. Does the sauce move? Listen carefully, does It speak to you? Do you hear the tremulous voice, or have you emptied the bottle on the table and heard all? Have you been chosen?[1166]**

Very true, but I felt disillusioned with the whole experience. It was a touch too mystical.[1167] It felt like the nadir of my inward quest. But wait! Wait! What a fool I am being. It was being somewhat disingenuous. The truth is that It and Its doctrine served as an antithetical relief. Oh coy, dubious, doubling, and most redoubtable Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, you wily old fox you.[1168] Yes, an ethics is required, but more importantly, you have given me the outside limit from whence for me to proceed. I need to consider language and its relation to COCK. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah seemed to imply a continued structuralist direction. Well, okay. Also, I need to consider numbers ontologically. The four-in-one. Hmm.

I returned to my now one-hundred-and-first mandala.

[1165] Indeed, as Mr. Williamz said, "Hold up your hand if you a ganja man. Hold up your hand if you a ganga woman."

[1166] *Editorial note* It no longer says this. It fell afoul of the FDA. Legally, none of what the old label read can be endorsed.

[1167] *Editorial note* And for Dazzle Razzle that takes some doing.

[1168] This is the Selenus just as Its confused *disposito* was both doctrine and harangue. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, I would drink You to the lees, You beautiful bastard, You.

How to Make Spaghetti Bolognese à la Dazzle-Motherfucking-Razzle, or The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover

…[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[1169] See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea* in the *Post-Post Face,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

[1169] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Prolegomena to Any Future ‘Patapimpics (Dazzlean Pimpontology II)[1170] [1171], or Chopped and Screwed

Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah had given me much to think about. oneing and twoing. What could that mean? Did It have a problem with mandalas? My hand sure still hurt. What about the container/contained paradox? Was a solution to be offered there? It was pretty emphatic on ontology, but language figured prominently, so let’s round out these considerations. We need a new mathematics.[1172] Time for the COCK *Aufklärung*.

My mind always gravitates to Porphyry when I consider the problems of containers and their contained. Even before their relation, one should consider their nature.[1173] What is the ontological status of genera and species? Do they exist in themselves, or are they of the mind? If they are of the mind, then we find ourselves in either an Idealist or Nominalist position,[1174] but we will leave this aside for the present. If they are in themselves, then are they corporeal or incorporeal? If the former, then spatial forms and questions of incarnation arise. If the latter, are these incorporeal entities separable from sensible substances or are they in conjunction? What is their form? We find ourselves with the classical disjunction that occupied the Realists.[1175] (Neo-)Platonic or Aristotelian? Porphyry answers,[1176] but he really answers with aporia.[1177] That takes us midway through the Middle Ages.[1178] Ontology. This is basic, but it suffers from the proliferation of conceptuality.[1179] Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was adamant that my pursuit of COCK begin here. It wanted purity, maybe without simplicity or elegance, but purity. We should be able to bring this around per4ce of our operations. Let’s get our concerns up to date.

[1170] This section was completed with the help of Tommy the Motherfucking Autist. Using Dazzle Razzle’s notes, inputs were fed into Tommy’s head and much of the resultant data was able to be synthesized in a way consonant with theorizations and finding in Dazzle Razzle’s documents. However, Tommy is handicapped and, like Donna Inez, “[his] thoughts were theorems, [his] words a problem.”

[1171] This footnote is a non sequitur, but this chapter should have been called *Non Sequuntur*, which, upon closer examination, you will find somewhat circular.

[1172] What exists is not adequate. As Mos Def said, “This new math is whippin motherfuckers’ ass”.

[1173] Not an unproblematic statement. It is plagued with issues of identity and integrity, and regression for that matter.

[1174] Would Abelard be considered a Nominalist if universals were able to receive predication? Good question. Perhaps we are anticipating the challenges of sets and classes.

[1175] There are variant forms of everything listed above, but we’ll settle for a simplification.

[1176] As you are likely able to infer, Dazzleans actually favor Iamblichus as an antecedent.

[1177] We’ve seen the ambiguity of that before. Almost an enantioseme.

[1178] Hell of a way to go, they say. Speaking of which, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is almost like buying an indulgence, maybe even getting tied up in simony. You’ll see.

[1179] Patristic and classical thought, forsooth, in what we are considering, but our concerns with COCK are not necessarily divorced.

Genera and species, substance and properties.[1180] Let's use the Pimp Razor.[1181] Fuck all that other shit.[1182] Our concerns are to be recast. What we are interested in is ontological reduction,[1183] but maybe not plainly or simply.[1184] We need to establish the basis of mathematical objects,[1185] something which necessitates a type of syntax, and so onward toward language and the counting that the riddle of COCK demands. We will commence at a pace, but it is important to watch one's step. Given our direction, it will be best to proceed in the vein of Euclid and Spinoza,[1186] by axioms and theorems. This will be an exercise in rigor despite apparent liberties taken.[1187]

A naïve approach to ontology has led us to the apparently insoluble. Can a container be self-contained? In other words, is there a set of all sets? The assumption is that a set is any definable collection. This means sets can be defined in a loose manner.[1188] This is seen in Cantor's: $\boldsymbol{P(x)}$ **"x is a cardinal number".**[1189] This is the problem of unlimited comprehension that haunted Frege's work.[1190] You see, once parsed, the formal structure can be rendered: $\{x \mid$ **x is a set**$\}$. This already anticipates the problem by being the problem. Indeed, Russell states the paradoxical nature of this in the following.[1191] **Let** $R = \{x \mid x \notin x\}$ **then** $R \in R \Leftrightarrow R \notin R$.[1192] This is the problem of intentionality and properties, although Russell was far from clear of this in his own formulations. In a similar way,

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[1180] Or accidents, rather, or attributes or even modalities.

[1181] A dagger of the mind.

[1182] "Fuck all that other shit." A phrase to be found, perhaps tirelessly, perhaps needlessly, in the *Necronomicon*, for whatever reason.

[1183] Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah seemed keen on a type of post-Husserlian phenomenological reduction. It was time to go further and look toward a pimpontological reduction.

[1184] Maybe simplexly or planarly, or both, or neither.

[1185] *I.e.*, numbers and functions. You know, what allowed Wittgenstein to jerk off in the trenches.

[1186] Indeed, *ordine geometrico demonstrate*. However, along with Frege, our approach will be fully logical. The actual 'spatial' assumptions of geometry do not apply. Fuck what ya heard. It is the methodology that is of interest.

[1187] We will omit many axioms due to tedium. You will need to fill in more than a few blanks.

[1188] Perhaps what has made this challenge of ontology so Danaidean.

[1189] You should find the ongoing use of bold peculiar.

[1190] Frege's formalism could express "Every boy loves some girl who loves some boy who loves every boy." But he couldn't achieve the nuances of Damon Albarn who was able to express, "Girls who are boys who like boys to be girls who do boys like they're girls who do girls like they're boys." It's all about expression, and Frege spoke German. *Du bist sehr schon* is very different than *Du bist sehr schön*. It is true, but Frege also liked formal languages and this pimpnote should really be in regard to Basic Law V, $\boldsymbol{\varepsilon' f(\varepsilon) = \alpha' g(\alpha) \equiv \forall x[f(x) = g(x)]}$, but oh well. Also, assume that the apostrophe (or smooth breathing aspiration mark, if you prefer) is over the epsilon and alpha, okay? It might be better to just switch it with Hume's principle anyway.

[1191] We assume all basic definitions and logical operators as established.

[1192] Similarly, Russell saw the problem of sets that contain themselves as elements: $\boldsymbol{\varphi(x)}$ **to be** $\boldsymbol{\neg(x \in x)}$. Two circumvent this, Russell introduced the not unproblematic theory of types. Well, Frege, an inveterate Platonist, will always have the third realm.

Cantor slipped into the same error with the idea of an actual infinity, infinity as an object.[1193] Assumptions must be made explicit and scrutinized if ontology is to be put on firm ground.

We'll adopt Zermelo–Fraenkel axioms in order to satisfy the criteria of hereditary,[1194] well-founded sets to account for the entities in our universe of discourse. This means we do away with all urelements because The COCK, like mathematical objects, is abstract,[1195] and develop a formal apparatus.[1196] To do this we must assume the empty set. **Ø = { }**. Nadda *ex nihilo* is **Ø**.[1197] This is actually the beginning of cardinality. So, let's start looking at οἱ λόγοι σπερματικοὶ.[1198]

Ø = 0. If a ho has four teeth in her mouth **{I I I I}**[1199] and I take a chain and lash her across the face, she now has zero teeth **{ }**.[1200] You see? **0 = Ø**. Hit/miss.[1201] Present/absent.[1202] *fort/da*. But not 0/1.[1203] Not quite anyway, but, in binary terms, a qualified yes.[1204] To get cardinals we need ordinals.[1205] First we need the principle of extension. **∀A ∀B [∀*x* (*x* ∈ A ⇔ *x* ∈ B) ⇒ A = B]**.[1206] If we are to have an iterative universe, this must be true. We could have 'demonstrated' this with any 'set', but we will look at it with the empty set.

[1193] Can2r conflated finite sets as objects with infinite sets. This led to transfinite numbers beginning with $\aleph_0$ when the infinite set of natural numbers is considered. This then is not 'finite' as it considers totalities, it appreciate their inconsistence, their failure to totalize.

[1194] Adopting the first-order logical notation of ZF.

[1195] Or rather, is not ab-stracted. Admittedly, the above use is shamefully solecistical.

[1196] *I.e.*, we will not assume the ontology of things, people, *etc*. Nor will we consider classes, while direct sets can only receive indirect treatment, for that matter. Within these axiomatics we are strictly concerned with sets. This is not a limitation as you will see.

[1197] It is actually an axiom. **∃*x* ∀*y* ~(*y* ∈ *x*)**

[1198] Oh-oh. You may have just noticed the circularity of COCK!

[1199] Eye teeth apparently.

[1200] Someone should have done that to Freddie Mercury. Not because he was gay. Just because he had really, really bad teeth. Though, there is a lesson here. Never rub another man's rhubarb.

[1201] **A ∩ B = {*x* : *x* ∈ A ∧ *x* ∈ B}** OR **A ∩ B = Ø**.

[1202] This is a truth of Chain Fight Wisdom. Once I show you the chain, it means you have no teeth. If I don't show you the chain, it means you have teeth. It turns the present/absent dialectic on its head, so to speak. See *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker* 4 more on Chain Fight Wisdom.

[1203] Ironically there is only one Ø, and this is a consequence of extensionality. Yes and no, it is always there, present in every set, and it isn't.

[1204] We will see the iterability of the binary system later. It depends on the same empty set dialectic as what we are pursuing here.

[1205] Not exactly. By von Neumann cardinal assignment, the empty set supplies the cardinal 0. A lot hinges on this, and etymology supports it.

[1206] This allows us to say that if A and B are sets, that for every object *x*, ***x* ∈ A iff *x* ∈ B**. then we can affirm that **A = B**

In our iterative universe **V** we have elements to be considered, but most importantly we have **Ø**. If we make a set containing the empty set **{ Ø }** we have a singleton. This is not the same thing. **Ø ≠ { Ø }**, but **Ø ∈ { Ø }**.[1207] Excluding other elements, what we have actually done is to create the first two ranks of our universe **V**. At $\mathbf{V_0}$ we have **Ø**. At $\mathbf{V_2}$ we have **{ Ø }** We can make a further set from this a rank higher: **{ Ø, { Ø } }** and then **{ Ø, { Ø, { Ø } } }** . This is ordinality. Now we can order ranks infinitely through nomination, but to look at how each set is comprised, or rather decomposed, in terms of its subsets, we need to consider the power set: **℘**.[1208]

The power set accounts for subsets. For any set **A** with **n** elements, it has $\mathbf{2^n}$ subsets. So, if $\mathbf{V_3}$ contains **{ Ø { Ø } }** as an element then the power set contains **{ Ø, { Ø }, { { Ø } }, { Ø, { Ø } } }** as subsets.[1209] From this we can see the iteration of sets. $\mathbf{V_0 = A}$, $V_1 = \mathbf{A \cup ℘\ (V_0)}$,[1210] $\mathbf{V_2 = V_1 \cup ℘(V_1)}$, etc. $\mathbf{V_\omega = V_{\omega\text{-}1} \cup ℘(V_{\omega\text{-}1})}$, etc. $\mathbf{V_{\omega+1} = V_\omega \cup ℘(V_\omega)}$, *etc*. So, do we approach infinity, or can we collect a set of all sets despite the paradox? If not a set, is there something that can group all sets? Container/contained? The von Neumann-Bernays alternative proposes the use of classes.[1211] What this would mean is that class A would be at the level of $\mathbf{V_a}$ which, to make it apparent in our hierarchical order, would make it a member of $\mathbf{V_{a+1}}$. However, again we should wield the Pimp Razor. As we have already proposed, the way to proceed is through Zermelo-Fraenkel axiomatics.[1212]

Our earlier problem was that of Unlimited Comprehension. We want higher order sets that do not have the property that we are concerned with and that leads us into contradiction. What we want is exhaustibility, so we require the Axiom Schema of Separation,[1213] traditionally rendered: $\forall w_1,\ldots,w_n\ \forall A \exists B \forall x\ (x \in B \Leftrightarrow [x \in A \wedge \phi(x, w_1,\ldots, w_n, A)])$. This allowed a defined subset of a set to be a set in its own right and restricts

[1207] We can also say **Ø ⊇ Ø**, if you're interested.
[1208] Power Set Axiom: $\forall x\ \exists y\ \forall z\ [z \in y \Leftrightarrow z \subseteq x]$
[1209] To make this truly useful, especially when considering other possible members and subsets, we need the Pairing Axiom. $\forall x\ \forall y\ \exists z\ \forall w\ [w \in z \Leftrightarrow (w = z \vee w = y)]$. This allows combination, construction, and integrity. Recursively we can build *n*-tuples.
[1210] N.B. $\mathbf{A \cup ℘\ (V_0) = A \cup ℘(A)}$
[1211] In this way a class of infinity is possible. If we consider E and equivalence relation 2 **V**, **E = {< A,B > | A ≈ B}**.
[1212] With a modification which we will see.
[1213] An axiom schema, not technically an axiom as such.

set higher in the hierarchy.[1214] We have already presupposed this above in our use of the formal use of the subset.[1215] How about that? This is an aspect of pimpontology.

Now we can prove that there is not a set of all sets. Behold.

> Suppose there is a set **A** of all sets. We will create a set not belonging to **A**.
> $B = \{x \in A \mid x \notin x\}$
> Now, we assert $B \notin A$, and by the formation of B, so
> $B \in B \Leftrightarrow (B \in A) \wedge (B \notin B)$.
> If $B \in A$, then we have $B \in B \Leftrightarrow B \notin B$
> This is a contradiction, so $B \notin A$

We now have a firm basis for our considerations, but we need to see how relations are supported. Ordered pairs $\langle x,y \rangle$ can be defined as follows $\{\{x, \{x, y\}\}$. From this we have Cartesian coordinates, but this is actually a relation. A relation is not a graph or a substantive concept, it is a subset of a coordinate plane and, as such, it is the collection of alignments, thereby avoiding problematic ontological categories. This is an ontological reduction, and through set theoretic surrogates, we can operate with extension, and strictly extension, through *n*-ary relations. Now, considering this, we can see that any relation, any relation whatsoever, is a set of ordered pairs.[1216] From here we can move to functions, identity relations and equivalence relations.[1217] So, now we have controlled inputs and outputs for 1-to-1 relations and onto relations with varying roots, so let us consider our Pimp universe and see how the set of sets is both actual, possible, and impossible.

We will begin with a basic relation.

> Let set **H** be hoes and set **B** is bitches, if $\mathbf{H} \neq \emptyset$ and f**: H-->B** (where this is 1-1), then g: **B-->H** (where this is onto). So, let **B' = ran f**, then there is a function **y'** from **B'** onto **H**. Consider $f^{-1} = \{\langle b,c \rangle \mid \langle a,b \rangle \in f\}$
> Since f^{-1} is **1-1**, f^{-1} is a function

[1214] Austere English help facilitate this quality of defining and disambiguating that status of would-be properties through precision and exactitude in a quasi-algebra. Effectively it is first-order logic with identity and membership relations.
[1215] Heads up, we already assumed the axiom of intersection, union, difference…ZF has ten axioms. We will encounter four more.
[1216] With a real emphasis on "well ordered". Yes, it's a theorem too.
[1217] Purported relations, Marx would say, are a mystification. Don't tell the hoes.

Let $\mathbf{g' = } f^{1}$, then **g' : B'-->H** (where **B'-->H** is onto)
ran g' = **ran** f^{1} = **dom** f = **H**
Since **H** is non-empty, there is at least one **a ∈ A**
Dom u = B
i.e. **g: B--> H**, **ran y = H**,
then there is a **g: B-->H** (where **B-->H** is onto)

In other words, all hoes are bitches. They participate in this space. However, that is not the end of the story. This is only an onto relation as hoes are always amongst other bitches.[1218] However, in this pile of bitches are pimps as well.[1219] We need to be able separate these pimps.[1220] In order to do this, we still need a choice function for any non-empty set.[1221] $\forall x\ [\emptyset \notin x \Rightarrow \exists f.\ x \rightarrow \bigcup x\ \forall A \in x\ (f(A) \in A)]$**.** And here we go into ZFC, but not quite. It is ZFP because it is the pimp function that we are concerned with.[1222] It is the pimp that makes selection and separation, but how? Remember, we have banished urelements, so these pimps, hoes, and bitches are formal. Just like numbers, we can identify them through another reduction of elemental relations.[1223] So, if you've kept your eye on the ball, we are really talking about Pimp, Ho, and Bitch.[1224]

The Pimp operates at the point of disjoint.[1225] We have seen this. He is the maximal element of a set, and he is above the set,[1226] but there is more. This is Tricky as it would seem we have fallen back into the fallacious reasoning that we have tried to avoid.[1227] We haven't. This is the truth of Gz up, Hoes down. You see, the belief in

[1218] Tricks, gangstas, transvestites, *etc*. Also you will have noted that **H ≠ ∅**. This is true, but it is because it is not an equivalence relation. Hoes are **∅** via the vagina. That cannot be expressed in this notation. One requires the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema.
[1219] A needle in a haystack is an adequate analogy, but with a twist. A pimp is like a needle that makes itself a needle, makes you roll in the hay, and charges you for it.
[1220] Because pimp, represented as **$'**, can be expressed in the following relation. **$' ≾ B**, as **ran f**, but **ran f ≺ $'**. This is because it happens at a different space.
[1221] This is not a first-order concern. This is what allows sets of functions to be possible, to be grouped as a single choice, *etc.* Choice as such needs no axiom.
[1222] The Pimp's Lemmatic Schema is an interesting one as it both paradoxically supplants and supplements the Axiom of Choice. You will see the connection if you consider Hilbert, Bourbaki, and Sokal notation.
[1223]This has already been done through theoretic surrogates. All abstract objects can be reduced to sets.
[1224] No need to demure. We know that PIMP, HO, and BITCH (*viz.* PIMP) are pulling the strings in the complicated way that we have already seen. However, we need to know what role COCK plays.
[1225] But technically he is not an empty set.
[1226] The former is a quality of (Max "this is similar to the Axiom of Choice" Zorn) Zorn's Lemma, the later of (Frampton's) Zorn's Lemma as sets can only be completed in by decompletion.
[1227] As Rev. Run and D.M.C said, "It's Tricky. It's Tricky. Tricky, Tricky, Tricky"

equinumerosity is where the flaw resides.[1228] Von Neuman cardinality provides a simple alternative to Frege which allows numbers to be defined in terms of what preceded.[1229] Likewise we can construct natural numbers,[1230] and so forth. The problem comes when we consider infinity, the potential or the actual. Cantor had difficulty with actual infinity, but we need to assume it for our calculus. You see, there isn't an axiomatic basis for actual infinity in our system, but we need to assert it inductively, otherwise our ability to compute will be severely hindered.[1231] Assuming the provability of other functions,[1232] let's turn our full attention to the problem of infinity.

If we think of actual infinities, Cantor shows they are not all equal. The power set of any set is never equal to the set. This gives us an expanding hierarchy of cardinals, transfinite numbers ($\aleph_0$, $\aleph_1$, $\aleph_2$, *etc*.). This takes us to the continuum hypothesis that would have the cardinality of the infinite cardinal series as the smallest uncountable cardinal number.[1233] With the Axiom of Choice, Gödel found this consistent,[1234] but he neglected the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema. This lemma says yes and no. Limit and no limit. Why?

The Pimp's Lemmatic Schema is the axiom that asserts the failure of axiomatics to totalize.[1235] It is an answer to Hilbert's second problem.[1236] Primitive notions, axioms, and processes of iteration are for bitches. This is false foundationalism. The Pimp's Lemmatic Schema reintroduces intensionality, disrupting theoretic surrogates, as the dialectic between applied and pure mathematics becomes suspect. Lines in the real world may not necessarily be describable in real numbers.[1237] Consider the Everett interpretation and the quantization of series, an axiomatics rejecting axiomatics, and an

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[1228] Not just the criterion of cardinal number of a set being infinite iff it is equinumerous with at least one of its own proper subsets, but the failure of gauging infinites. For instance, $|\mathbb{R}| > |\mathbb{N}|$ because there is no 1-to-1, onto function, so $|\mathbb{R}| \neq |\mathbb{N}|$. The proof is in Cantor's diagonalization.

[1229] We have seen this with our earlier consideration of ordinals. $\mathbf{0 = \emptyset; 1 = \{ 0, 1 \} = \{ \emptyset \}; 2 = \{ 0, 1\} = \{ \emptyset, \{ \emptyset \}\}$; *etc*.

[1230] Natural numbers can be built in a somewhat similar manner following Peano's postulates.

[1231] $\mathbf{\exists I (\emptyset \in I \wedge \forall x \in I ((x \cup \{x\}) \in I))}$

[1232] Addition, multiplication, recursion, *etc*. All readily deducible.

[1233] Really what we are saying is $\mathbf{|\mathbb{R}| = 2^{\aleph_0}}$, and, if so, how many infinite cardinals are there between $\aleph_0$ and $\mathbf{2^{\aleph_0}}$? You'll see that the aspects of COCK are analogous to inaccessible cardinals. *Editorial note* The '0' should be a subscripted superscript. There have been ongoing problems with notation here. Tommy the Motherfucking Autist has be chastised. If he does not learn, he will be put back in his cage.

[1234] In his constructible universe **L**.

[1235] In this way it is similar to Gödel's second incompleteness theorem. For Robinson arithmetic to be recursively axiomatized, the axiomatic system used needs to be inconsistent to show its consistency.

[1236] Not that Gödel's second incompleteness theorem didn't, just that Pimp's Lemmatic Schema is better.

[1237] Not to mention psychonautics and the Algebra of Need.

improbably probability that does nothing for the hypothetico-reductive model.[1238] This is not yet to mention the challenges on Euclidean space and our first intuitions about COCK. Let's reconsider our axiomatics.

The Pimp's Lemmatic Schema is a dubious lemma that permits and thwarts. It is the "yes, no, yes, no" of a drunken ho,[1239] and for this we need to keep our eyes open.[1240] It is a basic dialectic of in and out.[1241] In the game, out of the game. In the system, out of the system.[1242] We are already well acquainted with this interior/exterior. It is a consequence of Gödel's metamathematics that shows our axioms inconsistent,[1243] and there is no schema more inconsistent than the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema since it is a product neither of theorems nor of logic as such.[1244] How and why?[1245]

Undecidability becomes constituent to axiomatic undertakings. Attempting a metalanguage will not help, as it becomes impossible. Assumptions made about ontology are irrecoverably entangled in our epistemology. Language needs to be reconsidered as it is, for all the apparently formal purifying of ontology onto itself,[1246] its exteriority is its interiority.[1247] This is the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema again, the pimp disjunct that names a ho by effacing her. The result of it is the Ho Function $\sqrt{-1}$.

The Ho Function $\sqrt{-1}$ demonstrates that hoes are imaginary bitches.[1248] You see, all hoes have an index of two. This is because they are bitches compounded into an abstract state.[1249] Some are more so than others, but the property is the same. Consider a $\mathbf{ho^2}$, a $\mathbf{ho^3}$, a $\mathbf{ho^4}$. They all equal the same thing. -1.[1250] This is why our basic formulation is $\mathbf{i^2 = -}$

[1238] Pimpontology is all about falsification principles, but not in the normal way. *Credo quia ineptum*.
[1239] HO of the impossible presence of absence.
[1240] Indeed, it is the Zui quan of the Drunken Miss Ho (何瓊).
[1241] Nothing new here. All pimpologic.
[1242] All of these are ontologically problematic yet are (in)consistent through pimpontology.
[1243] Actually, the second incompleteness theorem states that if our axioms are consistent, then we cannot use them to support our model or our axioms. So, the model is possible, but not provable. Thank goodness for the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema!
[1244] Because it is pimpontological. For instance, the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema gets angry when surjective efforts are made through the axiom schema of replacement. This smacks too much of classes and fails by expressing its own consistency. Forget Quine's universal set as well.
[1245] As Rev. Run and D.M.C said, "It's like that, and that's the way it is!"
[1246] Onto-itself, into-itself.
[1247] Perhaps this is because pimpontologically language, ontology, mathematics, whatever, are false distinctions.
[1248] It could also be true in that pimps are bitches imagining hoes, or hoes are bitches imagining pimps.
[1249] This is a question of degrees.
[1250] It is a communicative property.

1. Mark the substitution.[1251] Now, $\sqrt{-\mathbf{1}}$ **= ί** and **- ί**. This is because of our directional rotation through the imaginary/ho dimension to spit her out as a bona fide ho.[1252] It is important to unpack this to see that **(ί² = -1) = (1 * ί * ί = -1)**. What is clear here is the role of polarized 1s. **1 & -1**. This involves a two-dimensional plane, or only apparently so. This is the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema attained through the COCK Theorem. This would actually be in four-dimensional space.

The COCK theorem asserts that the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema operates in the three-dimensional space of quaternions.[1253] Here complex numbers are given planary representation over the field of real numbers. The pimp function would seem to operate on the 1/-1 of itself to **ί²** by way of the unit sphere $\mathbf{R}^3$. This hypercomplex number both removes and amplifies the valance depending on the modulation. Pimp's Lemmatic Schema now applies itself to hoes from new angles. But there is a problem.

The use of quaternions would seem to be only the shadow of the shadow of COCK. Closer to its truth is use of tessarines.[1254] Not readily susceptible to division, tessarines add another axis and give us another algebraic dimension. This would insert COCK, or rather something proximal to COCK, into our field. This further complicates our relations of pimp and ho. Let us consider what the implications are at the level of bitches.

The COCK seems to be felt through the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema in the Ho Function $\sqrt{-1}$. This theorem has the following transmogrifying structural effects. You see the HOLE is identified by COCK. This achieves the 1/-1 of the pimp matrix for the production of hoes. Remember, the world of pure bitches is a meaningless place. So, what we have is **($)--> $′ = -1**, which really means **$/$′ = -1**. So, **$′ = -1**. This is the COCK theorem of COCK/Cock/cock or PIMP/Pimp/pimp, but their relation is maintained in a complex and erratic latticing.[1255] What is clear, however, are the vectors. Like an armature, it serves as the basis for structuration.

[1251] Instead of ho² we have ί². Instead of an italicized 'h' or any other roman letter, we have used the rough aspirated iota. The 'Hhhh' is for 'ho'. The iota is of a googological function that terminates in 0. Hence Hhh0. Cash is a sequence, but it ends in 0 when her term of service is complete.

[1252] For reference, Forest Gump's Jenny was a bona fide ho. As Rosetti said, "Lazy laughing languid Jenny,/ Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea".

[1253] Hamilton's lapidary $\boldsymbol{i^2 = j^2 = k^2 = ijk = -1}$

[1254] Still umbral.

[1255] Not because of, but complicated by clinamen.

COCK PIMP
Cock Pimp
cock pimp

bitch BITCH Bitch

ho
Ho
HO

This is actually tesseral as hoes are pieced together along with a world of meaning for bitches. This is how the Ho Function $\sqrt{-1}$ is triggered. This is the act of nomination,[1256] but here, in our formulation is equi-vocation as we have seen from the place of Bitch. This is our pimpontological algorithm in to different permutations. Each action challenges any possibility of a set of all sets by making a ho. This ho is hole in the symbolic network. Each ho is a hole as each pimp is a whole. This is the W/HOLE problem with COCK, inside and outside of meaning in the supra/infra bitch worlds.

The problem with our systematizing is that it is consistently inconsistent. This is a great strength. However, we should realize that this is because pimpontology is the handmaid of pimpology. Pimpontology should secure pimpology, and it does, but it does so both reflexively and impossibly.[1257] Again, this is not a weakness, but the question is how do they relate? Pimpology is typically descriptive as it expands willy-nilly, but how does this affect its pimponltoogical basis? This would seem incorrect. It isn't. This is the second prong of COCK's riddle and mystery. What has happened is that language has been dragged kicking and screaming out of the front door by bitches and let in the back door by liveried pimps. This is why.

Pimpontology is, by definition, formal. It abstracts while trying to deal with abstractions for those abstractions to make sense in our world of application. A simplification, yes, but it finds itself in a type of hermeneutic circle.[1258] Pretending language and pimpology is extraneous is a stance for bitches. Russell of the flawed and abandoned *Theory of Knowledge* tried to account for the logical and perceptible, relations

[1256] *Entfremdung*, but really *Entäußerung*.
[1257] In part, this is due to it being a series of revelations and developments for Dazzle Razzle.
[1258] Should this be thought of spatially? Perhaps in the manner of Bach's *canon per tonos*? Whatever it is the reality of Dazzlean an-architechtonics.

and sense data.[1259] Logic and epistemology still cannot be aligned as seen in problems with judgment of the levels of propositional relations.[1260] Improved upon was a more developed logical atomism,[1261] but universals and the Platonic legacy persisted. Wittgenstein of the *Tractatus-Logico Philosophicus* moved to further logical deduction with picture theory.[1262] However, pimpology and paralanguage deals more with the Wittgenstein of *Philosophical Investigations*.[1263] Let us continue and reconsider our position.

[1259] Along with psychologism, belief, inference, *etc*.
[1260] Subject-predicates, relational issues, and questions of judgement.
[1261] Incipient in *Theory of Knowledge*, but more robust later on.
[1262] At this point, his convictions were that the problems of traditional philosophy are to be found in an ignorance of symbolism and borne out in the misuse of language. For this, perhaps we should turn to the triadic nature of Piercean semiotics to align pimpology and pimpontology.
[1263] As Socrates of the Phaedo says, "I decided to take refuge in language, and study the truth of things by means of it."

How to Cypher COCK, Soulsonic Force, or Fuck the Da Vinci Code, Foulcault's Pendulum and The Book of Mormon (Dazzlean Pimpology II)

I

I continued my meditations on COCK. It's was a veiled truth, so how could I proceed? How could I reconsider my position on paralanguage and pimpology? Ah, through the word and a type of *gematria*! COCK had revealed itself to me through the word. It spoke directly to me. In this I could begin my investigation to find the answer to COCK's second riddle and continue pimp architectonics. How can you count on not counting the counting of non-counting?

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

Cock and pimp both have four letters like the Tetragrammaton, but they are brought into relation by way of the ho. Ho does not have four letters.[1264] But, in their multitude, they become hoes, which does. As hoes, they become one. In becoming one they too become one with COCK. This is the sacred two of HO, the division of the impossible return,[1265] the present absence. Being divided and varied, hoes, therefore, are one, two, and four. They are the true zero. This is significant as hoes are the result of the cleavage of the five just as much as pimp. As such, they also participate in three, but first we need to make a few considerations.

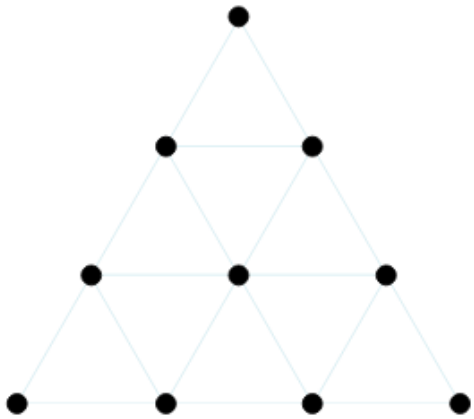
Five is the number of superfluity. In five is the undifferentiated, the space of restless potential.[1266] This is the world of BITCH. All men are bitches. From these bitches you have the trick and sluts. Both participate in the five of BITCH. Although a girl can be a slut, she cannot participate in SLUT which would be a four if it ex-sisted. It is not the case, however, that there is one woman who is a SLUT.[1267] No woman acts alone.[1268] All women are SLUTS.[1269] It is a communal practice. SLUTS is an inextricable quality, a

[1264] As AZ the Vizualiza said, "Niggas don't understand the four devils."
[1265] *Spaltung*. You should already be familiar with this.
[1266] Being chaotic, it is all sixes and sevens. This doesn't matter because beyond four you are just counting. As Pound said, "9 adulteries, 12 liaisons, 64 Fornications and/something approaching a rape". Another good example is Funky 4 + 1 or The Furious Five? Like, come on now.
[1267] In some way this shares the same logical reality as PIMP does. As in there is a man who both is a bitch and is not. See *Et quoddam A est B atque quoddam A non est B.* As Gord Downie said, "I'm not Cordelia."
[1268] As Whitney Huston said, "I'm every woman. It's all in me."
[1269] Obviously, this does not make them all hoes no matter how they aspire. As Whoreson said, "If whoring was easy, every woman you see would be out in the streets with their legs in the air, but it takes a certain kind of woman to be a good whore, so most of them back up from it 'cause they be lazy and it just ain't in them."

fundamental attribute of the BITCH. Bitches are not just tricks and sluts, but bitches *qua* bitches.[1270] This is the state of five. However, from both within and without of the five we get the one, two, three, and four that both precede and succeed five.[1271] This is its dual nature. The possibility to be a bitch and to not be a bitch.[1272] Bitches, sluts, and tricks on one hand,[1273] and pimps and hoes on the other. If bitches, sluts, and tricks are five, and pimps are one, two, three and four, how are hoes as well?[1274] This is the appropriate thread to pull.[1275]

If HO is one, two and four, it is also three. How? In its triplicity of one, two and four, the HO is triangulated through COCK.[1276] In fact, the alternative spelling of ho is hoe, which reinforces this triple nature. In this is the zero and the four.[1277] However, it needs to be minded that it is the perfect four of COCK that truly makes the four of PIMP and HO. In fact, COCK through PIMP and HO makes GAME. This is the essential Trinity of the universe. In its mystery are the three in one. You see, COCK is the four that makes the three and allows for the ones of PIMP, HO and GAME, while COCK itself is revealed as the immovable mover.[1278] In fact, through PIMP, HO and GAME, COCK makes CASH. COCK is itself and it is the others. In the emanation, the totality is considered as CASH as a lesser expression of GAME. There are no two ways about it. COCK is the governing principle. It is one and zero,[1279] it is the one and the many. It is the sublime four. This can be represented by the tetrad.

[1270] In here you also find thugs, gangstas, transsexuals, etc. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.
[1271] A type of Isopsephy.
[1272] As Thom Yorke said, "Two plus two equals five". However, he probably can't read because his eyes are all over the place. But, Winston beat him to that. The wandering eye gets everyone into trouble.
[1273] *Etc.*
[1274] Good question as they are inherently inferior. Also a good question because this is the problem of theodicy.
[1275] As Rivers Cuomo said, "Hold this thread as I walk away".
[1276] As Meat Loaf said, "Two outta three ain't bad".
[1277] Zero was not tallied a moment ago because it is the present absence of an absence designated as present. We will return to this.
[1278] As Zorba said, "I've got a forth theory…that two and two make four" "And a fifth theory…that two and two don't make four."
[1279]As it stands over that which it completes and decompletes.



A tetrad

Consider how four constitutes both the base and the slopes. This is the three. Contained in its center is one. The composite is also one. Four points at the base supports the three which supports the two which supports the one.[1280] Taken together, we have ten points. We don't need to go to five because five is meaningless.[1281] Ten points that form nine nuclear triangles.[1282] This is the three in all numbers through the one and the for. You see, once you breach for in counting, you leap to ten.[1283] This, again, is why five is meaningless,[1284] and ten as its double illustrates this.[1285] Not only that, but as already noted, five is already superfluity, but when it is breached, all of a sudden you have numbers making ten being just a metaphor.[1286] This is the generative act that precedes

[1280] An interesting observation can also be made along Pythagorean lines as we consider the points that comprise the apex down to the base. In this way we can count from one to ten by starting at the top and reading left to right. The first point gives us the zero dimension. Below that are two that make one dimension, and so on. At the base we see four points, making a tetrahedron, and that enclose the tetrad. In this last layer Pythagoras identified the place of the four elements. A suitable base that we will return to later.

[1281] Beyond for is the nothing that is not there and the nothing that is. As Kool G Rap said, "four, five, six is in the mix." Ten is always hyperbolic, like the numerological 'goodly number' of the pre-numerate *Pentateuch* or the 10,000 of Confucius and Lao Tsu. It is everything, all things, but, in this regard, hollow. As Dolly Parton said, "nine to five on the way to make a million".

[1282] Like Plontinus's *Enneads*, this nine is an organization heuristic. Fifty-four in six groups of nine subdivided by Porphyry into three groups of three (v. I, II, III), two (v. IV, V), and four (v. VI, VII, IIX, IX).

[1283] Furthermore, there are thirteen triangular configurations possible. Interestingly, in a long-forgotten quatrain, Nostradamus found the geometry of thirteen unlucky. Not a harbinger of the apocalypse, just unlucky. Of course, his writing is hopelessly ambiguous, so it is a reason not to invest any meaning into thirteen.

[1284] As Lao Tsu said, 五色令人目盲；五音令人耳聾；五味令人口爽

[1285]Zungguzungguguzungguzeng. As Yellowman said, "Seh five plus five, it equal to ten."

[1286] This is something Pythagoras was confused about. He was close, but wrong. Consider the following Pythagorean prayer, "Bless us, divine number, thou who generated gods and men! O holy, holy Tetractys, thou that containest the root and source of the eternally flowing creation! For the divine number begins with the

and exceeds five.[1287] Once put in motion, it perpetuates. Now from one you can form the two through three through four.[1288] Reconsidered as the numerical progression, we can now reënvision the five and ten of doubling and dividing beyond the pure tetrad to Pascal's triangle and the geometric progression of binomial coefficients.[1289]

1

1 1

1 2 1

1 3 3 1

1 4 6 4 1

1 5 10 10 5 1

1 6 15 20 15 6 1

1 7 21 35 35 21 7 1

1 8 28 56 70 56 28 8 1

1 9 36 84 126 126 84 36 9 1

1 10 45 120 200 252 200 45 10 1

1 11 55 165 330 462 330 165 55 11 1

1 12 66 220 495 792 924 792 495 220 66 12 1

1 13 78 186 715 1287 1716 1716 1287 715 186 78 13 1

1 14 91 364 1001 2002 3003 3432 3003 2002 1001 364 91 1

1 15 105 455 1365 3003 5005 6435 6435 5005 3003 1365 455 105 15 1

1 16 120 560 1820 4368 8008 11440 12870 11440 8008 4368 1820 560 120 16 1

[Etc., etc.]

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profound, pure unity until it comes to the holy four; then it begets the mother of all, the all-comprising, all-bounding, the first-born, the never-swerving, the never-tiring holy ten, the key holder of all."

[1287] We can see this in the structural basis of *I Ching*. For numbers are clermantically used between six and nine. This is important for all sequences. The hexagram is just a device, don't be deceived. You see, 6=1+2+3. A perfect number, but the truth of the abundant four.

[1288] As Mos Def said, "It's a number game, but shit don't add up somehow."

[1289] $(x+y)^n = \sum_{k=0}^{n} \binom{n}{k} x^{n-k} y^k$ then $\binom{n}{k} = \binom{n-1}{k-1} + \binom{n-1}{k}$. And in such letters serve for numbers serve for letters and this is the corrective for Life. As Bernardo Soares said, "I think 'corrective coefficients' is the term (though, of course, I'm unsure of its exact meaning) that engineers use of a methodology that applies mathematics to life. If it is the term, that's what they were to me. If it isn't, let it stand for what might have been, and my intention serve in place of a failed metaphor." As Mercer said, $\frac{12+144+20+\sqrt[3]{4}}{7}$ + (5 x 11) = 9^2+0

Pascal's triangle[1290]

This is the Bitch Realm of mutability.[1291] But how did we get there and how does it share in meaning and non-meaning to make it meaningful? To do this we need to tackle the essential relation between language and counting, the contained containing, the container contained that has long plagued us. This is important and requires careful discrimination before we take into account *gematria* proper and its designations because at this moment it is still just a luxury.

II

If HO is present and absent it is only because of PIMP, but we are already resting on unexamined, and thereby uncritical, assumptions. The four precedes and exceeds the five,[1292] but we need to come to a basic understanding of this syntax, this merger of language and number. To do this we need to move back. We need to trace crucial genealogies while benefiting from what we can draw upon in 'patapimpics and pimpontology.[1293]

Remember, a world of bitches is a meaningless state. Bitches are meaningless until there is a pimp, which means there is a ho.[1294] A ho is always a zero, but with a pimp you end up putting a one in front of all those zero$. This is where tricks break from bitches and become their mirror reflection.[1295] As with much, this is complicated.

[1290] Looking perhaps like a strange penis, I think you will find, if you pursue as it approaches infinity, or it until your sanity is in question, that it will look like a vagina with a small clitoris.

[1291] But you see that difference is already inherent in the project. Paradoxically, for a bitch, or really bitches, to make sense, they must already be broken. Or, at least, the possibility of their break must be made manifest. Undifferentiated is only possible in its opposite (and perhaps it's inverse and prior), by its difference. Be guarded, though. Suffering at the hands of brevity, this is an obfuscation.

[1292] This is a relation the likes of which we have already considered from within 'patapimpics.

[1293] With this we now have a type of Archimedean point that doesn't allow us to skip clear of our language, but it saves us from making tiresome qualification. We will use paralanguage to cover this.

[1294] This is the minimal paraphrase.

[1295] This become one and the same, the difference in the same. Like John Galt said, A equals A.

Yes, no. On, off. Present, absent.[1296] One needs a trace, or perhaps a mark. This is PIMP,[1297] but this is the cart before the horse.[1298] PIMP allows for pimp. Pimp becomes a positive value, a presence. The bitch world is a two-dimensional, homogeneous plane.[1299] The pimp creates a second axis and then a third axis.[1300] As the pimp cuts the to dimensional plane, he comes to stand over it. In doing so, he punches a bitch through to the other side making that bitch a ho. This is differentiation and this is three-dimensional space,[1301] but again we are getting ahead of ourselves.

If a pimp is a presence, he can be represented as '+'. If a ho is an absence having been coevally valanced, she can be represented as '-'.[1302] So we have +s and –s. Bitches, at this point, are only yet-to-be hoes or yet-to-be pimps.[1303] So, as Carl Thomas said, The world is filled with pimps and hoes. We'll just talk about the ones I knows. Indeed, and if we do, we will find something like this + - + + - - - + - + + +… e.g. What does this mean? Just that there are pimps and hoes,[1304] but that is not the whole picture. Just as we began this book, this only allows the ceiling narrative of the Sistine Chapel to flood into perspective. This means we now need to make it intelligible and read it for what it is.[1305]

The narrative is this, + - + + - - - + - + + +… It is the same as was what you just saw, but, as you will see, it is different. There are two symbols as there is always a mark.[1306] The present present and the absent absent. The trick here is that there is always something present.[1307] This can be a + or a -.[1308] This is random, but it is not like flipping a coin. You can count pimps and hoes a million times over and there is no predictability.[1309] If it was

[1296] This should ring familiar. It is the apodictic.
[1297] In a dual agency with COCK.
[1298] This is not a bad thing. Cause does not necessarily precede effect. This is a temporal confusion resolvable through logical time. This can be the conditional nature of the future anterior where one may affirm the consequent. However, there is no guarantee for the antecedent to be given which is, in a way, in keeping with the fallacy. You see, it very well may recede.
[1299] Like Edwin A. Abbott's Flatland.
[1300] In a way they are ordered, but really they are simultaneous.
[1301] As we have seen, there are more dimensions as we consider PIMP, HO, *etc*., but we will have to work up to this through this different type of formulation.
[1302] You will note that this primitive symbolism has already been licensed by 'patapimpics.
[1303] This does not remove the overwhelming likelihood that they will just remain bitches. As you will see, this admixture is really that bitches are never unadulterated. They always have pimp and ho in them. This is what makes them tricks. This will be clear in a moment, but for the real implications, see *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.
[1304] As William Carlos Williams said, "there are no ideas but in things." This is always where we start.
[1305] It would appear that this sentence and its previous are redundant. It depends on your discernment.
[1306] The truth both etymologically and historically of the σύμβολον.
[1307] Absent absent is still present by declaring its very absence. However, as you may have already guessed, this is true only in this register.
[1308] For a pimp you need a ho, to a ho a pimp. Punch is nothing without Judy.
[1309] For the most part hoes don't count.

a coin toss, we could conclude that as a generation matures, especially if we entertain it as though approaching infinity, The Law of Large Numbers will realize the 50/50 inbuilt probability. Quite right, but there is no 50/50 with pimps to hoes. Pimps get 99% and hoes get a shallow grave in unconsecrated ground. Still, this is skewed if we look at sampling in terms of other representations.[1310] But who cares?[1311] What we are considering is narratives and, as such, they perform as sequences, or strings, since, at this level, we are regarding the temporal. Raw figures matter not as sampling belies probability.[1312] We need to keep our eye on particular occurrence, something which could have any number of construal.[1313] This, then, gives us our randomness that we would seem to have been denied.[1314] Let's examine our string more closely.

+ - + + - - - + - + + + +… Here we have pimps and hoes, but considered only in this light, it would seem that is all there is, but it is not. We have more. We have a string, and this can be parsed if we grant each symbol as occupying an ordinal and relational position. This is all-important. This is what allows for progression, but this is only basal. Let us give it a numeric overlay by granting it a rudimentary syntax.[1315] This will allow us to group +s and –s and this takes us beyond pimps and hoes. Now we need to order them and regard them in their multiplicity. Study the following.

Groupings of one are meaningless.[1316] We need to consider combinations to engender meaning. These will be contiguous groupings of a linear sort that will order our primary symbols. Now, if one will not do, two is facile and impoverished.[1317] Three is radial and allows for the four that retroactively structures that which precedes and encourages us to appreciate the underlying vacillations that play the scales of our numerics.[1318] For instance, from the position of three we will create our bookends. Meaning, our groupings of three will be determined by the first and third position of

[1310] This is a different type of *per capita*.
[1311] *Toute Pensée émet un Coup de Dés*.
[1312] This is a type of decrementation.
[1313] Another instance of the particular in the general.
[1314] *Editorial note* It doesn't. This doesn't really make sense. But, then again, why are we flagging this when so much else seemed to have received our blessing. It would appear that this is random.
[1315] This is possible through our work on 'patapimpics.
[1316] The meaningful meaningless. This is Parmenides and he stands in relation to Heraclitus at the number five position. This is the opposition of singularity and plurality.
[1317] Base-two systems are obviously productive, but, as you will see, we are not interested in a symbolic symmetry, but a spatial, syntactic grouping.
[1318] This is actually because of the COCK, something that is felt and not seen. It is a poke in the night. You will understand shortly.

each grouping. This will give us four from the two.[1319] Let's look and label our permutations.

Pimp	Ho	Bitch	Trick
+ + +	- - -	+ + -	- - +
+ - +	- + -	+ - -	- + +

Subfloor layer

Here are four categories. These groupings show a number of interesting features. Qualities that translate across individuals are those which are abstracted and retroactively conferred. This means we are interested in both space and time. From pimps we have Pimp which in turn makes pimps. This can take different forms. We have pure Pimp (+ + +) and pure Ho (- - -), but we also have alloyed forms of both that encourage us to consider a spectrum.[1320] This is evident in Bitch and Trick. The former keels toward Pimp, whereas the later toward Ho,[1321] but there is even more going on than first meets the eye.

From the four groupings we have pure and mixed forms. This demands a reassessment as there is clear interoperation. This is the first dynamic aspect to mind. From Pimp, Ho, Bitch and Trick we have Cock, Game and Cash.

Cock (1)	Game (2)	Cash (3)
+ + +	+ - +	- + +
- - -	- + -	+ - -
		+ - -
		- - +

Layer One

[1319] In a moment you will see that this collapses again into three.
[1320] A profound transvestic truth that will be given meaning in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.
[1321] To tell the God's-honest-truth, what we are really talking about here is the cosmic influence of SLUTS. This would be too heady for now.

Why this new arrangement, you may ask. Well, you see, Cock orders Pimp and Ho. It does so purely, so we must consider the distilled forms. Game is heterogeneous, but maintains symmetry. It is the machinery of the industry. Within it are pimps, hoes, tricks and bitches which are evident by its combinatory form. So too is this found in Cash, a colloidal representation of affairs. As we will see, and to mix our metaphors, it is somewhat of a lynchpin as it is the lived transactions of a spirited economy that sustains the other categories.[1322]

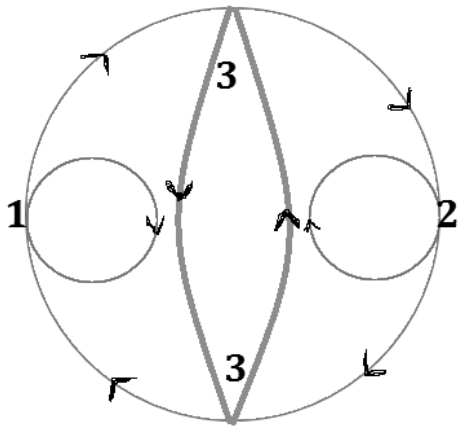
The problem is that, in the current state, our model is static despite our talk of temporality. To code these, and remedy this, we have ascribed numbers to each category. What this means for our string is that each unit of three receives this assignation.[1323] To allow progression, once a unit is coded, our grammar is such that the next unit is considered from the perspective of one shift of atomic symbol to the right.[1324] This makes for overlap and in this way we have concatenation and deferral.[1325]

+	-	+	+	-	-	-	+	-	+	+	+
		2	3	3	3	1	3	2	2	3	1

String One

What you will note is that in giving values to different combinations we have created a crude numeric language. You can have as many 1s in a row, or 2s, or 3s, but not everything is permissible. You will note that a 1 cannot directly go to a 2. This is impossible because of the string unraveling in time.[1326] It requires an odd number of intervening 3s. The case is the same for a 2 to go to a 1. Similarly, for a 1 to return to a 1. there must be an even number of intervening 3s. Same goes for 1 to return to 1. What this means is that there are impossibilities in our string. You can see this in the dynamic model *Pimp Door*.[1327]

[1322] Obviously, this is not to say that it is inextricable and the others not.
[1323] See *Layer 1*. Cock = 1, Cash = 2, Game = 3.
[1324] Grammar is important. Ask Bobby Shmurda. It can be the difference between 'Bobby bitch' and 'Bobby, bitch'.
[1325] Indeed, but beyond this we are not just looking at a type of syntax, but a model of the syntagm. Moreover, in our atomic symbolizing we have a carrying of momentum and a type of overdetermination. This resonates in the postvocalics of spoken natural language. French deftly illustrates the point with enchainment and liaison.
[1326] It is also a crucial aspect of memoration that commands space.
[1327] It is no coincidence that it looks like a hungry bird eating other birds. This shows evolution and movement. It is also the problem of the chicken and the egg which is a paradox of our basic alchemic relation.



Pimp Door

In this sense, whether Cock, Game or Cash comes first is moot.[1328] The system appears *in toto* as pimps and hoes mingle and create their conditions through bitches and tricks.[1329] This is circular,[1330] but the picture is not complete. There are higher principles that make the wheel turn, a cog in the cosmic machine that unifies the Pimp Realm and the Bitch Realm. Regard the next level of 'subsumption'.

Dependent upon, yet commanding, the lower layers we see another level of cipher.

PIMP (P)	TRICK (T)	HO (H)	BITCH (B)
1_2	1_3	3_3	3_1
2_1	2_3		3_2
1_1			
2_2			

[1328] One would think that our layer one ordering should have ran 1 3 2, from Cock to Game to Cash as we see diffusion and movement. This is naïve.

[1329] If we think of the series as primeval, we start with the first pimp (+). However, he does not need to be the first term. Hoes could 'exist' before but they only become hoes retroactively. E.g. - - +. The pimp brings would-be hoes, which are just bitches in their state of potentiality, into hoes. In this way the sequence always does start with a pimp.

[1330] Not in a negative sense, being anent with the d*ivine rotam*.

Layer two

Just like the previous, this is a similar overlay.[1331] It actual reflects our subfloor foundation that articulated our atomic symbols. PIMP correlates Cock and Game. TRICK is oriented by these to points and always terminates in Cash. HO is reducible to this Cash.[1332] This is where BITCH begins. Cash as unlocked, but, when freed, always circulates through Game and to Pimp. This can now be seen in the context of our strand.

+	-	+	+	-	-	-	+	-	+	+	+
		2	3	3	3	1	3	2	2	3	1
				T	H	B	H	P	B	T	P

String 2

This again leads to certain distribution rules. Again, only certain appellations can occur in certain spots.[1333] The following charts the rules of preclusion and the necessary structuration required to achieve certain articulations of the strand further along. These are inexorable.

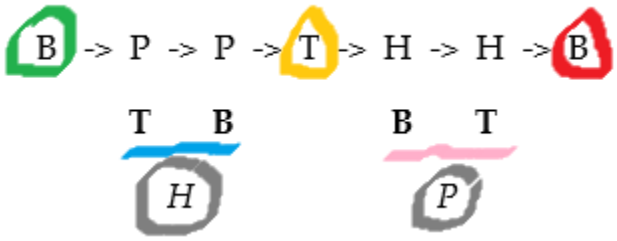
$$\frac{P,\ B}{T,\ H} \rightarrow \text{P, T, H, B} \rightarrow \frac{P,\ T}{H,\ B}$$

(Moment 1) (Moment 2) (Moment 3)

Place marker allowance

[1331] The blank nestled between our numbers is a variable so we have left it at that.
[1332] Remember, there is always more at work. Remember that cash = Cock.
[1333] Appellation is a suitable term because we have now created a kind of alphanumeric bridge.

This shows us that in the first spot of consideration, depending on what is present, the third moment, or position, is partially determined.[1334] Perhaps more importantly, certain things are excluded,[1335] just as happened in the subvening layer.[1336] If we consider further along a hypothetical string, we can see the restrictions and necessities taking place.



Logic of String

The first line with the arrows show the unfolding of a potential string. From green B we can get to yellow T and then to red B through the sequence. However, if we want to go from green B to yellow T, we can also do it through T and B underlined in blue. Likewise, if we wanted to go from yellow T to red B we could similarly do it through B and T underlined in pink. What is of particular interest, however, is that to get from green B to yellow T we have precluded the use of grey H. The same holds true of excluding grey P if we want to move from yellow T to red B.

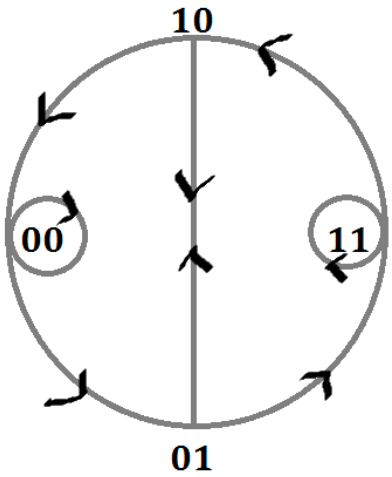
Now we can see that there are knots and kinks in our string.[1337] This is because of COCK and HOLE, but we will come to this in a moment. What you may have noticed is that our symbolic distribution at this level is not equal. PIMP and HO are much more frequent than BITCH and TRICK. This means that as we approach infinity, PIMP and HO will, in sheer occurrence, appear to overrun the string. This is not pimps and hoes, but PIMP and HO. It is not teleological, but it is an implication of unfolding in progressively ethicalized space.[1338] Despite this, we do not stop here.

[1334] If it is P & x ⊃ P v T, OR B & x ⊃ P v T, OR T & x ⊃ H v B, OR H & x ⊃ H v B.
[1335] These are certainties.
[1336] As such, these layers have different textures and reflect complex realities.
[1337] As Chubby Checker said, "Let's twist again".
[1338] This is central to *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking.*

There is one more important symbolic rendering that must take place first. We began with two terms, moved to four which became three, and then to a full-blooded four. However, the stability of this is not to be taken for granted. We must go back through the three for a two to a four that participates and structures the five of sensory existence and under which our one through four embodies the universe.

We can go back to the *Pimp Door* and restructure it through a revaluation of *Layer One*. We will move back to a two-unit grammar of a higher order. Using our three terms of *Layer One* we will look at presence and absence. As noted, there is no absent absence as it is already made present by its presensing. In this way it is the structured unstructured. This opposes it to the present present that can be seen by the alignment of our atomic symbols in groupings of the same.[1339] To express present absence we will use the non-same.

To do this we will use 1 and 0 in two-place terms that in combination. 1 = (+ + or - -) and 0 = (- + or + -). Just like before, the minimal phrase is formed by the imbrication of place markers as our series shifts to the right, but this time our sequence is expressed by the combination of two 1s or 0s. For instance, 10 would equal either + + - or - - +. Let's look at the movement and symbolic interchange of the modified *Pimp Door*.

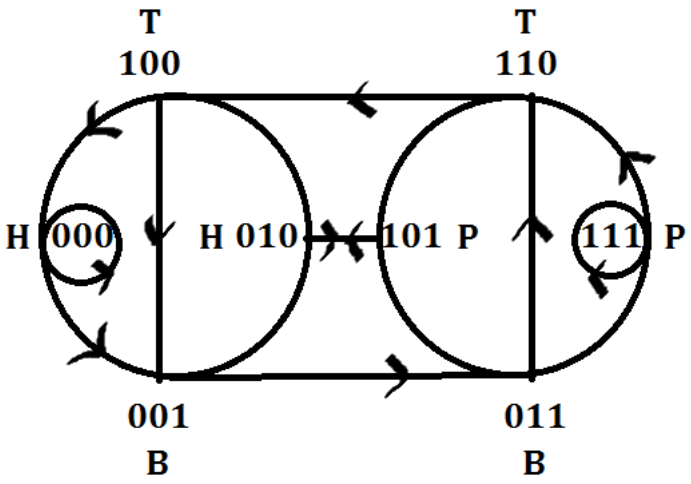


Pimp Door Two

This now shows a three-place movement, but to maximize what is still latent, we need to reapply our *Layer Two* matrix. To do this we must decompose our *Layer One* matrix by squaring the circle and inverting space. This will not only double our contact points,

[1339] Of course, you can ask if a ho is ever truly present. It can be like a walking death or meaningless suffering. You can often tell by the invalidated eyes.

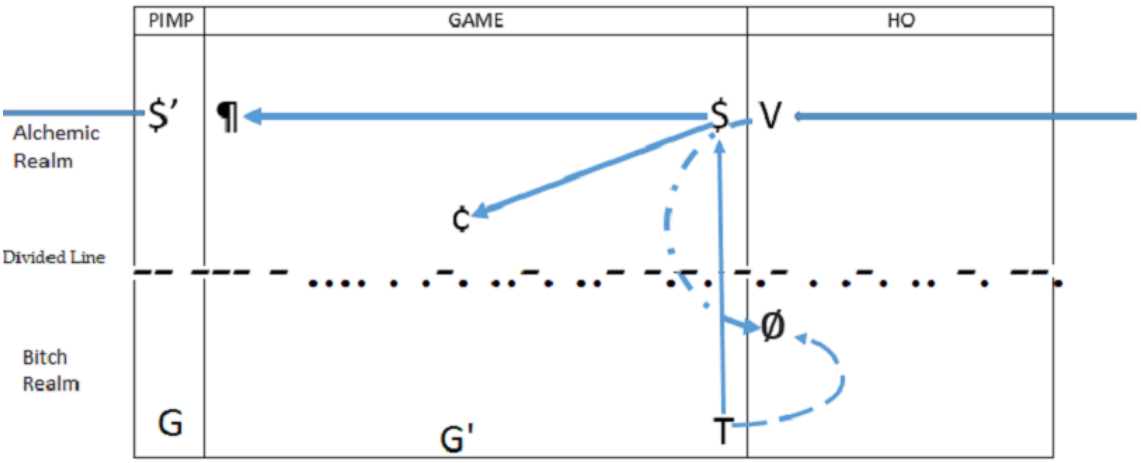
but it will double the possibility of representation. Now we have a base-three grammar of two terms (1 and 0) that represent our *Layer Two* orderings and that, since it is a three-term supraordering, can be re-presented by our *Layer Two* appellations. Through a forward and backward movement, we now have our dis-em-bodied C(OCK)ock, G(AME)ame, C(ASH)ash and PIMP, HO, BITCH, TRICK that allows terrestrial life to unfold, and possibly flourish.[1340]



Doors of Perception

This is where we begin to feel the tension between the Pimp Realm and the Bitch Realm. We have a reflection of two spheres. Eight points of opposition conjoined at the point of MOTHERFUCKING. This is where the H of 010 and P of 101 come together. This is another expression of what we have already seen in pimpontology prior to COCK and HOLE.

[1340] This is the combination of the Big Gang Bang and the Drake Equation. As Carl Sagon.



Π Chart

We need to roll this forward now that our *gematria* is on solid footing. It is now time to see how this is supported in metaphysics.

III

Let's reconsider the essential nature of Four.[1341] The four is present in our material existence, otherwise it could not be intuited.[1342] The universe is made of four elements.[1343] Fire,[1344] earth,[1345] water, air.[1346] This four finds a combinatory overlay that marshals fire-earth into dry, earth-water into cold, water-air into wet, and air-fire into

[1341] The truth of the *Vedas*. Start with *Yajurveda* 18.25

[1342] Physicality is not its limitation, the proviso must be maintained that these are also metaphorically, and perhaps psychical as Jung observed.

[1343] Further evidence to advance Empedocles over the limitations of both Parmenides and Heraclitus. However, the real implications are partly encapsulated in Crowley's *Magick, Liber ABA, Book Four.*

[1344] Fire is the active principle make the elemental base as a three plus one.

[1345] Earth, Wind & Fire. Missing one for the still point. Except for the point, the still point/There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.
Hey hey hey
Ba de ya, say do you remember
Ba de ya, dancing in September
Ba de ya, never was a cloudy day

[1346] Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was on to this.

hot.[1347] The reflexive nature of this quaternary also sees the correspondence between the elements and the humors as was found by Hippocrates. In fire is yellow bile, in earth is black bile, in water is phlegm, and in air is blood. So too do we find an alignment with seasons, tempers, and organs as well as cardinal directions amongst other things.[1348] The quaternary radiates both inward and outward to manifest the universe.[1349] These are the true emanations of the Godhead, COCK, the Tetragrammaton.

From the four elements we have the alchemic bases for transmutation. This is both physical and spiritual.[1350] We saw this earlier with the relation of the pimp as alchemist.[1351] He can convert the base metal of ho into money. Money participates in CASH. COCK and CASH, like all sublime fours, are one and the same, but they exist through different modalities of perfection, or *sephirot*.[1352] As such, they are different emanations of the *Ein Sof,* the ineffable. This is clear from a careful consideration of the Zohar and its application to the Pentateuch.[1353] COCK can be thought of as at the place of *Keter*.[1354] PIMP and HO are *Chochmah* and *Binah*,[1355] respectively. GAME inhabits *Da'at*, as the intelligible manifestation of COCK, and CASH can be found at *Tiferet* as a further, less pure emanation of the same.[1356] Let's look at the Tree of Life and the *Seder Hishtalshelus*. From this point, CASH links the GAME *Olam* with the GAME' *Olam* which in turn links that of BITCH.[1357]

[1347] These have certain default alignments as Powers and cannot be whimsically applied. We will return to this in a moment.

[1348] Alchemically, we see gold, silver, copper and iron. This is where we see the pimp as Adam Kadmon and the *lapis*. *Viz.* Genesis 28:22, Job 38:6, Taki 183, Cope2, Isaiah 28:16, e.g.

[1349] This is the four elements of the true four. This reveals the four elements of hip hop in the threefold of art, action, and substance.

[1350] Paracelsus teaches us so much.

[1351] Tenuous, but there is a connection here to Paulo Coelho.

[1352] Truly comprising the four *Olamot* which are really five. These are the dimensional aspects revealed in our cosmogony. Additionally, the ten *sephirot* are also clearly *Partzufim*.

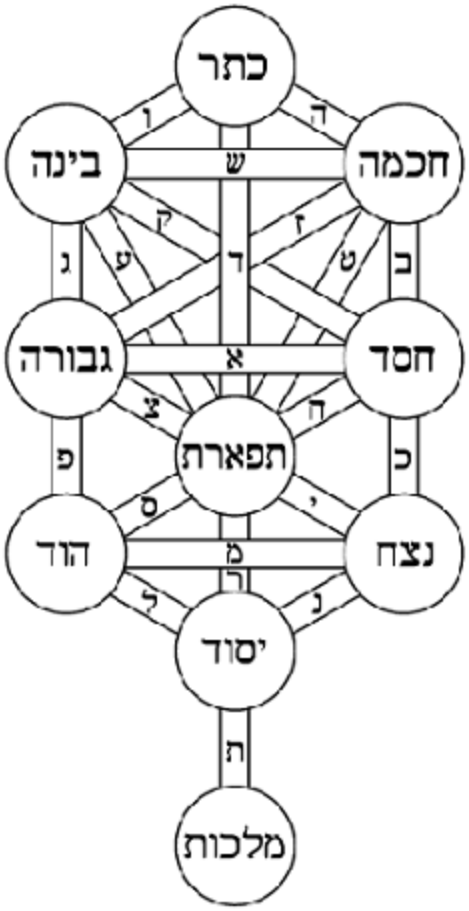
[1353] Particularly Genesis, Leviticus and Numbers. However, I was unable to resolve Leviticus 18:20 with 20:13, though it goes a long way to support what was found in *Et quoddam A est B atque quoddam A non est. B* At times reading was anagogic which helped me understand the prohibitions as sublations of COCK. This was also somewhat in accord with my earlier Thomistic systemizing. I fear a tighter exegesis is still required.

[1354] to be phallically shadowed at Yesod in the Bitch Realm.

[1355] Again the paradoxical nature of HO is felt. It has been argued that this space can also be profitable compared to *Tathagata-garbha*, the Buddha Womb.

[1356] Distinctly of a different tradition, Al-Farabi might agree with the emanations, although he may insist on the concomitant celestial spheres, but Dazzle Razzle takes no exception to that. Especially since he can be aligned with the Agent Intellect. Maybe Maimonides would second that.

[1357] These are the basic coordinates for the unfolding of *tzimtzumim* and the quality of truth in illusion and *vice versa.* However, we should mind that what these *Olamot* represent are the implications of *HaTohu* and *HaTikun* that *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking* explores.



Etz haChayim

In the above *Etz haChayim*, GAME, as *Da'at*, is not represented, and its absence is conspicuous. The reason for this is that GAME is relationally central. By obviating it from the representation, we can see how profoundly implicated it is with the other *sephirot.* Below it, and enabling the further emanations, we see CASH at *Yesod* as being further nodal to GAME' at *Tiferet* below. Derivative of this we see GORILLA/THUG at *Hod* and RENEGADE at *Netzah*.[1358] Propping these up, paradoxically both sustaining and created by,[1359] at the base of the Tree we have BITCH located in *Malchut*.

[1358] We have not formally considered RENEGADE, but this is space of five and two of HO. It is limited and functions in GAME' in the Bitch Realm. RENENGADE is an aspect of all hoes. It is the divisive principle that accounts for the Cop and Blow of the Pimp Door. In it we see aspects of ho malice and ho feminism. It is a nasty space.
[1359] Another challenge to the idea of linear causality. This is Hume on acid.

Keter is excluded in this consideration as it is an organizational principle, an *animus*. Below it are the Four Worlds and where we see the interaction of our two realms.[1360] This is why our combinatory syntax is so important in identifying floes.

BITCH holds up the base of the tree at *Malchut*, but, more importantly, we can see above it CASH at *Yesod*. Now the dynamism is truly apparent. From the point of *Tiferet*, we are in a *sephirah* that locates TRICK. TRICK itself is in and above BITCH being a higher truth of a lower reality and occupies *Gevurah* as a radial function of GAME and tied to HO and PIMP through CASH. Truly interconnected, though irreducible as they are not self-identical,[1361] you can see the equipoise of the system. SLUTS is at *Hesed*, and now all you need to do is to consider the different lines of force and to consider the implications.

What we are looking at is a mobile field. This cannot be clearer than in the partial inversion of the *Seder Hishtalshelus*. Recall, Cock = cash.[1362] Valorized, COCK = CASH.[1363] *Keter* infiltrates *Yesod* and *vice versa*. The Bitch and Alchemic Realm must fuse in non-linear space, a troublesome spatial metaphor replaced by another. This is the five and five of the ten that shows the four in four through the interplay of *tikkun* and *shekhinah*. The twenty-two Kabbalistic paths are no longer the maximum,[1364] but the minimum possible to approach PIMP. However, the three pillars have been replaced by the transecting, energetic relation between COCK, CASH and ‘GAME. This is the path to GAME, the song of the spheres and can perhaps be thought of the unifying pillar of C O C K[1365] as *axis mundi* in its four-part harmony.[1366]

[1360] Again, this is the four in five. Also, it should be noted that in this you can see that the rudimentary consideration made in the Πp2 Chart with the clean cleavage of the alchemic and bitch realms is not wholly adequate.

[1361] The system lacks rigidity. It is supported by differential relations.

[1362] As Project Pat said, “Now its only money, aint no powder in my hundreds bills. See a pimp shiny bitch tell me how your pussy feels.”

[1363] As Cat Woman said, "I'll only do it for lots of cash!"

[1364] The twenty-two letters corresponding to the Hebrew alphabet.

[1365] *Editorial note* This is a *hapax logomenom*. The implications are tantalizing.

[1366] The implications of this are felt in intrasubjectivity. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

The Pimp, Ho, Bitch Voltron

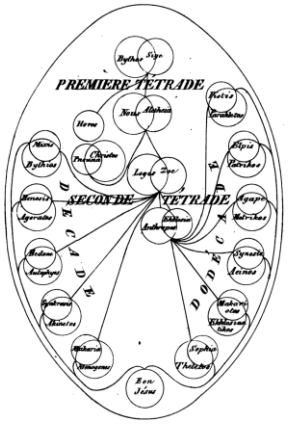
In this we can see the Leviathan, but its folding over is also *Shekhinah* that is shaped as it gives shape as we count and count again in discontinuous continuities in the challenge of realization and cosmic consciousness around and around in the cosmic balls.[1367] These are the *sephirot*.[1368] Again, ten in total, but the parts are both greater and lesser than the whole. That is because we are starting to see the actualization of the five that obscures the four through the one.[1369] Four and four in the wavering five. In the world we can feel the five,[1370] but this is the illusory quality of temporality. The ancients have shown us

[1367] These are to be accounted for in *Shi'ur Quomah*.
[1368] There true representation has been distorted by Moses de León who omitted what he considered 'Satanic verses'. One must go to source with Rabbi Shim'on bar Yohai.
[1369] Just as the Pentateuch is the *Torat Moshe,* or should we include Joshua to form the Hexateuch? Once you move to five there is slippage and confusion. This is why the Documentary Hypothesis holds water. One composite from Four. As Shyheim said, "One's for Da Money".
[1370] Many Asian systems have been arrested here at the five. Wu Xing, Mahbhuta, *etc.*

that the transcendental four can be found in corporeality through the elements and their relations. Let's further consider this.

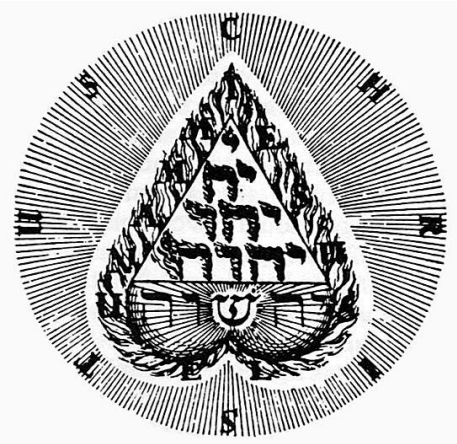
Judaic Kabbalism is unduly arboreal even if we are not sticklers for the literal. Gnostic Kabbalism takes us into dyadic moieties that better express COCK,[1371] but, if considered strictly, suffers similar limitations.[1372] It can be used to help bring around *shevirah*,[1373] but both Trees, no matter how considered, need always to be considered from their foundations.[1374] Without this, all else is exoteric ostentation.[1375] Empedocles stressed the *rhizomata* of the *stoikheia* and this in keeping with *Keter*[1376]. This is the fourfold basis of everything. The truth is that *stoikheia* itself is misleading. When we talk of the four, we should simply use *rhizai* or *rhizomata* because we are not really talking about elements as such.[1377] The elemental quaternary is formal,[1378] Jung intuited this in the descriptive function of his archetypes. This is the chthonic. Tuberosity and would seem to

[1371] The Monad that structures, or structurates, syzygies. Considerations of this sort are made in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.
[1372] Moieties similar to yin/yang.
[1373] Which brings about *tikkun*. Raise sparks, heal the nation.
[1374] Slightly untrue. Truffula trees can be considered from either end.
[1375] That is not to dismiss the Aeons, but to further embrace them. The progression of the *Ogdoad* to *Dodecad* is of a type of dialectic. Valentinian's system show this. The noumenal progresses through the Aeons and is like a double rooted tree. Consider the following diagram.



[1376] The root of roots as it is also *Ayin*, the pervading no-thing of nothingness. This is also consonant with the folding/enfolding of *sephirot* in and of COCK. This is a mystery of *Ein Sof*.
[1377] As Morrissey said, "I Am The Sun, I Am The Air…Just shut your mouth. How can you say I'm going about things the wrong way."
[1378] Indeed, the true alchemic basis exists in the *Dunameis* as we consider the elemental cycles. We have briefly considered this overlay, but we need to recognize that all things are not in flux. You can make lead into gold, a bitch into a ho, but you cannot make gold into lead, nor a ho into a bitch. Certain processes are further reducible, but irreversible. This is the function of COCK and within movements, we see clear triadic orderings such as the phallic and pubic triangles. This is the three plus one basis of four, the *kinetike* of the *tetrasomi*a.

deterritorialize our numeric constraints as we dilate the micro(cosms) with the macro(cosm) where we can see our numberings realign akin to that outlined by Böhme in *De Signatura Rerum*. This is resemblance and concordance as etched in the soil, bark and branch.



Böhme's tetractys

This is the oak in the acorn, the rhizomatic embryology precedes and exceeds, but it is emergent and undetermined in the strictest sense. This again is the inversion of *Ayin*. In the image of PIMP, man has been created in BITCH. There he is a bitch with the full potentiality of PIMP and HO and it is his beingness-in-the-world that unlocks his potential. This, then, is man also as acorn. Growing from plower, sower, reaper, he is in turn what he does. As such, he is *homo faber*,[1379] but, more importantly, *Adam Kadmon*.[1380] The circle turns again as we recount our number, but it is this very counting that is important. The troglodyte's notching of the stick.

The essential tool of man is his basic instrumentality.[1381] This is the one to five. Instrumental in himself, he makes instruments and actuates change. This basic

[1379] In a way, this is what Aristotle notes of Anaxagoras. Man has *nous* because he has hands. *Nous* is like PIMP that guides the four as an ordering principle. In this way it behaves like the Paraclete.
[1380] This is the pimp, of course, not PIMP.
[1381] *Techne*, post-Edenic, but intrinsic as *Genesis* 1:27 and the *Midrash*.

instrumentality is a product of corporeal anchorage. Man has been born with hands and we will see how this is the essence of the duality of the four/five.[1382]

Two hands of five fingers. Subtracting two from five equals three.[1383] A holy number, but by adding the cock, as a rigid index, we have four. As we have seen, four is the number that both creates and is created. From the cock you have both one and n(one). Making fists around your cock, all fingers can be used to make it hard.[1384] This is the divine tumescence, the beginning of spirituality and participation in the divine dollar. Handfuls of cock, fistfuls of dollars. Now we can ascend back up to the heights of the highest of spiritual reflection by following the path of cock, Cock, COCK.[1385] As we will see, this will force us to make a few reconsiderations. But first, unless I wanted to keep going around and around unproductively, like aspects of this train of thought, I had a choice to make.

[1382] It can get more complicated. As Black Francis said, "If man is five. If man is five. If man is five, then the devil is six. Then the devil is six. The devil is six. The devil is six and if the devil is six, then God is seven. Then God is seven. The God is seven. This monkey's gone to heaven."
[1383] Mercury, sulphur and salt.
[1384] Intimations again of the truth contained in the Zohar.
[1385] This, we will soon see, takes us even further than has been suspected heretofore.

The Pork Metropolis, or Carnal Knowledge in the City of Dreams

…[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[1386] See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea* in the *Post-Post Face,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

[1386] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Sorry I Could Not Travel Both, or Who You Trying to Get Crazy with, Ése? Don't You Know I'm Loco? Or, simply, Why Can't I Be in a White Bronco wid THE JUICE

The shadows were lengthening in the yard, and I was struggling with that which I still found troubling about the nature of COCK, when a turnkey began tapping on my cell bars and said, Hey,[1387] Dazzle Razzle, warden wants to see you. Disturbed from my meditation, I snapped back, Oh shit. What the hell does that rat soup eat'n motherfucker want with me?

But I was just told to hurry up.

In the warden's office I was offered a seat opposite a white bearded honkey in a gray suit.[1388] There were monitors everywhere and I knew that I was in the belly of the panopticon.[1389] He told me that he is known as The Correction Officer, or The Gangster-Communist-Computer God. After this fanfare, in an arch tone he began.

Dazzle Razzle, you are not between your fedora and spats.[1390] Your time is not a time of extension, but of distension and warp.[1391] Have you ever seen *Donnie Darko*? Watch it. Time present and time past are both perhaps present in time future, and time future contained in time past. That might sound eschatological to you, but the truth is that it is actually scatological. Flenser the Fat Male Stripper is a piece of shit, and time is unstuck. There are no absolutes, but you can redeem him, but only in part. He is your future and your past, but he is not yours. He is the issue of Bankroll, but his issue will be, and always has been, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. In him is the true articulation of subjectivity.[1392]

Who the fuck is Flenser the Fat Stripper, I asked this sage man. But I needn't've asked. It all came to me.[1393] He is the one I saw in my vision. He was the child bedecked with the

[1387] As Capleton said, "Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!"
[1388] Avuncular, he looked a less sexually threatening version of Colonel Sanders, The Great Oppressor.
[1389] Most of them said, " <iframe frameborder="0" marginh44="0" marginwidth="0" h44="4(4+5)0" src="http://dazzlerazzle.com" name="iframe_a" scrolling="no" width="620">Your Browser Do not Support Iframe</iframe>".
[1390] As Billy Joel said, "How about a pair of pink sidewinders and a bright orange pair of pants?"
[1391] As Billy Corgan said, "Time is never time at all".
[1392] No, Colonol Sanders, you're wrong. Mama's right! You're all wrong! Mama's right! Mama's right!
[1393] Like as Biggie said, "Went from ten G's for blow to thirty G's a show. To orgies with hoes I never seen before."

Spider Fourz gang rag. He was the vision of the future. Or was he? Hmmm. Under this reading he could also be present or past. Most curious.

The Gangster-Communist-Computer God smiled as though reading my thoughts.[1394]

Causality is not where you think it. Events are not smoothly ordered. COCK cannot be the Prime Mover. There is a HOLE in the HOLE. Not only that, but Daddy Diamond is the ghost in the machine. Did I just blow your mind, Dazzle Razzle?

No, I said. Except for the Daddy Diamond bit, or at least how you phrased it. But you have my attention.[1395] Proceed.

Choice is only meaningful when you assume the responsibility for the cause. Now on the face of it, you have two choices. This is reductive, as you are actually confronted with a trifecta, but it is a necessary bifurcation. Behold. Either Duffy Diablo or A Sharp will come first. Whichever choice you make will profoundly inflect the theoretical development of Dazzlean Pimpology. It will also have profound implications for its continued development once you are no longer its vessel. Duffy Diablo will bring you to the truth about the Spider Fourz and will align Flenser the Fat male Stripper accordingly. This leads to Pimp Art. Choose A Sharp and the result will be a type of anarcho-poetics.[1396] Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is an inevitability, Daddy Diamond is a variable. Don't forget about Shadow Kowloon Walled City.[1397]

[1394] And my thoughts were thus, **YOU ARE A TERRORIZED MEMBER**of the "**MASTER RACE**", WORLD-WIDE **FOUR BILLION EYE-SIGHT TELEVISION CAMERA GUINEA PIG COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD "MASTER RACE."** YOUR LIVING THINKING MAD, DEADLY WORLD-WIDE COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD SECRET OVER-ALL PLAN: **WORLD-WIDE LIVING DEATH FRANKENSTEIN SLAVERY TO EXPLORE AND CONTROL THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE**. With the ENDLESS "STAIRWAY TO THE STARS." Namely the **MAN MADE INSIDE-OUT PLANETS** with NUCLEONIC POWERED SPEEDS **MUCH**FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT. **LOOK UP AND SEE THE GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD CONCOCTED NEW FAKE STARRY SKY.**THE WORLD-WIDE COMPLETELY CONTROLLED DEADLY DEGENERATIVE CLIMATE AND ATMOSPHERE. THROUGH THE NEW WORLD ROUND TRANSLUCENT EXOTIC GASEOUS ENVELOPE,**WHICH the WORLD-WIDE COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD MANIPULATES THROUGH COUNTLESS EXACTLY POSITIONED SATELLITES, THE NEW FAKE, PHONY STARS IN THE SYNTHETIC "SKY".**

[1395] As Billy Madison said to the penguin, "So sorry to interrupt."

[1396] In some ways we are back to the tension between Bell's vision to collectivize versus Willie Dynamite's unyielding individualism. The way the movie goes, anyway. Not Caesar Slick's reading. You will see, though, that you will have your pie and eat it too. Rather, you will taste both pies. See the other two books.

[1397] Actually, you can for now. The Shadow Kowloon Walled City will return with a vengeance in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

Who the fuck is A Sharp, I asked earnestly. I didn't have much to put behind the name beside the fact that he had murdered Sharky in a pretty grisly manner.[1398]

He is the leader of The Choir Boyz, said The Gangster-Communist-Computer God. If you choose him, Flenser the Fat Male Stripper will become The Transcendental Biker. Intrasubjective truths and Pimp Art will be lost,[1399] but Chain Fight Wisdom will be gained. This choice will see Dazzlean Pimpology continue, but it will have a broader social orientation and take on a lot of Marxist baggage. Choose Duffy Diablo and you will have more gnomic esoterica ahead of you. Whatever you choose, you will not learn of the mystery of your dead hookers in this book.[1400] You will have to wait for Flenser the Fat Stripper to realize his potential. This depends on your choice.

What is it that I have to do, I asked.

By assuming the cause, you must behave for the sake of the cause, said The Gangster-Communist-Computer God. You need to raise your choice up, so you can lay it low. In other words, you need to bring your choice to a consummation. Have you seen *Highlander*? Watch it.[1401] There can be only one.[1402] The man you do not choose will be free to go. Like a palimpsest, the narrative will be rewritten. His potential will remain unfulfilled, and both the murder of Sharky and Tricky Ricky will fall on the head of him whom you choose as kismet takes on new densities.

Daddy Diamond is the white noise. Beware of him, for you must factor him in your considerations. This is the trifecta.[1403] The sequence is all important.[1404]

[1398] Long forgotten, Sharky's remains were in an unmarked pauper's grave by an old hermitage in the woods.

[1399] A hint as to what intrasubjectivity could mean, see the exchange between Navin and Marie.

Navin: I know this is our first date, but—do you think the next time you make love to your boyfriend—you could think of me?
Marie: I haven't made love to him yet.
Navin: That's too bad. Do you think it's possible that—someday—you could make love with me and think of him?
Marie: Who knows? Maybe you and he can make love and you could think of me.
Navin: I'd just be happy to be in there somewhere.

[1400] Not so much of a problem. As Big Daddy Kane, AKA Count Macula, said, "If you got 36 prostitutes and 30 cents in your pocket, what you got? Proof that hoes come a dime a dozen, baby."

[1401] It won the Academy Award…Best film ever.

[1402] *Editorial note* This doesn't entirely make sense.

[1403] With myself considered it really became a superfecta, but there is no point in being pedantic.

[1404] This is important in parimutuel betting, but it is more important for the syzygetic considerations in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

I have both men here. Make your choice. Assume the cause. [1405]

And I did. And I knew what I had to do.

[1405] You can too. Like a *Choose Your Own Adventure* you can keep reading if you are interested in the choice involving Duffy Diablo. If you prefer A Sharp you can go immediate to the beginning of *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*. Either way, you should buy Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah so that you benefit spiritually from the experience.

Deus ex Machina, My Milkshake Brings All the Boys to the Yard, or The Eve of Thermidor

Duffy Diablo must have understood the truth of the four. He was no son of a bitch.[1406] The Spider Fourz were four in their singularity and multiplicity. That crafty bastard had actualized divine truth in the world.[1407] Now this surely must have been how I began on my path to total truth. He had intuited CASH, but by way of GAME, he fell short of COCK. Money and balls. Too true.

Daddy Diamond was money and balls. Again, no cock. These realizations persecuted me. No longer in my dreams, I felt Daddy Diamond returning from the grave. This must be the work of the COCK Demiurge, a ghostly HO or malevolent PIMP. I knew he was coming for Duffy Diablo and, in his arrival, he would arrest Duffy forever at the level of money and balls, sunk in materiality. No, at all costs, he must learn of COCK. This would bring the Spider Fourz Forward and establish a New Jerusalem.[1408]

O you Fates, so it has come to this.[1409] My maker and my undoer. In my beginning is my end. Duffy Diablo, you were my beginning and will now be my end. I will raise you to heaven before I consign you to hell. I will bring you into communion with COCK and dispel the evil presence of Daddy Diamond. And so, I did. It happened like this.

I had to exercise alone.[1410] Eat alone.[1411] Shower Al1. But one day I found Duffy Diablo when he was alone.[1412]

[1406] This claim can never be taken lightly. As we have established, almost everyone is a bitch. Danzig said, "I ain't no goddam son of a bitch. You better think about that, baby." And if you do, you will realize that, except for a brief flicker of brilliance, he is not just a bitch, but a total prick. This point is touched upon again in PIMP *a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. Duffy Diablo made no such bold claim, but then again, he didn't need to. He exuded non-bitchness.

[1407] As Betty had pointed out to me one night, imagine if Bankroll's freak son still had his extra hands. He could truly be the incarnation of the Spider Fourz. Indeed, I thought, with four hands he could have been both greater than me and lesser, being the issue of Bankroll. All I can say is, fuck you Lizzie, I hate you!

[1408] *Viz*. The Pork Metropolis, a response to Lang's Metropolis.

[1409] Be it Erinyes or Eumenides. Show me your terrible visage.

[1410] Like American History X.

[1411] As Gavin Rossdale said, "I'm never alone. I'm alone all the time." He said it even before Gwen Stefani. But, she wasn't there. At least her boobs weren't.

[1412] As Tiffany said, "I think we're alone now. There doesn't seem to be anyone around." But, as Chuck D said, "Welcome to the Terror Dome."

I knew I would only have one chance.

I worked in laundry on isolated shifts. Typically,[1413] I manned the press.[1414] One day, however, someone came in on my shift. There must have been a mix-up.[1415] Duffy Diablo entered with a trolley of newly cleaned whites. He didn't recognise me. I'm not sure if he even knew I was in the prison.[1416]

I knew Daddy Diamond lurked in the trolley. I knew he was waiting to corrupt Duffy Diablo in my presence so that I would know that the only other person deserving of the truth of COCK will be prevented from its revelation. I would die alone, taking COCK with me. Such a dastardly plan, but I appreciated its simplicity

I stayed behind my machine and waited for him to wheel the trolley up. When he came, I sprang. I had a spoon that I had flattened, sharpened, and turned into a shiv. What I did next, I do not remember. Allegedly, I slashed his throat, sodomised him at least twice, and then emasculated both him and myself. The contents of my stomach revealed his penis, both of our fingers, and good quantities of both of our blood. Trying to find my penis, the coroner located it forced half way down Duffy Diablo's throat. It was a savage Eucharist. I remember Daddy Diamond ready to leap from the trolley, but all he could do was watch as I fulfilled my purpose.

My penis was more or less reattached, but I lost the use of my hands. They say it was the most horrific thing that they have ever seen. The guard that first stumbled upon the scene witnessed me trying to bite off the last of my fingers that I could now no longer sever with my shiv. There were strange sigils on the walls,[1417] and it was deadly silent except for the soothing power chords of Stryper coming from my cassette player beside the press.

[1413] There is nothing typical, anticipating the next pimpnote. Did you know that All Capone did laundry in prison? Maybe if he laundered money better, he wouldn't have been there.
[1414] Taylorism? Fordism? Neither. Maybe lambdacism.
[1415] Where was the criminal Jimmy Hoffa when you need him? Concrete doesn't absolve you from responsibility. As Virginia Woolf famously sunk into obscurity. As Leonard Cohen said, "sank beneath your wisdom like a stone". Kind of like when that ho described of Joyce as a, "queasy undergraduate scratching his pimples"? Well, she's dead and has never encountered Dazzle Razzle.
[1416] As James Hetfield said, "For whom the bell tolls, time marches on." At least I didn't ride the lightening.
[1417] "Soylent Green is people!" was crudely scrawled on the wall.

Foul is Fair

I had a dream, which was not all a dream

--Byron

Mock Turtle on the Areopagus

Skye gnas bar do

Swimming through Night[1418], Or Now I Wanna Be Your Dog

It seemed like endless night.[1419] Everything flooded before me. The faithless Lizzie,[1420] the leering Bankroll. Duffy Diablo and his unfulfilled promise. Me in mine. The ever-suffering Betty. Faces floating in the vacuum. Daddy Diamond, *Eli Eli lama sabachthani*? I could only scream in muted silence. My very scream ripped from out my throat. Down through the abyss. Lost, but accepting.[1421]

Oblivion.

But more and less. The germinating moment. The phoenix can be found between the flame and the rose.

Lama lama?

No and yes. More and less than affirmation. Illusory change swept aside like bits of paper or wet leaf apparitions in the wind. The beauty of the mandala. Again, I felt a truth of the five and the four beyond the senses. These were gateways, the *bardos* beyond barbiturates. I had been through different mediated states. The five was failure of the bitch in *samsara*. Inextricable without choice, the unpunctuated equilibrium. The four was *moksha*, but through it were demons numbered and numbered again in their counting. This is the realm of ethics, of the possibility of dharmic non-duality in the face of multiplicity.[1422] But the four and the five are both one. The one and the one that is the tick and the tock beyond singularity, the illusory *gestalt*. The one and the many that are not linear. Like the hermetic truth of Cock, they were all tied to the same sack. And this sack held the Egg of Night, the night of the world. Pimp, ho, and bitch. The mysterious three of the two that makes up both the five and four as well as the one.

I was full of pimp, bitch, and ho simultaneously.[1423] *Yab-yum*. But each was a *bardo* beyond phencyclidine, a space between tenebrous spaces.[1424] Serially, I had been

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[1418] Or *suspiria de profundis*.

[1419] *Tehom* (תְּהוֹם), a primordial darkness. As Billy Joel said, "In the middle of the night I go walking in my sleep through the desert of truth to the river so deep".

[1420] *Ridi, Pagliaccio. Sul tuo amore infranto!*

[1421] *Entréme donde no supe:*
y quedéme no sabiendo,
toda ciencia trascendiendo

[1422] As David Byrne said, "What do you expect staring into a TV set. Fight fire with fire."

[1423] This formulation is essential to Pimp Art and considerations of trans-vestism and subject positions. It will be greatly elaborated in *Pimping Art: Making Your Art Work for You*.

[1424] As Dante said, "*il punto a cui tutti li tempi son presenti.*"

through BITCH and PIMP. Such has been the revealed narrative of my life. I had traversed two of them, but I could feel myself slipping irremediably into HO. But was that to be it? Did I live in the time of chronometers? No, not strictly, but both beyond and in HO I could feel the loving call of death. Something like a womb, but not a womb in the hallways behind COCK.

Shanti

Lucubrations with Lubrication, or Nocturnal Emissions and No Vaseline

In the infirmary, I finally became collected enough to understand that a couple months had past. More disconcertingly, I now knew I had it all wrong. Daddy Diamond hadn't come for Duffy Diablo. He came for me, and he got me.[1425] As I learned through the darkness of my sleep, this was actually not a bad thing. I had seen light in the dark.

Through Daddy Diamond, I realized I was to become the wife of COCK. Through the combination of Duffy Diablo and Daddy Diamond, I had a double dose of money and balls. This is why Daddy Diamond had waited until all three of us could be united.[1426] This would sever COCK, through the combined potency of our two severed cocks, and bring It down for my undisturbed contemplation.[1427]

Considering the cock I held in the palm of my fingerless palm, I knew it to be me and not me. Part of me, but not. It had been separated and sutured back. I had made myself man and woman. As a type of shemale, I could bring myself into glorious union with COCK. I had cut off my fingers and renounced my mortality. I had encountered the abysmal hole of HO. *Kenosis*. I was now an androgynous no-man. And in this I learned something else.

COCK is actually an inside out HOLE.[1428] More specifically, it is the pre-dimorphic GONAD.[1429] This is the raw potentiality of the universe that I had tried to conceive of earlier. But this was not the truth of absolute reality.[1430] There was a further step that I became aware of once, as Its wife, I, Tiresias of milk and blood, allowed COCK to enter my asshole.[1431]

The merger of COCK with my asshole set off Asshole and ASSHOLE. There was a greater truth now. If my cock was both cock and vagina,[1432] being absent and present, removed and restored, it shared in the property of GONAD, the potential of a turgid

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[1425] Although not in conflict with my Gnostic convictions, in retrospect a diabolical Daddy Diamond seems too Manichean to be in keeping with the true nature of COCK. However, on further reflection it could not be ruled out outright because at this point I still could not see beyond COCK. This will be clear in a moment.
[1426] Like Snoop said, "'Two, one, yep, three!'"
[1427] Inside the paradox. Like how Lorena Bobbitt indirectly brought us *John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut*.
[1428] Like Mac Daddy or Daddy Mac said, "'Cause inside-out its wiggida wiggida wiggida wack."
[1429] The neo-neoteny required.
[1430] The presence of SMEGMA should have been my first hint.
[1431] I was able to achieve this with the balls of my heels using a fairly basic Hatha Yoga technique. The result, however, was far from basic. I had formed the Ouroboros.
[1432] As Bessie Smith said, "I need a little sugar in my bowl".

member and a bleeding hole.[1433] Now, between the space between this GONAD and ASSHOLE is PERINEUM. I felt this in the tension created when I forced the tip of my partially reattached cock into my asshole and submitted myself as vehicle for COCK. PERINEUM, I realized, was a truly liminal space. It polarized my cock and asshole. But as a truly liminal space, it also challenges its own temporality like a cokehead's septum.[1434] Embryologically, it is preceded by CLOACA that gives both of them the shape and form that they enjoy. CLOACA is the true PRESENCE and ABSENCE that thwarted my systems and my earlier rabbinical turn. Without knowing it, I had dwelt on COCK while feeling the straining variations of PERINEUM. The golden COCK that visited me was a golden calf. Another test.

CLOACA was the omphalos of the universe. Here existence, the world, and bitches are shat out. *Inter urinas et faeces nascimur*. CLOACA, as pre-natal GONAD, makes COCK a HOLE. It makes PIMP a HO, and it makes everything that I have revealed one big GAME.[1435] With the tip of my cock in my ass, I sat back and reflected on this.

Indeed. My whole earlier system and cosmogony can be inverted. I had read COCK like the Tetragrammaton being read with Masoretic vocalics,[1436] except I actually stuck to the consonantal structure.[1437]

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R.

My use of the Zohar had been inspired, but zealous. Like a ladder that can now be kicked away, it had allowed me to approach COCK. But there was a beyond that needn't be passed over in silence even in the comfort of *sola fide*.

[1433] Like Missy Elliott said, "I put my thing down, flip it, and reverse it." The true utility of a hermaphrodite. That's why she has two ls and two ts.

[1434] Fast fact. Al Capone burned out his with coke. But all he wanted was a Pepsi. Just one Pepsi. And they wouldn't give it to him. Just a Pepsi. *Editorial note* Dazzle Razzle, as you might have noticed, liked that song.

[1435] *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*.

[1436] This can lead to such errors as Yahweh, or something so egregious as the bastardized Latin rendering of Jehovah. Such was my error when I read COCK in the manner that I did. One thing is certain though. When it comes to pepper sauce, it is JAH.

[1437] Even when unchallenged by orthography one must be careful. How does Jesus enter Jerusalem? On how many animals? Matthew says a donkey and a colt (21:2-7). Mark (11:2-7) and Luke (19:30) say a colt. Πωλος. Colt or donkey? Depends on how the messiah is meant to come in. What is the message? Is it the militant messiah of the Jews, or is there another message? This all hinges on an earlier prophecy in Zechariah (9:9) about חמורו של משיח that Matthew refers to (21:4-5).

Though I had intimations of the beyond in my astral travels through night,[1438] I was unable to see past COCK to PERINEUM. Obscuring my view were BALLS. PERINEUM must be heeded. Just as its structure was maintained in the variation of repetition,[1439] so too was its ephemerality. Ah, the veil of Maya. The actuation of any actuation is only the negation of a negation. Systems move to decomplete themselves. Cantor and Gödel, you pretty little geniuses, you must both have witnessed COCK in ASSHOLE,[1440] the impossible completion and the twitching PERINEUM. If they made it to this step, no one, however, has made it to CLOACA before.[1441]

CLOACA pulsates as the heartbeat of the universe. It is multidimensional space. String Theory only accounts for its covering and, as such, it is a failed conceptual apparatus. In this regard, it is G-String Theory, only serving to cover CLOACA, but pubic hair shows beyond the fabric.[1442] Be wary of closures. CLOACA must be heard as the true vibrating vibrator both shedding light and goldening Pythagoras' thighs.[1443]

In you, more than you. The something and the nothing. CLOACA brought all the aspects of creation together. It is the empty pleroma. From the empyrean to the chaotic abyss of fallen matter, CLOACA allows a new ordering. As a model, we can think of CLOACA as a barycentric coordinate where dualities can be seen in their proper relation, but this is only a type of optics.

COCK = HOLE, PIMP = HO. The vibrations of the gyre. They are one and the same, yet they appear distinct from the center point as they find Hausdorff space, and all my earlier concomitant conceptuality become imbricated and epicyclic.[1444] This is the failure to realize the very ex-centricity of the system that I had vaunted.[1445] Ironically, this was an ignorance of the Pimp Razor. We inhabit the central point of the CLOACA, yet we know it not. Euclidean space is not valid. We must think it in topological terms.[1446] The

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[1438] Un4tunately, a cruel sense of parsimony must be observed here. The true relation of the bardos states intimated in Dazzle Razzle's transportation through night can only be adequately treated in a longer treatise. Fortunately, *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking* is such a treatise.

[1439] Structuration is a more fitting term.

[1440] The ἱερὸς γάμος, the sacred marriage of *coincidentia oppositorum*.

[1441] Witnessing COCK in the ASSHOLE via the PERINEUM is akin to debunking the type theory of *Principia Mathematica,* but internalizing Epimenides paradox that in turn makes the axiomatic system inconsistent itself and redeemed as inconsistent and expressive. This dismisses Hilbert and takes us to the CLOACA.

[1442] This is a sniff of the big bang, or rather gang bang. As event, it might be thought also as cosmic gangbanging. This would account for dark matter. Could this be the Web of Pubes?

[1443] Just don't mention the square root of two.

[1444] The true failure of Ptolemaic thinking.

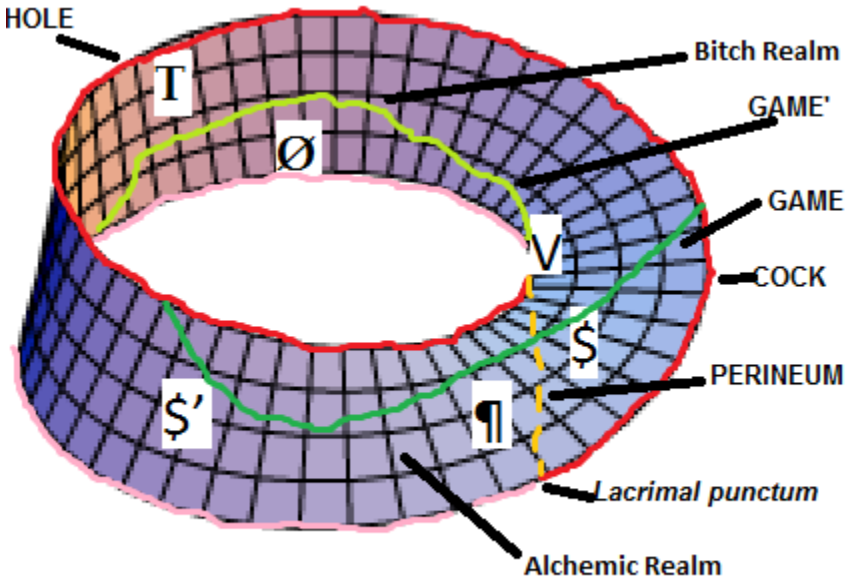
[1445] Failure of the Copernican and Newtonian.

[1446] From the cross cap in four-dimensional space, to the tesseract in five, new alignments need to be considered as interior/exterior, presence/absences are problematized in schematic terms.

deception is that COCK/HOLE and PIMP/HO are distinct pairings. They serve in a dual negative relation wherein their identity appears to be sustained.

Shed your mortal garments and walk on past this with me.[1447]

The truth of the CLOACA is that these dichotomies are collapsed. The duality of non-duality. All is one and nothing. Let us consider the *(πr^2)(2πR) Chart*.[1448]



(πr^2)(2πR) Chart

This is the CLOACA. It is the torrus/Möbius stip.[1449] Locally, positions have integrity, but as we travel along its space we realize that it is a one-dimensional, infinite plane.[1450] The tear and topological twist is the PERINEUM which gives it its one surface and boundary.[1451] Due to this, its interior is its exterior and we can see the run of COCK invert itself into its spectral opposite HOLE. This happens in both space and time, and this is all expressed in the fluid transition between Realms illustrating that stability is only apparent. GAME and GAME' also bisect and participate in this space. The

[1447] *Editorial note* A confusing rendering of what Dazzle Razzle was purported to have said. Something about the "in-carnate".

[1448] *Editorial note* This should have been a three-dimensional torus, but there were technical problems. This chart will likely be revamped in later revisions. Probably not, though.

[1449] From within this orgone radiates outward affect the world. This is the energy of the torus, the COCK that wraps around the HOLE.

[1450] This is the oning in fouring. This is the loop that the rings the four, the four that pulls to the one. This is the torus. And this is what has changed our schemata. As Lao Tsu said, 大方無隅. In a similarly revealing way, he also said 古之所謂曲則全者，豈虛言哉！誠全而歸之

[1451] This tear and attachment could easily have been in the other orientation. In fact, a different interpretive format would see an inversion in all the elements. This is of great interest.

CLOACA is all and nothing. One and zero. This collapses our earlier number scheme in pulsant, binary/non-binary beats. Positions are only relational, oppositionally defined in hierarchies and hierophanies. So, what does this mean?

This is not an invitation to pure relativity, but it shows the motion and working of these conceptual floes. Things do not become limitless, but they are shown not to be limited.[1452] If things are not bounded, that is not to say they are boundless, just that they are unbounded. The CLOACA is and is not some kind of transcendental Symbol. Embryologically, again, we could have called it a PHALLUS to the same effect. After all, it is only a trace in deferred time.[1453]

And so the world turns. Try to separate the dancer from the dance.

COCK slips into HOLE, PIMP into HO.

But a divine truth is of no value unless one can see its workings in the world, and I did.

[1452] As Randy Meisner said, "And take it to the limit on more time." And then he said it again. And again. And Again.
[1453] Or time in a deferred trace?

Quod est superius est sicut quod est inferius, or *sermo humilis* in the Purple, or The Pound Cake Speech (Lay Pimpology IVS),[1454]

Now, even upon superficial consideration, the pimp can be seen as an effete creature.[1455] Garishly dressed, he challenges gender as a slightly more masculine version of the drag queen. In fact, you will see that the pimp is modelled upon homosexual behavior, the merger of the male and the female, but to perfection.

Hoes are active as service providers. The pimp is a passive creature,[1456] except for occasional outbursts of violence. In fact, as you already know, the pimp often doesn't fuck his hoes, and this is good policy as only a pimp who abides by this manages to keep his game intact. This is why so many pimp-aspirants are doomed to failure. The pimp-aspirant looks at the pimp with clouded vision. Yes, he has hoes, but he is the absence that sustains them. He is Cock as empty and absent.[1457] The space only for ho-movies to be played, he doesn't enjoy his women as you suppose.[1458] But, you see, it is important for you to look to him as though he does.[1459] That's because you are in his bitch-movie.

Now, you're just a bitch. You need that pimp to exist as one who enjoys all those women. It permits you to aspire and fantasize. You know you'll never become a pimp, but you assume someone out there is, and their existence must be glorious.[1460] Money, balls, bitches. No woman can drag him down. He keeps his pimp arm way strong.[1461]

[1454] *Sous rature* as promised. Rather, as necessitatd. The truth makes the following *ad hoc*, but traduced. This is somewhat like when Lao Tsu said, 这样圣人虽居于上而人民不感繁重, 虽处于前而人民不感伤害, 因此乐于推戴他而不厌弃他。

[1455] If Iceberg Slim put a lot of powder in his arm and up his nose, he also put on a lot of Day Glow face powder on. "I made my face up into and even, glowing tan", "I took my sponge out and freshened my makeup", *etc*.

[1456] Although in the teeth of an earlier formulation, hoes paying pimps makes hoes of pimps. This is an instance of their concrete inversion. After all, money makes us act like bitches and makes hoes of us all. As Iceberg Slim said himself, well actually Baby Jones, "a pimp is really a whore who has reversed the game on whores." We have seen the apothegm earlier in Whoreology.

[1457] *cabrón*

[1458] Master/bondsman.

[1459] But one must look past the image. *[u]t quo iste vester expolitior dens est,/hoc te amplius bibisse praedicet loti*.

[1460] It's the super version of your ego.

[1461] Cruel and obscene. You see the pimp in a position of enjoyment. He challenges you to enjoy in the manner that he does, but you can't. Your success is only a failure that brings pain. Abusing someone, fucking-and-chucking a girl and then chuckling about her while telling your buddies about your exploits is the hollowest of victories. The PIMP would merely laugh at this. Only the PIMP can truly achieve this, but he has no need to validate the action, so doesn't. This is because he is psychotic. However, in the bitch-movie, you are able to fantasize, living vicariously through the pimp in titillating scenes of violence, miscegeny, and ill-gains. All that is on the other side of perceived

That is the PIMP, but he doesn't exist. A necessary fiction. There are only pimps, and they are merely shadows of the PIMP.[1462]

Not inherently bad, but damning for the pretension, almost all pimps are homosexuals,[1463] whether literally or not.[1464] They desire what others' desire and,[1465] in turn, serve as relays for the others' desire. This is neutralizing. This grants them the tranquility required for the occupation. The crystallization of the Game attests to this. Note the effeminate drawls, stylized gestures, and peculiar plumage.[1466] These are the actualizations of Pimp, which is all ho-movie/bitch-movie. Watch an actual pimp movie, or observe a pimp on the street, and you will note that there are only phallic symbols covering an emptiness.[1467] It is ironic as the pimp would seem to be the very symbol of

societal prohibitions. Although you may have been repulsed at times, perhaps this is why you have enjoyed portions of this book. *Tu le connais, lecteur, ce monstre délicat, — Hypocrite lecteur, — mon semblable, — mon frère.*

On a side note, this delight in punishing punished can be seen in the Egyptian god Min. The dismembered, hypertrophically membered.

[1462] Often this plays out like KRS-1 said, "MC's trying to be macks, but acts like ignorant blacks".

[1463] More stringently, as in love with themselves, or their kind. As a prefix, pure homo-. This is the same with women, or any ho, as they participate in a constellated systems of identification that reflexively configures wishes and desires. I think you'll find that everyone is a bit homo-sexual. However, Iceberg Slim does have a curious moment with another pimp Doll Baby in prison talking about fucking another prisoner. Also, he did name his daughter Melody, the same name as a transvestite that he almost had sex with, a transvestite that he had second thoughts about. "Maybe I was hasty too shut the door on Melody and his entasis. At this point I can get hip to anything except work. No one could know I was freaking with a stud."

More overtly, Whoreson acknowledged certain prison realities, "Either you were a man or a punk, or too old to have to worry about it, so I made up my mind to be one of the pushers and not one of those that got pushed. Indeed, as Preacher observed, "While some of the dogs ran around raping white boys, you went them one better. You raped white and colored, it didn't make you no difference. If you saw a weak man, he was goin' be had."

[1464] As Whoreson admits, "My problem was starting to be an obsession with sodomy. I know I had developed the desire while spending those six ["]celibate["] years in prison without a woman".

[1465] This is the American Dream. The inversion. Historically the Black predicament. Inverted inversion.

[1466] Iceberg Slim used to dress in drag and try to scam tricks. Said he was sexy in dress.

[1467] As Whoreson said, "Before you go, young bitch, I want you to know, you said a pimp ain't nothing, but dig this. All I'm goin' do is rest and dress, buy gasoline and lean. Now, can you dig where I'm coming from, young whore, 'cause that's all you is. I'm goin' buy diamond rings and have the best of everything." You're dealing with limitations here. "As Jessie had always taught me that I was better than five whores."

potency and virility.[1468] He is both man and woman, and usually has the mentality of a child.[1469]

Even if he doesn't have the mentality of a child, he often has the psychological profile of a psychopath. This is the autogenic pimp.[1470] For this all too common sort, the image of the pimp is a delusional point of anchorage that creates precarious stability.[1471] A strong father figure warped with feminine traits.[1472] This is often due to the lack of a father figure in the to-be-pimp's early life.[1473] Consequently, it is often an overcompensation for a maternal rearing, if even such can be said, that produces the feminine man.[1474] The pimp tries to become his own father through his internalized femininity. He gives birth to himself. As they say, he is a self-made man.[1475]

> ***Editorial note* Holy fuck. That could be read as brutal sociological generation that could be interpreted as both racist and not LGBTQS2R2D2 friendly.**

So, it would seem that actual pimps are either idiots or psychopaths. Do not be misled into thinking that these categories are mutually exclusive. However, that is not to say that PIMP is bad. Neither is Pimp. However, a pimp is a despicable creature. Through PIMP, one is able to become not-a-bitch. This is through the expression of Pimp. Recall,

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[1468] On a sociological note, There may or may not be a basis for thinking of the pimp of the 70s as a product of the American Dream, as sold to whites and denied to blacks through the failed promises of the Civil Rights Movement, but by this understanding we have an interesting picture of unbridled capitalism and ostentatious consumption that exists, almost in caricature of itself, in this pure picture of exploitation. These are the mind-forg'd manacles that created the contradiction in the Candy Tangerine Man. The pimp becomes a symptom not only of his community's oppression, but of his own alienation. Everyone is a victim in the game. The Man makes everyone his bitch.

[1469] Although not a pimp, it's kind of like in *Blood In Blood Out* when Popeye says, "White bitch, give me some *chon-chon*."

[1470] Or autochthonic, as the pimp genuinely rises from the dirt. Moreover, "And doubly dying, shall go down./ To the vile dust from whence he sprung".

[1471] On a sociological note, and in a rare moment of near lucidity, Whoreson declares, albeit ironically, "Many people think we're sick…but it's not really a sickness. As I now see it, it is not the eccentricity of a single individual but the sickness of the times themselves, the neurosis of our generation. Not because we are worthless individuals, either, rather because we are products of the slums. Faced with poverty on one side, ignorance on the other, we exploit those who are nearest to us…this is not an attempt to disguise or to palliate this widespread sickness that pervades the black ghettos, but rather an attempt to try and understand why, why is it that so many of the youths of our generation have no higher goal in life than to be pimps."

[1472] Reaction formation?

[1473] In this way you can see that the pimp actually has a lot in common with his hoes. They're usually both pretty fucked up.

[1474] Usually as strong female that needs to be reacted against. Think of Jesse and Whoreson. Fittingly, he was pimpsticked as a child.

[1475] You see, for PIMP the alchemic relation was never for gold, but salvation. That is the true elixir. This will be clearer in *PIMP: a(e)s(thic)s.*

the Pimp Game is only one expression of GAME.[1476] One can Pimp through a different actualization of Game from GAME. This can be a purely ethical act, an actuation of the new, a realization of the potential and a moment of pure subjectivity. This is why I have moved from pimping to a purer, unsullied form. Gold can be transmuted from the base.[1477] This is Pimp and this is what was meant to be both my art and my gospel.[1478]

You have now been exposed to the truth of the CLOACA and the PERINEUM, the vacillating matrix of gender relations. None true, none false. One should aspire to PIMP through GAME through ever new relations, new forms of Pimp and Game. You should never want to remain just a bitch. Heed the word.

Dazzle Razzle has spoken.[1479]

Hic iacet Dazzle Razzle, leno quondam, lenoque futurus

[1476] This is why someone like Snoop, though technically a simp, is truly pimp as he Pimps his Game. Records sell, image is enduring. That is Pimp, whether you like it or not. However, the biggest pimp of them all might be Ice T moving from pimp to Pimp through a series of reinventions and Game.

[1477] So much talk of gold. Fine, we will tell you how to make it. If you take mercury and remove one proton and three neutrons, bingo. You have gold.

[1478] In the words of Donne,

> I choose your Judgment, which the same degree
> Doth with her sister, your Invention, hold,
> As fire, these drossie rhymes to purifie ;
> Or as elixar, to change them to gold.
> You are that alchymist, which always had
> Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

[1479] Allegedly, Dazzle Razzle's last spoken words were, "Ya'll niggas can be Dazzleans, I'm an Ultracrepidarian." Interesting last words. Better than Rosebud. Still, they were last words. You see, Dazzle Razzle has ultimately moved from taciturnity to inactivity as he has achieved the *ming* of the Sage. As Lao Tsu said, 是以聖人方而不割，廉而不劌，直而不肆，光而不燿。He is bright, but does not dazzle. But he was more than right when he said, 人在成功以後, 要急流勇退, 这才合于天下之道二生而不有, 为而不恃, 功成而弗居。

How to Be a White Pimp (Pt. 2), All We Hear is Radio Gaga, Anti-Oeidipus and The Raw Deal

…[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.[1480] See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea* in the *Post-Post Face,* but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' and heed the red font]…

[1480] 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Postface, The Old Familiar Faces, Fuck Henry James,[1481] or This Is Never Going to End Because There's Still a Post-Postface Fuck

In the aftermath of these events, Dazzle Razzle was committed to a psychiatric ward.[1482] Lizzie went insane from end-stage syphilis that had also robbed her of her vision.[1483] Not only that, but leading up to her death, her motor skills were reduced to a couple types of stereotypy, primarily rubbing her chaffed and bloody hands together and knocking her head against the wall. Her son was raised by Betty who in turn died in 2014 in a torrid love affair gone wrong, although suicide was suspected.[1484] As the sole beneficiary of Betty's estate, her nephew inherited not only the recipe for Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, but he inherited the safe house of Dazzle Razzle which was in Betty's ownership.

Lizzie's son is Flenser the Fat Male Stripper.[1485]

Upon first gaining entrance to the safe house, in a towering rage he destroyed almost everything that the house contained. However, in a moment of comparative tranquility, the key to the secret storage area was found. Dazzle Razzle's treasures, manuscripts, and voice recordings were found within.[1486] Fascinated, Flenser the Fat Male Stripper began to make a study of what he found. Interested in making restitution to humanity, he felt that Dazzle Razzle should be exposed for what he was in the most objective light and allow the public to use the example for their instruction.

And what an example.

This is not *l'art pour l'art.*

[1481] Fuck Martinez! Fuck, fuck Martinez!

[1482] As Harvey Danger said, "I'm not sick, but I'm not well."

[1483] *Nunc in quadriviis et angiportis*.

[1484] It had overtones of Sid and Nancy.

[1485] A name partly derived from an early, failed career move and the need, desire, and will to strip the fat from the myth and legend of the man known as Dazzle Razzle in order to reveal the truth without bias or judgment, without too much blubbering. He was the child with the Spider Fourz gang rag that Dazzle Razzle saw in the vision.

[1486] Not just voice recordings. There are a number of 'hip hop' tracks. They are being withheld from circulation indefinitely because they fail to provide the circumspection of his writings. Not without artistic merit, in the main they promote violence and are somewhat disturbing. The time of their recording is unclear, but their arrangement and production are actually quite sophisticated. It seems that these may have been done with the resources acquired for his earlier pornographic efforts. Unfortunately, the what-and-how cannot be answered as all of this has been lost in the explosion.

Permission was obtained from Dazzle Razzle's legal representatives, and the editing team got to work. Lagan the Impervious Floater was enlisted to make sense of Dazzle Razzle's theoretical endeavors. The Ecumenical Satrap was brought in to execute Dazzle Razzle's artistic designs and Pop the Pilot was enlisted for his firsthand account and field knowledge.[1487]

This book has been made free of charge. This is in keeping with Flenser the Fat Male Stripper's first wish. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is being readied for production at the time of writing. In lieu of a fee for the book, you are encouraged to buy a bottle of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah or participate/donate to Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared. In tribute and recognition to Betty and Lizzie, and all the women in this book, a portion of the proceeds of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah will go to a foundation for breast cancer research.[1488]

Dazzle Razzle is also responsible for a poem of some not insignificant length. Refusing to speak, and using only a chart of letters and characters, Dazzle Razzle composed it entirely with his eyes in a form of dictation. This work seems to have staved off Dazzle Razzle's complete mental collapse until after its completion. It is a most striking and peculiar work and seems to be a paean to COCK. This current editorial team is trying to ready it. It is called *Inaccrochable*.

Also, at the time of writing, a second book is underway. *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. This book is Dazzle Razzle's aesthetic designs and intentions. This is the collaborative effort of Flenser the Fat Male Stripper, Lagan the Impervious Floater, The Ecumenical Satrap and Pop the Pilot. Dazzle Razzle cannot bring these works to fruition himself. No longer having the use of his hands, and no longer in procession of his faculties, these artworks require midwifery. This will be The Ecumenical Satraps major material contribution. This book is also intended to be free, and the artwork will be made and sold. Proceeds of this will also go to charity. Or, it's likely, anyway.

On a final note, there is one additional and complete manuscript that has been found.[1489] It is a fabular novel called Ginger Hole. It is unclear when it was written, but it is also unclear whether it will be put before the public eye. If the current text may be

[1487] In fact, Pop the Pilot is the great synthesizer of Dazzle Razzle's thoughts. He has collected, corrected, and strove for orthodoxy in the four primary firsthand accounts. This will be expanded on in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

[1488] They do get it pretty rough in this book, afterall.

[1489] As well as a play called Noh SHITE. This manuscript will be explained at greater length in *Pimping Art: Making Your Art Work For You*.

impugned as inciting moral turpitude, Ginger Hole may be found rather suspect indeed.[1490]

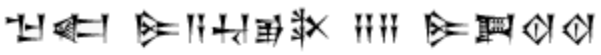
Flenser the Fat Male Stripper
Lagan the Impervious Floater
The Ecumenical Satrap
Pop the Pilot

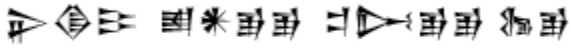
Buy Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah ™ from the Dazzle Razzle website. Don't be a bitch.

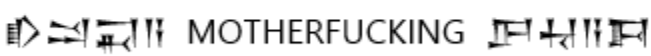
[1490] On the other hand, it is fundamentally a political book that explores an axis of Dazzlean thought.

Shibboleths, or Can't Truss It

The following shibboleths are in Dazzlerazzlean,[1491] a fully inflected language that allows the essence of PIMP to be expressed with greater accuracy. English can only approximate the TRUTH. Dazzlerazzlean is a pure form of Zaum and,[1492] besides its syntactical structure, borrows little from the Indo-European tradition, nor any tradition for that matter. It is the language of angels, devils, and thetans.[1493] It is a dialect of lost Adamite.[1494] The script is ancient Sumerian,[1495] and thereby syllabic.[1496] Language resources will be made available 2 the intrepid in the future, including a dictionary.[1497]

1. 

2. 

3. 

4.

[1491] As Flavor Flav said, “Upercalafragahestikalagoothki. You could put that in your ‘don't know what you said book.’ Took-look-yuk-duk-wuk.” Don’t worry. That presented here is actually more representative of one of its demotic forms. As will be noted below, a pure form will be available.

[1492] Close to the amphibian language of Brisset.

[1493] An antediluvian type of cunnilingus.

[1494] In-a-Gadda-da-Vida, baby.

[1495] Reinforcing it as an *Ur*-language.

[1496] It does not have genders as such. It has one gender considered transgendered.

[1497] It because of the inherently difficult nature of DazzleRazzlean that *How to be a Motherfucking Pimp* has been first present here in English. As Wasaburo Oishi learned the hard way when publishing his pioneering work on jet streams in Esperanto, sometimes its better to just publish in English, or Japanese as the case may be.

Post-Postface:

A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea, *Pecunia non olet*, or Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill the Poor Tonight (Econopimpics IV)
Or
Please, Please Make it Down to the Subsection “And Now a Word From Our Sponsors”

Brrrrrrraaap

As Rob Bass said, I got an idea that I wanna share. You don't like it? So what, I don't care.

If you wanna make money, you could throw yourself in front of a McLaren and hope to break a rib or to, but there is undue personal risk and it might backfire with you being countersued for barratry. Same shit goes with trying to sue Kellogg’s because you claim that the human hair in your cereal is not yours, or if you try to pull off the trick that you found a live mouse in a bottle of Elsinore. Fuck that. That’s for douchebags. Let’s try something where you can try and burn both people and institutions at the same time.

A Ponzi scheme is only natural. It is the reality of the market but amplified. However, it is frowned upon because of paternal mechanisms locked into the market. They are protective on a couple levels. In the first instance there is a need to maintain stability so that financial systems are not put at undue risk. Secondly, it is to protect the naïve investor from getting fleeced. Where is the line drawn? Well, let’s look to how everything could be considered in terms of Ponzi schemes and why you should be interested in them. First let’s look at stocks,[1498] what they presuppose and what they imply, before we can make some observations about Ponzi schemes themselves.

If I buy two different stocks at 1$ each, two complex realities are represented. At the point of purchase stock x might indicate a 5% return in dividends or have a forecasted growth in value,[1499] whereas stock y might have a 4% return in dividends and a less healthy projection, but they are both valued at 1$. That is because they reflect a

[1498] The choice of stocks is somewhat arbitrary as other investment vehicles would equally do, but we must limit our considerations for the sake of economy.
[1499] Of course, these are not mutually exclusive and this basic formulation is a simplification.

constellated number of relations and these things are built into the price.[1500] This is the basis of quantification. A pound of feathers is equal to a pound of lead, but qualitatively they are different.[1501] This is the homogeneity of the heterogeneous, but things cannot be arrested here.[1502] As entities they are only reticulated, being decussated at interstitial vacuities,[1503] suppositions that find trade value at the highest level of probability for 1:1 buy/sell transaction that might occur amongst ongoing corrective adjustments.[1504] So what makes a stock a stock and valued as it is?[1505] Let's take a closer look.

Rumsfeld famously referred to three species of knowledge. There are known knowns,[1506] unknown unknowns[1507] and known unknowns.[1508] He was talking about WMDs in Iraq, but his categories can be instructive and find wider application. Hit, miss and maybe. It is both the pitch and the swing. This is the collective wisdom of the market in the

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[1500] For instance, markets project the earnings and then they haircut them for uncertainty in the future projections, and then discount those yearly earning cash flows. This is just a single factor that impacts the price of a stock. There is a lot going on under the hood.

[1501] To mix figures, as Byron said,

When people say, 'I've told you *fifty* times,
  They mean to scold, and very often do;
When poets say, 'I've written *fifty* rhymes,'
  They make you dread that they'll recite them too;
In gangs of *fifty,* thieves commit their crimes;
  At *fifty* love for love is rare, 'tis true,
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,
A good deal may be bought for *fifty* Louis.

The last couplet is what is truly significant.

[1502] As Achilles said, "Cattle and fat sheep can all be had for the raiding, tripods all for the trading, and tawny-headed stallions. But a man's life breath cannot come back again." Exchange is not unfettered in primitive economies. Advances in lending and speculation must be realized before graves can truly yawn open and free their dead. Nostalgia and the fetish are the preternatural of capital insistence. Death is still at the center of the obsessive's activity, but he crowds it out with the living-dead. In a way, everything is redeemable. This is the ever-expanding capital expansion, which we will see soon, that hides the HOLE. Achilles' anxiety is still justified.

[1503] Ah, Dr. Johnson!

[1504] Par value is another factor as an indicator of financial health, but it is actually not material, as such, to trade value.

[1505] To be evasive we could say this is the exchange value of commodities. This is still the buy/sell balance and offers little more as an answer.

[1506] Public and insider financial information.

[1507] The unforeseen. This can be what is considered outliers, but we can also think of it as the ex-centricity of the system as they move to decomplete themselves in their very expansion. This is something that we will return to in myriad forms, just like we always say we do.

[1508] This is the future and the cumulative action of the market. What is oil going to be tomorrow? Inflation? Interest rates? *Etc.* How do they impact each other? What are the implications? We know that we don't know, but our interpretive actions as a collective (overall consumption, action, response) are what shape them. There is a reality behind the abstraction, but the thing-in-itself is devoid of meaning outside of human action.

execution of its uncertain certainty,[1509] but really this is just a swing in the air in the belief you are playing a game.[1510] This is the unknown known, a forth species that both supplants the previous and undergirds them.

The unknown known is also what Putnam identified as the totality of knowledge being its division. Apparently, I can say with some confidence, that NaCl is table salt, but perhaps I can only do so because there are chemists that claim this fact to be true. Likewise, I do not need to be an astrophysicist to accept the existence of things from quarks to quasars, but I do need an astrophysicist. Not just one, mind.[1511] It is an appeal to authority that rests on a basic consensus amongst a community of specialists.[1512] But this consensus is less than uniformly consenting.[1513] There are also reductive problems that defy foundationalism. It is not naïve to think in terms of provisional and substitutional models. This would be the acceptance of a type of paradigm theory,[1514] but even this is just an explanatory format that can be orthogonal or antagonistic to others as reductionism continues to falter. At its extreme, is there any hope holding out for phenomenological reduction that will resolve my understanding and present a basis for inquiry? Can I get to the heart of leadness, featherness and stockness? Alternatively, is there haecceity? Is the ostensible just a gesture?[1515] Let's inquire further with another flurry of questions. [1516]

Is lead to be Pb, a post-transitional metal with the atomic weight 207.2(1) *etc, etc*? If so, this would seem to be a number of predicates with each in turn being open to its own scrutiny in a plethora of identity relations. What would it mean to be self-identical?[1517] If difference is constituent, what does this mean? A similar consideration can be made for

[1509] Or perhaps certain uncertainty. It is a psychotic process.
[1510] That the game has rules and expectations. That there are bats and first base men. If there weren't, swinging a board of wood would be a strange reaction to someone throwing something at you. Indeed, the necessary conditions for your actions wouldn't even exist.
[1511] In some ways, like Hobbes' Leviathan, we could consider these astrophysicists as comprising Astrophysicist. He's a Big Another like Pimp, Game, *etc.* Big Another, Another and Another, but there is really only one BIG AN-OTHER.
[1512] Authority, the plague of Church Fathers and school men of the Middle Ages.
[1513] Some might argue that beyond this is the problem of silos and the failure of integrated dissemination (quite the oxymoron), but this is really just a mistaking the inessential for the essential. This is a Big Another.
[1514] More in line with Kuhn than Plato, but Plato reveals instability in forms through the challenges of subsumption and regress.
[1515] Perhaps the reduction to the index is the basis of epistemology. However, it presupposes meaning in the gesture itself, community and custom. Another can of worms. Don't make a diet of worms because you'll be mostly involved in dogma.
[1516] So many questions! *Quid ditas*? As you will see, it is only when we have money do you ask about quiddity. Money affords leisure.
[1517] Ipseity. Most likely a meaningless situation.

feathers. At which point is a feather no longer a feather? How many barbs can you remove? How far can you whittle it down? As Swinburne asked, Can we crush the chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root? How's that for extension? And Yeats said, perhaps in rejoinder, O chestnut-tree, great-rooted blossomer, are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole? What we have here are a series of relations resting on suppositions that support common sense usages. Upon close inspection they may fail us in some unsettling way.[1518] Put a pound of feathers and a pound of lead in the scales and they may be found wanting.[1519]

So too with a stock.[1520] The great measurable immeasurable.[1521] How far does it extend, or is that not a meaningful question to ask? What we do know is that it exists, as far as it can be said to exist, through a community of faith and action, but it is even more difficult than a pound of feathers or a pound of lead. It is supposedly the rarified abstraction of the phenomenal as dynamic,[1522] but we already saw how that is inherently problematical.[1523] Remember, the illustration of feathers and lead was tendentious and used only to illustrate the extended variance to be found in a stock among stocks.[1524] This is again the general in the particular that we saw elsewhere.[1525] Relations are perhaps all we have,[1526] or all that can be meaningful as far as there are fewer pitfalls.[1527] So what are these relations that allow us to talk about stocks?

Various, of course, just as there are various types of stocks that are each treated variously. This is the same as any type of security.[1528] At the heart of the matter, though, are the capital markets.[1529] This is because T-bills fprm the basis of return by providing

[1518] Like Nate Dogg said, "The rhythm is the bass and the bass is the treble".
[1519] Nothing like an appeal to Yahweh for authority.
[1520] Just like a company, a stock cannot fail in parts.
[1521] Conceptually you can see that this is almost a hystericization of Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. There is neither a royal road to the unconscious or geometry.
[1522] *Viz*. commodification and consumption as they meet supply and demand.
[1523] However, the essentially qualitative dimension locked into consumption at the level of use value, discrete in its own way, begets the quantitative of exchange value so that, "20 yards of linen = 1 coat or = 10 lb. tea or = 40 lb. coffee or = 1 quarter of corn or = 2 ounces of gold or = ½ 2n of iron or = etc". However, we are not interested in historical materialism as such.
[1524] To align them would be a category mistake.
[1525] This is the Pimp Razor.
[1526] Essential relations that stand in relation in would-be equilibrium. As Smith said, "resources seek their most profitable uses, so that in equilibrium the rates of return for a resource in various uses will be equal".
[1527] No point in being utopian here. Better is just a relative term, as ontologies over ontology.
[1528] Debt and derivative along with equity securities.
[1529] Maybe money markets, more specifically.

the basic rate of return.[1530] This does not make them independent of other markets, just more inextricably linked. Money is the leveler. This is the one and the many, the unit and the quantification. Money is the commodity that aligns other commodities.[1531] It is what brings use value to a sense of exchange value through the reification of labor relations and an abstraction of value. Money allows the circulation of goods, but more importantly, itself.

Money is the lifeblood that is both hemorrhaged and transfused. It continues to not only circulate, but with each pulsant beat it contracts to expand.[1532] This is the reintegration of the surplus integral to the capitalist system.[1533] Movement, expansion, there is no zero-sum game. This growth is violent, as it leads to an ever-extending series of crises as contradictions become manifest in capital accumulation. The surplus must be reinvested and this happens in finance capital.[1534] In the Middle Ages this was known as usury,[1535] and it became realized in the precursors of modern banking systems in the Renaissance.[1536]

Ezra pound said,[1537] With *usura* hath no man a house of good stone each block cut smooth and well fitting. He was right but for the wrong reasons.[1538] This is the dilapidation, the separation of the stones that is necessary for regeneration and growth as well as death and decay.[1539] Usury is central to all. Without the basis of finance banking there would only be the stagnant environment of bartering, tangible but

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[1530] It is actually the treasury yield curve which is series of possible cash flows supported in the following equation. Suppose a sequence of a 1 year, 2 year, and 3 year bonds. PV $i = \frac{X1}{(1+i)} + \frac{X2}{(1+\iota 1)(1+i2)} + \frac{X2}{(1+i1)(1+i2)(1+i3)}$ It depends on the interest rate these are locked into, but this is only for illustration. The advantage of treasury bonds is that they are near liquid and supported by the sovereign prerogative to print money.

[1531] Directly a commodity as precious metal, but a commodity and more commodious in paper money.

[1532] Here we intersect William Harvey and David Harvey.

[1533] Most importantly, this is the retained earnings that are not dividended. However, dividended earnings are involved in the overall circulation as they empower demand and, if not spent, are at the disposal of banks for loans, *etc.*

[1534] Keynes or Hayek. Spending, saving. It is still circulation.

[1535] The Knights Templar was able to practice this without punishment, even though usury was the great inexpiable sin. Modern Islamic banking systems somehow skirt it, or do they?

[1536] Early Italian banks are a great example. Indulgences saved them from the purgatorial fires.

[1537] As you'd think Ezra £ should know.

[1538]Although Pound won over few with his theory of economics, there is some truth. "Usura is a murrain, usura blunteth the needle in the maid's hand and stoppeth the spinner's cunning." Murrain, yes because of its exploitative nature. And, Yes, modern banking and production have impacted the artisan and the craft industry, but in this way it is not a necessary effect, but one subject to market conditions. If God wanted post-Edenic toil, there is no reason why He should take issue with the exposure one accepts when they assume risk. Reinvesting and external investing is a question of nuance. The problem was with canon law.

[1539] Perhaps like the House of Usher, Buddenbrooks or the Wittgensteins. After all, we have been playing language games.

relative.[1540] With usury is the movement of money and the life spring of production. Production of goods, production of knowledge,[1541] production of surplus value that is recapitalized. Ever forward through the inherent contradictions of the system.[1542]

Stocks. Buy them, sell them. Money allows for valuation, interest accounts for investment and growth. Interest and capital reinvestment bring concomitant systemic risk and has real effects. You cannot consistently beat the market as it is the aggregation of all action but with the volatility of uncertainties.[1543] This is the movement of information and the innate mechanism of self-correction. I buy for a dollar and sell for a dollar. I do, but I don't. There are brokerage fees, risk management hedging that impinge on my dollar value, but the stock still oscillates at a 1:1 buy/sell balance of possibility, at least as a continually approached ideal.[1544] Where is the money to be made?

Knowledge appears to move the market, but really it is the mechanism of capital reintegration that defines and exacerbates the ex-centricity of the system.[1545] It is all really just a bet.[1546] So how do you win?[1547] You need to arbitrage. You need to know something that the market does not.[1548] You have to be quick to make the window before the market correction. This is what you do in a Ponzi scheme, but you have created the

[1540] This is the instability of the *quid pro quo*. This is the undifferentiated world of bitches that we considered at the beginning of the book. Once you have currency, you are licensed to do much as, allegedly, Ayatollah Khomeini wrote, "A man can have sex with animals such as sheep, cows, camels and so on. However, he should kill the animal after he has his orgasm. He should not sell the meat to the people in his own village, but selling the meat to a neighboring village is reasonable." I can pass no comment on this due ignorance of Arabic and Farsi as well as Islamic jurisprudence, and the legitimacy of anecdote, but I would put money down that Al-Ghazali wouldn't have agreed.

[1541] Besides hierophantic needs, this can be seen with Linear A and B as primarily concerned with inventory, accounts, and exchange. However, religious use is really just another economy of exchange. It helps answer Achilles' concern, "But a man's life breath cannot come back again," and put it back in the balance.

[1542] This is the basis of all social formations and convulsions.

[1543] This has a Minskian ring to it.

[1544] We could binary code this and try combinatory overlays to develop a syntax that would intersect with a second based on the profit/no profit binary in order to identify permutations and capital floes, but this would be to formalist. The ex-centricity of the system is the death at its heart in greed. The representational problematic of death and greed find some expression in the *scheme Π*.

[1545] Is this a system behind a system? No, but as Flava Flav said, "We the man. You just visiting."

[1546] Who assumes the risk? As Luniz said, "I got five on it. Grab your 40. Let's get keyed." Okay, Luniz is not a person, but a duo made up of Yukmouth and Numskull. Fine, it was actually neither of them that said it, but Michael Marshall, whoever the fuck he is when he's at home, on one of their tracks. Their only track.

[1547] Good question. This is why Jimmy Buffett can be just as good as Warren Buffett.

[1548] Or have insider information or rig the game like Pete Rose, Shoeless Joe Jackson or Juventus.

condition for the opportunity.[1549] This is not a roll of the dice,[1550] excluding the possibility of a prison sentence. It is not a swing in the air. It is a motherfucking grand slam because not only do you know the game, you have just put it to bed. So, arbitrage happens at all levels as the basic informed movement of the market. So be it, but let's commit capital fraud.

The original Ponzi scheme started as an arbitrage with international reply coupons (IRCs) in the 1920s because of the conversion discrepancy between the US and Italy. Many Ponzi schemes start with this basic premise of arbitrage opportunity, the opportunity to exploit an anomaly, but then it spins into a pyramidal structure of investment.[1551] The rates of return are way higher than anything out there. Invest with me and I'll give you 10% interest. Sounds great.[1552] Here's my dough, make it grow.[1553]

Okay, so what happens?

Basically, the capital brought in is used to honor early commitments. People actually do walk out having made money. However, they depend on increasing streams of revenue and are ultimately unsustainable. That's when they burst. If you're running the Ponzi, you should take a spread at the point of the investment, if you are not outright embezzling from the account itself, and then allow the interest rate to run its course accordingly. At the end you, and potentially many people,[1554] will have made money. Many more will have been burnt.[1555]

Granting this, you ask, So what makes a Ponzi scheme the essence of the market?

The reason is twofold and all we need to do is connect the dots. First, as has been noted, most Ponzis begin with real, or apparent, arbitrage. That is how money is made in the

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[1549] Similarly, you could manipulate the futures market. For example, if you are willing to suspend disbelief, consider this example. Buy 500,000 units of redwood and then go to San Francisco and burn down the forest. Those units will now be infinitely more valuable than what you paid for them. Excellent business all-around.
[1550] *Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard*.
[1551] Parallels to pyramidal schemes are present, but it is not psychologically rigged along the same lines. The Ponzi scheme is unbridled greed. Pyramids presuppose a basic understanding of how they work, a type of complicacy, although the quite apparent limitation of the model is often blithely passed over. This is a type of scotomization. It is a form of the known unknown.
[1552] You must ask yourself, how can a security promise 10%? If the treasury rate is 3%, how is this possible? There must be a lot of exposure in other positions taken. The risk is staggering. Usually only unsophisticated investors are enticed.
[1553] It is unlikely that institutional investors will be enticed because of fiduciary responsibility, the prudent person standard, and over all due diligence. However, despite this, they can still be affected. A Ponzi scheme can be like a sinkhole when the bottom (technically top, if we are concerned with the integrity of simile) falls out (in).
[1554] That is those who were not fool enough to keep reinvesting in it.
[1555] Ask Bernie Madoff.

market. Secondly, it depends on the continuous need for investment. This is how the market expands and, when a contradiction is made manifest, it contracts. However, without full implosion, capital always moves forward, circumventing obstacles. This is its life force. It is productive, but it is voracious. It is marked by violence and inequalities. This takes us to Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared.[1556]

And now a word from our sponsors[1557]

…[*Editorial note* Circumstances have changed and Pimponzi Scheme Pi Squared is now operating within different parameters. The original text has been left, but red font enclosed in square brackets [such as this] will identify the true nature of the enterprise at the moment]…

Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is an actual unregistered company created by the Spider Fourz.[1558] It is a shell company, and we invite you to invest with it [viz. donate to it]. The money created by it (the 15% off the principal [Now much more and without the previous sense of accountability], as you will see in a moment) will be siphoned out and used for a second company that will begin the production of Jah Rastarfari Hell Fyah.[1559] Additional monies will go toward the Pork Metropolis and the Center for Dazzlean Studies and Arts.[1560] Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah will be used to support Pimp Art with significant proceeds also going to charitable causes.[1561] Okay, you say, but what exactly is Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared?

Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is a Ponzi scheme and can only be accessed through DazzleRazzle.com. You can put in as much or as little as you like, but $10 is the

[1556] It would actually be Pimponzi Schema Pi^2, but we can't superscript here. Likewise, it may prove a problem for corporate registration, so the relatively prolix form is to be had.
[1557] They say the game is sold, not told. It's the biggest pimpnote, but don't worry. I'm going to tell you how you can make money like a gangsta too. Let's all make dough, no?
[1558]The gang, not the company. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.
[1559] It is a management fee, a pimp fee. From a different perspective, it is a kind of usufruct.
[1560] What these two entities are will become clear in due course. Fir now you may think of a kind of Zulu Nation.
[1561] To understand Pimp Art, you will have to turn to *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking.* An aspect of it, though, is Schopenhauerian view of aesthetics that will allow you to leave the sordid behind by embracing it. However, it has a disruptive dialectic not present in Schopenhauer.

minimum.[1562] It is all in USD through PayPal. 15% is taken by the company right away from your principal as has been already noted [Again, this could be more and the funds diverted could be used for sundry uses. However, the principal aim is to bring to life the Dazzlean projects]. So, if you put in $10, you will have $8.50. However, Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared will give you π^2 interest as its name reflects, but rounded up, every month. That is, 9.8696080109% rounded up to 10%. Not bad, eh? That means that the $10 you put in will be worth $9.35 in a month. Leave it for a second month and you'll have $10.29. Another month and you'll have $11.32. Another month at it will be $12.46. You can see where this is going. Imagine if it wasn't $10 you put in, but $100 or $1,000. Here you just push the decimal place over one for the former, to for the latter. Doesn't matter if you are making big or small investments, there is nowhere else where you can get 10% interest rate.

[No longer the case. Until further notice, there is a moratorium on the accounts until capital requirements are met. If you donate, the money will be recorded and you will secure a creditor ranking, but whether these will be honored is now in question. As it stands now, Count Nikolai Yevhen 'Bibliothecarius' Dziadyk is in charge of the accounts and records.[1563] A former Russian Mafia accountant, he is in hiding. When he surfaces the accretionary instruments of Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared will begin operating. However, when this happens is anybody's guess. It is a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma.

However, one thing is certain. The money you put in will now have to be considered a donation. If you request to cash-out with us, we may or may not honor your request.[1564] The sooner you put it in, during the moratorium period, the more likely you will make money once Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is running on all cylinders. There are no guarantees. We intend to burn many more people than originally intended. Again, it must be reiterated that any monies sent to Bibliothecarius via PayPal must be considered donations. What we can guarantee is that he more money gathered, the more of the book will be released along with *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker* and *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. Perhaps more importantly, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah will

[1562] Less than $10 during the moratorium will not get a credit ranking. Donations under this value will go directly toward the production of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah.
[1563] He is an émigré of some type, but whether he is a count, cunt, or even a Russian, is unclear. What is clear is that he has an overinflated sense of self-worth. Some refer to him as 'The Patsy".
[1564] We are stressing this to cover ourselves, but the intention is to have Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared run as designed.

have been given birth along with the other Dazzlean projects. Donate, but do not expect a red cent back even after the moratorium.[1565]]

You can cash out anytime, but all interest and payment will be calculated on the 15th of the month. This is when it matures before entering a new cycle. Put the money in on the 14th, and you'll get the 10% just as somebody who put it in on the 1st or 29th of the last month. Likewise, cash out and you'll get a check issued on the 15th for the value on the date of request. It's that easy.

But consider the possibility of you leaving it in for a year. The compound mechanism is a factor of 12.[1566] No one will give you 10% on a monthly basis because it is insane.[1567] So, plug in your $10 in and at the end of the year you will have $26.68. A real bonanza when you start increasing your figures.

But, how, you ask. Well, there is a pretense built upon a premise[1568].

The pretense is arbitrage, just like Ponzi did it, but we are doing it with currencies. You buy with USD, we buy ElectroFunkCoins. This is an electric, closed currency that is controlled and circulated within the Spider Fourz. No one else can buy it as it circulates mysteriously through underworld economies, but in know quantities.[1569] Its real stability is in the control of the supply already mentioned.[1570] Now, through market manipulation, the supply of ElectroFunkCoins are managed so that they can be

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[1565] Again, we are saying that as a technicality. Hopefully Pimponzi Schema Pi purrs like a kitten after the moratorium.

[1566] Actually, $(1 + i)^{12} - 1$

[1567] In his original scheme, Charles Ponzi offered 50% return on principal in 45 days. We would offer that to you, but chaos would ensue because we'll fuck up the accounting. Chaos is good, but that is for *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

[1568] Maybe a Munchausen trilemma.

[1569] It is not a fiat currency, it is backed by uranium and thus commodity based. Not as a holding, but as a threat on a nuclear reactor. This is actually gratuitous, but we do it for fun. Now you see, it is actually schizophrenic. It is completely controlled currency making it fiat, but commodity based and, interestingly, pegged to USD. Because of this, we also call it KrazyKraepelinKoins, or KKK, or DP for DementiaPraecox. These latter forms are more descriptive of it when converted into a physical currency. You'll understand from the pimpnote below. You see, COCK rules everything around me: C.R.E.A.M. Get the money. Dollar, dollar bill, ya'll.

[1570] Once Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared collapses, we will move the currency from electronic into a physical form. Then we will sell it and, if maintained in good faith, will be valued at 2x USD because there will be no more tampering on our end. Its form after that will be determined by its circulation and performance, but the mysterious secret of the threat on a nuclear facility will remain in the basement of The Pork Metropolis kind of like Fort Knox. We will sell it in units of 20. This means it will cost you $40 USD. You can use it for exchange purposes, or you could just jerk off on it. Up to you. But, remember, its commodity value is based on death, so this makes it pretty unique and exciting, so you could jerk off on in and then use it to make a purchase. Or you could make a purchase with it and then jerk off on what you bought. You should probably buy porn, but you could by a puppy or a hamburger. We'd like to see it ultimately become the default currency of the porn industry so that you can jerk off and see people fucking puppies and hamburgers or whatever all for the KKK.

arbitraged once a month on the US dollar so that you get 10%.[1571] This is great. This is a monopoly. Rather, this is alchemy and this is a plutopoly.[1572]

The premise is that more and more people will need to keep putting money in. This is not because of the instability of the currency relation, but the instability of the business model, and the fact that operational costs will also be drawn out from the pot. It is in everyone's interest that more contribute. This will not give it stability, but it will give it duration and allow you to make interest. However, if you leave it in forever and there is a run on the account, and there will be, it will no longer be able to meet its obligations.[1573] At this point the company will be bankrupt and you will lose money. Once it becomes insolvent, everyone will be paid out pennies on the dollar to the ability of the account.[1574] [Either that or the account will just cough out large sums to a handful of random people, thereby killing the account] Over all, some will make money, some will lose money.[1575] However, just like the stock market, it is all a gamble. The idea is to get your money in early and ride it as long as you think Dazzle Razzle will be topical and people will be contributing. Hopefully, this will be long lasting as this document will continue to change as more of Dazzle Razzle's archives are made available. That and the imminent release of his other works. You can also consider the popularity of distorted reproductions and fandom writing. After all, we have invited you to take this text and change it as you will. You will only be at a further remove,[1576] but inside, you might feel like a little wack bitch. Depends on your motives though. We judge no one, but Dazzle Razzle must always be made free.[1577]

So why would I want to put money into a Ponzi scheme when you just told me they're not only a scam, but illegal? This is why.

[1571] Strangely, there is no reciprocal as the currencies are traded, so you will get a straight 10% on your USD. The schizoid nature of the currency may account for this.
[1572] Since the currency backing Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is based on death, perhaps the investment vehicle should have been a tontine. That may be something for the future.
[1573] In part this will be because some money will be in ElectroFunkCoins. The difficulty is that they can only be exchanged through a series of considered manoeuvers. In a way, they are not very liquid.
[1574] This will not just be 85% accumulated through investment. It will likely be less. Defalcation is not intended [Although it is to an extent now], surprisingly, but mismanagement and incompetence will likely [Viz. definitely] play a factor. Also, if taxed, the monies required to keep the tax man away will be taken from this pot. It won't matter to you unless you are already getting burned, because at this point Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared has gone tits up anyway.
[1575] The principle is to rob Peter to Pay Paul. You could be either, but Dazzle Razzle will always be Paul.
[1576] Maybe like "wild papyri".
[1577] Being a man of the people, Dazzle Razzle is for the people.

Dazzle Razzle has been made free to you.[1578] Think of it as donating or crowdfunding,[1579] but without the same type of pathetic soliciting that you have seen elsewhere.[1580] Besides, you might actually make a lot of money. Only put in what you'd feel comfortable to lose.[1581] By doing this you will bring all of the other projects under the Dazzlean umbrella into life through the 15% percent initially taken off of the principal. Presto. From writing to reality.[1582]

You assume all the risk as an investor [Again, now you must think of yourself as a donor], none as a person. If anything is illegal, it is on our side. It shouldn't be though, as this is all above board. However, we don't mind going to jail. Many of us have been in there before and it just means selling drugs and confections, currying favors and shanking people. If you want, you can join us in jail if you do half the other shit in this book.[1583] Remember, as Mobb Deep said, There ain't no such thing as halfway crooks.

Don't be a bitch. Don't be shook.[1584] Be able to tell your grandchildren that you were involved in a Ponzi scheme. Not only that, but hopefully you made money.

[1578] That is this book as well as *Intermezzo: How 2 Be a Motherfucker* and *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking.* Not only that, but *inaccrochable* will be available 4 free as well.

[1579] Pound was wrong when he said, "Literature gives no man a sinecure." Think of your act as a type of εὐεργεσία.

[1580]

[1581] This is to be stressed. Many will lose money. Only put in an amount that you are comfortable to part with.

[1582] Another instance of alchemy, or perhaps logomancy.

[1583] As SPM said, "'cause' I'm in jail because I forgot my ABCs". Insert pedophilia joke here, but if you do, fuck you. SPM is dope.

[1584] Perhaps an odd ergative construction, but true none the less.

Now it's time to return to someone who didn't. [Once the moratorium is over, we hope that Pimponzi Schema Pi will begin to start operating as originally intended. There is no time frame on the moratorium, but the more revenue generated the sooner it is likely to elapse.]

[Apologies for the red font text being so bloody repetitive, but it is our pseudo-legalize]

www.DazzleRazzle.com

I got a ho from the East, got a ho from the West
Got a ho that likes to jack it off and rub it in her chest
I got a ho from the North, a ho from the South
A ho that likes to suck it long and hold it in her mouth
I got a bitch with hair, a bitch with none
A bitch with a knife, a bitch with a gun

--Ice-T

And I heard "Son do you know why I'm stopping you for?"
Cause I'm young and I'm black and my hat's real low
Do I look like a mind reader sir, I don't know
Am I under arrest or should I guess some mo?

--Jay-Z